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A FUTURE MACHINERY OF PEACE

I

BY common consent we call the struggle which is now being fought out in three continents a "World-War." We are even apt to think of it as something which has had no parallel in the past. Certainly never before was slaughter on such a scale, and never were such masses of men engaged; but neither in its probable duration, nor in its approach to universality, can the present conflict compare with that which ended at Waterloo. The Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars lasted, with two brief intervals, for over twenty years; the present struggle can hardly last for a fourth of that time. Of the countries now engaged in hostilities, every one, except Japan, was at war in the early years of the last century. Then consider the case of the Powers which are neutral to-day. The United States of America, Spain, Sweden, Norway, Holland, Switzerland, Greece and Denmark were all, at one period or other, involved in what our fathers knew as the Great War. It is not wonderful, therefore, to find that when peace came at last, statesmen began to plan for the beginning of a new and happier time, and peoples to grope and feel out for some system which should banish the horrors of war from the world. It is worth while to consider for a moment what those blind hopes came to, and why they failed.

Before "the sun of Austerlitz" had risen, the Tsar Alexander had approached Great Britain with proposals which, after Waterloo, ripened into the Holy Alliance. That strange concert of the Great Powers at the outset was quite free from reactionary tendencies. Directed primarily against France, as the powder-magazine of Europe, it was avowedly a league of sovereigns pledged to govern in accordance with the principles of the Gospel of Christ—the kings were to regard each other as

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brothers, and their peoples as their children. In a letter to Count Lieven, his ambassador in London, the Tsar declared that "the sole and exclusive object of the Alliance can only be the maintenance of peace and the union of all the moral interests of the peoples which Divine Providence has been pleased to unite under the banner of the Cross." And the Alliance proposed to secure the peace of the world by jointly guaranteeing to each Power the territories assigned to it by the Congress of Vienna. In other words, the object of the Alliance was to perpetuate peace on the basis of the *status quo*.

With all their thoughts coloured by recollections of the French Revolution, it is not surprising that some of the assembled sovereigns thought that the danger to Peace was quite as likely to come from internal commotions as from national greed, or dynastic quarrels. Then came the idea of what we should now call "a preventive war." To the league of the kings it seemed clearly their duty to nip any revolutionary movement in the bud as quickly as possible. As early as 1818 we find Castlereagh warning the British Cabinet as to this danger to the liberties of nations. He reports that the Tsar and his Minister, Capo d'Istria, "were, in conversation, disposed to push their ideas very far indeed, in the sense of all the Powers of Europe being bound together in a common league, guaranteeing to each other the existing order of things, in thrones as well as in territories, all being bound to march, if requisite, against the first Power that offended, either by her ambition or her revolutionary transgressions." Two years later when Great Britain was getting restive and, indeed, thoroughly alarmed at the Absolutist tendencies of the Alliance, Russia, Austria and Prussia signed the famous Protocol of Troppau, which laid down the principle of intervention in the case of revolutionary movements, in these words :

States which have undergone a change of government due to revolution, the results of which threaten other States, *ipso facto*, cease to be members of the European Alliance, and remain excluded from it until their situation gives guarantees for legal

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order and stability. If, owing to such alterations, immediate danger threatens other States, the Powers bind themselves, by peaceful means, or if need be by arms, to bring back the guilty State into the bosom of the Great Alliance.

It is unnecessary to trace in detail how the rift within the lute gradually widened. For England the breaking point was reached when, in 1822, France, under the guidance of Chateaubriand and as the instrument of the Alliance, invaded Spain to crush the Liberal movement, and restore the power of the Bourbons. Canning ended the negotiations with the words: "England is under no obligation to interfere, or to assist in interfering, in the internal concerns of independent nations." He went on to say that, as he understood them, England's engagements "had reference wholly to the state of territorial possession settled at the peace." The Alliance might have survived the defection of Great Britain, and it seemed strengthened by the easy success of the campaign in behalf of Ferdinand VII, but it was terribly shaken by the revolutions of 1830 and 1848, which twice emptied the throne of France. The marching of the Russian armies into Hungary in 1849, in the interests of the House of Hapsburg, may be regarded as the last fruits of the Alliance. Its final collapse was due to what the Tsar Nicholas regarded as his betrayal by Austria at the time of the Crimean War.

Even if all the Powers who were parties to the Alliance had accepted the limitation upon their common activities implied in Canning's words, it is not difficult to see that the arrangement as a permanent instrument for peace must, in any case, have failed. It was an attempt to consecrate the international *status quo* in a world of flux and change. Even if all the nations had been happy and contented with their lot at the outset the result would have been the same in the long run. With peoples, as with individuals, growth and development are among the conditions of life. And when the nations progress unequally, the weak become a temptation to the strong. We have demands for "places in the sun," and talk of

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the right of expansion. Indeed, if we look back over the history of the world we shall find that changes of population have been the most constant and most fundamental of all the causes of war. We see this cause at work in its crudest form in the pages of the *De Bello Gallico*; and if we turn to the recent report of the evidence given before the Commission appointed to inquire as to "the causes and effects of the decline of the birth-rate" we see how the same cause works to the same results under modern conditions.* One witness said "Professor Karl Pearson has argued that the reason why Germany made her 'preventive war' this year was that the future increase in Russia would overwhelm her. The increase in Russia is over two millions annually." The same witness went on to say: "Germany's argument as against France, with its stationary population, is, 'We have a biological right to those French colonies! The increase in the population of the German Empire is nearly a million a year.'" Germany is here represented as making "preventive war" on Russia because its population grows so quickly, and an aggressive war on France because the population grows so slowly.

The contrast between Japan, where the people are crowding each other to the water-edge, and the almost empty continent of Australia, suggests that even under the Southern Cross that question of the filling and refilling of the cradle may some day be intimately bound up with the question of the world's peace. The United States joins hands with the British Dominions in passing legislation which discriminates against the Asiatic and in favour of the European and the African immigrant—and the close-packed millions of China may some day begin to wonder why. But there are other changes beside those of population which, as part of the law of growth and life, condemn to futility all attempts to secure peace by trying to stereotype international arrangements happening to be satisfactory for the moment. Changes in comparative wealth, or the sudden development of an

* Page 420, *The Decline of the Birth-rate*. Chapman and Hall.

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industrial system, or the growth of a new national consciousness, may give rise to desires and aspirations which no regard for the *status quo* or ancient conventions will permanently control—they must be met by concession or faced by force. And the task which the Holy Alliance found beyond its strength would be still more difficult to-day. In the early years of the last century “the sacred principle of nationality” was only beginning to be recognized. Mr. W. P. Phillips, in his excellent monograph on the Confederation of Europe, speaking of this period, says: “The principle of nationality was to become, as it still is, the main obstacle to any realization of the vision of perpetual peace.” He goes on to point out that for statesmen of the school of Metternich, a “nation” was merely the aggregate of the people bound together by allegiance to a common sovereign. In that sense, Austria and Switzerland are nations as truly as England and France. Clearly the modern concept of nationality, as something ineradicable and in the blood, raises far more difficult and intractable questions.

Happily, there is some reason to think that in the near future this principle of nationality—nationality based on ethnic groups—will become a less fruitful source of trouble than it has been in the recent past. The growing facilities for communication, the habit of travel, the removal of all restrictions on immigration, and, above all, what is going on before our eyes across the Atlantic, all tend to weaken the sense of nationality in its modern and restricted sense. For we are assisting at the birth of new nations. Men of all races leave the old world to seek their fortunes in the new, and in a few years are proud of a new allegiance and a new patriotism. Whether we speak of America as “the melting pot” of the world, or prefer to think of it as “the great Crucible of God,” the result is the same. There is a great object lesson, the significance of which none can mistake; certainly no one who has just renounced one nationality and assumed another—or lives in a community in which such changes

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are taken for granted—can reasonably regard the principle of nationality as at once “sacred and immutable.” It may be said that when the immigrants from Europe have been in the crucible for a sufficient time they acquire a new nationality, and become good Americans. Of course that is so, but the new nationality has nothing to do with ethnic or racial considerations. It is based upon a common allegiance and a common pride in the Republic. In fact we get back very near to Metternich’s conception of a nation—an aggregate of the people who live in the same country and acknowledge a common allegiance. When that conception of nationality becomes general—when nationality is thought of no longer as something inherent and eternal, but as a thing to be assumed and renounced at will—the prospects of the world’s peace will become appreciably brighter.

But while we recognize that the Holy Alliance carried in its very constitution seeds which were bound to ripen into failure, and that its attempt to fit growing organisms into iron cases could not permanently succeed, we need not think of it hardly. Its authors meant well—much better than is generally believed—and while it lasted it did some good : it kept the peace for a few years, and on several occasions, acting as a sort of court of appeal, settled questions which might easily have led to strife ; and, above all, it established a tradition, the force of which is still unspent. It is quite certain, for instance, that it was the inspiration of the programme of the Holy Alliance which led the Tsar Nicholas II to issue the famous rescript which resulted in the First Hague Convention.

It cannot be said of the proceedings of The Hague that they failed because they attempted too much. They laid down rules of good conduct, and tried to make the ways of war humane, but the regulations they framed, unlike those of the Holy Alliance, had no sanction of force behind them. Machinery was provided for arbitration and for mediation between contending Powers, and in several cases, notably in the Dogger Bank incident in 1904, the work of The Hague has helped to remove

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friction and to promote the cause of international peace. In other words, disputes which were not thought worth a war, but which might have led to trouble, have proved amenable to the Hague treatment. But to see how useless that treatment has been when graver causes of quarrel were concerned, we have only to recall the names of some of the wars which have been waged since the date of the First Hague Convention. Since 1899 we have seen the Boer War, the Boxer Rising in China, the Russian-Japanese War, Italy's War with Turkey, the two Balkan Wars, and now the European War. The Powers which signed the Second Hague Convention in 1907 made no absolute pledge to seek mediation before going to war. They declared that being "animated by a strong desire to concert for the maintenance of a general peace" and "desirous of extending the empire of law and of strengthening the application of international justice," they agreed "with a view to obviating as far as possible recourse to force in relations between States," they would (*inter alia*), "in case of serious disagreement or dispute, before an appeal to arms, have recourse, as far as circumstances would allow, to the good offices and mediation of one or more friendly Powers." The clause "as far as circumstances allow" has proved fatal—circumstances have never allowed.

When, at the beginning of the present troubles, Austria presented her ultimatum to Serbia, she insisted that her eleven demands—all offensive and humiliating to a Sovereign State—should be accepted within forty-eight hours. Serbia accepted eight of the demands without a murmur, proposed slight modifications in two others, and even in declining one, which was clearly incompatible with her position as an independent State, offered to accept the mediation of the Powers or a reference to the Hague Tribunal. Austria's answer was an immediate declaration of war. A few days later the Tsar made the last effort for peace, when he also offered a reference to The Hague—but circumstances would not allow. Germany was ready for her tiger-spring at the throat of

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France, and no delay was wanted. Direct breach of the rules of the Hague Conventions have, in fact, been almost continuous since the day when the German troops first violated the frontiers of Belgium. It was thought the greatest achievement of the Hague Conference of 1907 that it emphatically vindicated the right of the little nations to live their lives without interference. The following articles are as explicit as words can make them :

Article I : "The territory of neutral Powers is inviolable."

Article II : "Belligerents are forbidden to move troops and convoys of either munitions of war or supplies across the territory of a neutral Power."

Article III : "The fact of a neutral Power resisting, even by force, attempts to violate its neutrality, cannot be regarded as a hostile act."

Germany signed that convention.

The rules laid down at The Hague have since been violated by the sowing of mines indiscriminately upon the high seas ; by the bombardment of defenceless cities from the sea ; by the dropping of bombs on sleeping villages ; by the use of poisonous gas ; by the sinking of merchant vessels, and Atlantic liners crowded with women and children, and even hospital ships ; and by the wholesale deportations of the civilian population from the parts of France and Belgium in the occupation of the invader. And in the face of these continued violations of accepted international law, not one neutral Power has even whispered a protest. In Europe they are all weaklings, and the policy of "frightfulness" in Belgium and Serbia has taught them a terrible lesson. The United States stands in a different category. A country with a population of a hundred millions of the most energetic and virile people in the world need not be concerned about the wrath of the Kaiser. The difficulties there are internal—in the divided sympathies of the people, in the presence of numbers of hyphenated citizens, and the long tradition which warns

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the nation against entangling itself in the affairs of Europe. Mr. Roosevelt, in the *New York Times*, has put his views on record :

After noting that the United States were parties to the international code created in the regulations annexed to the Hague Conventions of 1899 and 1907, he used these words : " As President, acting on behalf of this Government and in accordance with the unanimous wish of our people, I ordered the signature of the United States to these Conventions. Most emphatically I would not have permitted such a farce to have gone through if it had entered my head that this Government would not consider itself bound to do all it could to see that the regulations to which it made itself a party were actually observed when the necessity for their observance arose. I cannot imagine any sensible nation thinking it worth while to sign future Hague Conventions if even such a powerful neutral as the United States does not care enough about them to protest against their open breach."

II

And yet it is to America that we must look for the sanest and simplest plan yet devised for the permanent keeping of the world's peace. Since the present war began, a new treaty has been concluded between Great Britain and the United States which, while quite limited in its scope and immediate aims, seems to contain the germs of an arrangement which shall effect what the Holy Alliance and the Hague Conventions have in turn failed to achieve. Signed in Washington in September, 1914, and ratified in the following November, this treaty is one of a group of similar agreements made between the United States and France, Spain, Italy, and a number of South American States. Negotiated by Mr. Bryan, these treaties in no way claim to make war impossible. They aim at securing " a cooling-off " period—a time for wiser counsels and second thoughts. The contracting parties agree that all disputes—without any exception for vital interests, or questions of national honour—shall, when diplomatic methods of adjustment have failed, be referred for investigation and report to a Permanent

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International Commission, and "they agree not to declare war or begin hostilities during such investigation and before the report is submitted." When the investigation is complete, and the report has been submitted, both parties at once resume their liberty of action, and may go to war if they please. The International Commission, which is to be composed of five members, is to be appointed as follows :

One member shall be chosen from each country by the Government thereof ; one member shall be chosen by each Government from some third country ; the fifth member shall be chosen by common agreement between the two Governments, it being understood that he shall not be a citizen of either country.

The Commission is required to complete its report within a year after the date on which it shall declare its investigation to have begun.

Considered as an instrument for preserving the peace between such countries as England and the United States, this treaty seems likely to be of great value. It rules out the only real danger, the danger of a war due to some sudden gust of popular passion. That either Power would disregard the treaty, or plan a war in cold blood, is in the last degree unlikely. It is a hundred years now since the two English-speaking Powers agreed that neither should have armed vessels on the great lakes or erect fortifications anywhere along the international frontier which stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific. There have been times of stress and strain and bitterness between the two peoples, but that treaty has been faithfully kept. But when we go on to consider whether an extension of the treaties associated with the name of Mr. Bryan to all the Powers would supply a sufficient guarantee for the world's peace, we at once come up against an obvious difficulty. If such a treaty had been in force between France and Germany in the early summer of 1914, would Germany, already armed to the teeth and ready to spring, have been willing to allow France a respite of a year in which to prepare ? The question answers itself. No new treaty could be more solemn or binding than the

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one by which Germany was pledged to respect and safeguard the independence and neutrality of Belgium. Yet, what happened? The treaty was broken because Germany was in a hurry, and its violation was dismissed and explained as a thing of State necessity. The German Chancellor, speaking in the Reichstag said :

Gentlemen, we are now in a state of necessity, and necessity knows no law ! Our troops have occupied Luxemburg, and perhaps are already on Belgian soil. Gentlemen, that is contrary to the dictates of international law. It is true that the French Government has declared at Brussels that France is willing to respect the neutrality of Belgium as long as her opponent respects it. We knew, however, that France stood ready for the invasion. France could wait, but we could not wait. A French movement upon our flank upon the lower Rhine might have been disastrous.

Herr von Jagow, speaking to the British Ambassador in Berlin, said the same thing :

That they had to advance into France by the quickest and easiest way, so as to be able to get well ahead with their operations and endeavour to strike some decisive blow as early as possible. It was a matter of life and death for them, as if they had gone by the more southern route they could not have hoped, in view of the paucity of roads and the strength of the fortresses, to have got through without formidable opposition, entailing great loss of time. This loss of time would have meant time gained by the Russians for bringing up their troops to the German frontier.

This is the plea of the midnight burglar who, disturbed at his work, puts a knife across the throat of an awakened child because silence is " a matter of life or death." Only there is this difference in favour of the burglar, that he was not specifically pledged by bond to protect the child he assassinated. It was a military advantage for the Germans to avoid the line of the French fortresses ; they wanted to strike at France upon her undefended side, on the frontier where she was protected only by a treaty ; and so, as time was precious, the neutrality of Belgium was disregarded.

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Happily for the cause of peace, its friends in America are quite ready to look facts in the face, even such facts as these, and already a new league, "a League to enforce Peace," has been formed under the leadership of ex-President Taft. This new league is not concerned with the present struggle, but hopes, when peace is restored, to make future wars more difficult. It adopts the general scheme of the Bryan treaties, but seeks to add to them the sanction of international force. The nations are to be invited to become parties to a treaty consisting of the following clauses :

First : All justiciable questions arising between the signatory Powers, not settled by negotiation, shall, subject to the limitations of treaties, be submitted to a judicial tribunal for hearing and judgment, both upon the merits and upon any issue as to its jurisdiction of the question.

Second : All other questions arising between the signatories, and not settled by negotiation, shall be submitted to a council of conciliation for hearing, consideration and recommendation.

Third : The signatory Powers shall jointly use forthwith both their economic and military forces against any one of their number that goes to war, or commits acts of hostility against another of the signatories, before any question arising shall be submitted as provided in the foregoing.

Fourth : Conferences between the signatory Powers shall be held from time to time to formulate and codify rules of international law, which, unless some signatory shall signify its dissent within a stated period, shall thereafter govern in the decisions of the Judicial Tribunal mentioned in Article One.

The first two clauses need not detain us. They are similar in their general character to the provisions of the existing Bryan treaties. There might be some difficulty in deciding what causes are "justiciable" and so proper to be decided by a judicial tribunal in accordance with the recognized principles of law and equity. Mr. Taft himself has suggested that the rules excluding the Japanese and Chinese from the North American continent belong to the class of cases which would naturally be submitted to a Council of Conciliation rather than to a

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judicial tribunal. But this question seems already to have been judicially treated in the United States. In the Chinese exclusion case (reported in 130, *United States Reports*, pp. 581-606), Mr. Justice Field, of the Supreme Court, said: "To preserve its independence and give security against foreign aggression and encroachment, is the highest duty of every nation, and to attain these ends nearly all other considerations are to be subordinated. It matters not in what form such aggression and encroachment come, whether from the foreign nation acting in its national character or from vast hordes of its people crowding in upon us." Happily, the point is not important, because the signatories to the proposed treaty would be bound to do one thing or the other—to submit the issue either to a judicial tribunal or else to a Court of Conciliation, and the obligations incurred would be the same in each case. The important clause is the third one, which introduces the novel element of international compulsion—either by economic pressure or military force. The contending Powers would still be able to go to war if they pleased, but not when they pleased. They would be obliged to submit their quarrels to arbitration or conciliation as the case might be, and that is the only obligation imposed upon them. When they have done that, they can reject the award, or refuse the advice, and persist in going to war, without incurring the penalties involved by a breach of faith. It is only if a Power goes to war without complying with these preliminaries that the nations are bound to resent its action and make common cause against it. Essentially, therefore, the "League to enforce Peace" adopts the principle of the Bryan treaties, and takes steps to see that they shall not be repudiated.

A kindred body, the British "League of Nations Society," would so far modify Mr. Taft's proposals as to wish to see the co-operating Powers pledged collectively to enforce the award of a court in a justiciable dispute, but not the recommendations of a court of conciliation in a non-justiciable dispute. This proposed variation of the

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American plan not only betrays a complete want of faith in its basic principle, but ignores the historical fact that there is no instance in modern times in which an arbitral award between nations has been repudiated.

Both Mr. Bryan and Mr. Taft believe that the wish to go to war would rarely be persisted in if an interval of a year could always be secured. Suppose, for instance, Austria, in that fatal month, July, 1914, instead of presenting her demands to Serbia and calling for their unconditional acceptance within forty-eight hours, had been obliged to state her case before some quasi-judicial tribunal or board of conciliation—is it not probable that hostilities would have been averted? In the same way, if Germany's declaration of war against Russia could have been delayed while the questions at issue were being judicially investigated, at least her tragic mistake about the attitude of Great Britain would have been impossible. There is no doubt that Germany had counted on the neutrality of this country. It was a disconcerting and staggering surprise to find that England, with her tiny army and barrow-load of munitions, was willing to fight for "a scrap of paper," and rather than be faithless to the little kingdom was ready to throw herself across the path of the German Empire. When the German Chancellor knew his mistake it was too late to draw back—the German troops were across the frontier.

But whether or not Mr. Taft's scheme proved efficacious as a preventive of war it would certainly go far to rid the world of that other curse—an armed peace. If the principles of the League were formally and publicly accepted by the Great Powers there would be an instant end to that oppression of fears and uncertainty and suspicion which now, for a whole generation of men, has weighed upon Europe like a nightmare. For the entire element of surprise in regard to the outbreak of war would disappear—for no Power could have war suddenly sprung upon it. The effect of this complete removal of a whole chapter of doubts and apprehensions on the question of international armaments is obvious. To-day,

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nations must always be ready for emergencies, and the more sudden the war the greater the advantage of the people that is best prepared. But under a system which secured to all peoples a year's respite from attack, and enabled them to feel that at the worst they would have some months in which to set their house in order before being called upon to fight, the temptation to pile up armaments would be enormously reduced. One of the main advantages which an aggressive Power possesses at present, the opportunity to overwhelm a less well-prepared adversary by an unexpected attack, would at once be taken away. The new international situation which would follow from the adoption of Mr. Taft's proposals would thus at the same time discourage the preparations of the aggressive Powers and make it unnecessary for their more peaceful neighbours to be perpetually looking to their defences.

"The League to enforce Peace" was started in Philadelphia in June last year, but already its proposals have met with a wide welcome. Its immediate aims are modest, its machinery is simple, and the hopes formed for it are without limit. The reaction from the horrors of the present war will supply the League with a driving power which should go far to win a general acceptance of its programme. Clearly much will depend upon the spirit in which neutrals in future wars regard their obligations, whether, in the words of Lord Grey of Falloden, they can be trusted "to play up." Happily, in most cases, duty and inclination will run in one current. It is one of the many advantages of Mr. Taft's scheme that it asks so little of neutrals. They are invited only "to shout with the majority" and to march with the big battalions. And it must be remembered that every successful intervention, compelling respect for public law, would make intervention in the future more easy—until it became almost a habit, a thing taken for granted, easily offered and readily accepted. Then we should be near the time when all the family of nations was agreed in feeling that no war, wherever waged or threatened, could be

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wholly alien to it, and in recognizing that the trouble of one member was the concern of all.

At any rate Mr. Taft's scheme holds the field. And even in this time of chastened hope there are many, on both sides of the Atlantic, who are profoundly convinced that its simple methods would do more than anything else to hasten the coming of the Prince of Peace, and so to give us some reason to trust that the future of our race shall be better than its past.

J. G. SNEAD-COX.

UNDYING POLAND

The Case for Polish Independence. Essays by Various Authors.
London : Allen & Unwin, 1916.

La Question Polonaise. Par Roman Dmowski. Paris : Colin,
1909.

Adam Mickiewicz. By Monica M. Gardner. London : Dent,
1914.

Poland : a Study in National Idealism. By the same. London :
Burns & Oates, 1915.

Other Books and Pamphlets.

IN 1865, when Thomas Carlyle was ending his long enterprise, the History of Frederick II, King of Prussia, he told his readers the following : " For almost a hundred years," said he, " the Polish Question has been very loud in the world ; and ever and anon rises into vocality among Able Editors as a thing pretending not to be dead and buried, but capable of setting itself right, by good effort at home and abroad."* Two years earlier indeed, the last insurrection of Poles, an affair of returned exiles and ill-armed partisans against regular troops, had flickered up and gone out, leaving the impression of a " lost cause," or as we may still be taught in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, current edition, " The national history of Poland closes with the rising of 1863." Officially, so much was true. Nations, however, do not give up the ghost to please a moody Carlyle, or to satisfy their heirs presumptive. The " Polish Question," ceasing to be heard of in high diplomatic circles during the next half-century, was biding its time.

No sooner had the World-War opened in 1914 than it sprang up as if immortal, and challenged East and West. On Assumption Day, August 15th, of that year, the Grand Duke Nicholas, commanding the armies of the Tsar, sent forth an address to all the Poles without distinction of frontier, announcing that " the hour had struck when the sacred dream of their fathers was to be fulfilled." This

* *History of Frederick the Great*, ix, 283.

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astonishing manifesto went on to say, "A century and a half have elapsed since the living body of Poland was rent in pieces ; but her soul did not die. It lived in hope of a day of resurrection, and of reconciliation with Russia." Now, under the Tsar's rule, Poland was to be "free in religion, language, and in self-government." A month later the Grand Duke was advancing upon Austrian territory. Once more he proclaimed that Slavs in general and the Poles among them should be delivered from the alien yoke. United and autonomous, the ancient kingdom would flourish "under the sovereign sway of the Emperor of Russia."*

Before me as I write there lies a wonderful anthology of joyous congratulations from the French, British, and Italian Press, offered to the people of Russia and their "Little Father" on so politic, so liberal a pledge ; to the long divided Poles who were to become a nation once again ; and to Europe, which would hail a new great State of over twenty millions into its company on the morrow. But when I look again these blossoms of the future seem withered. Tsar and Grand Duke were loyal to their plighted word, prompted, as now appears, by General Joffre. But neither they nor the French headquarters had reckoned with powers at home in Russia, powers inexorable and unteachable—the bureaucracy of Petrograd, the Imperial Council, and the Holy Synod. As if to bestow on the scandalized West an object lesson, no sooner was Lemberg taken and a Russian ruler set over it, than the spirit which has ever infatuated the Tsar's counsels when dealing with Poland swept the proclamation of August into limbo. For the free use of the Polish idiom Russian was substituted, although none but these imported officials understood a syllable of it. M. Bobrinski behaved as such martinets of the services always will do ; he was Sir Oracle, and without him no dog should bark in Polish. The Ruthenes, called also Little Russians, Catholics united to Rome while following their own ritual, were straightway registered as members

* Eng. trans. of these documents in *A Durable Peace*, pp. 14, 15.

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of the Orthodox Church, put under penalties to conform, and provoked by the sudden disappearance of their Archbishop, Dr. Szepticki, charged as a conspirator with the notorious "Brotherhood of the Oder" against Russia. We have been told lately that the prelate is interned in an Orthodox monastery at Seudal.* Gross outrages, destruction of property, pillage of historic mansions, and other horrible things, were reported on evidence which cannot lightly be set aside, as taking place in the lands overrun by the liberating Muscovites. On this part of my subject I will not linger. At the same time, whatsoever is declared by the Ten Commandments to be a crime when perpetrated by Germans in Belgium does not cease to be a crime because it was enacted by Russians in Galicia. We must hold the scales even, or not appeal to them at all.

Certain idealists, well disposed to the vast and silent people of Russia, but hating its *chinovnick*, have seen, in the German triumph at Tannenberg and the subsequent advance of the Teutons into Warsaw, the dealings of a stern Providence which would not be mocked by fine language—the mere prelude to foul deeds. We may lament, surely, the tragic misunderstanding which separates the Orthodox Slav from his Catholic brother and plays into the hands of an unsleeping enemy. For no Dead Sea fruits are such apples of Sodom as it has brought forth. "That the Poles and Czechs and Croats," says M. Zaleski, "joined the Roman Catholic Church had far-reaching results. It divided the Slavonic race into two groups which developed along different lines. The Czechs and the Poles evolved a civilization essentially of the Western type, while the Southern Slavs, Ruthenians, and Russians embraced the Church of Constantinople and developed along Eastern models. The former followed Rome, the latter Byzantium. This difference remains to this day the basis of the Slavonic Question."†

Politicians, in countries called Liberal, would like to

* *The New Europe*, Nov., 1916, "Case of Archbishop Szepticki."

† *Poland's Case for Independence*, p. 21.

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transcend a difference that leaves them cold ; their wisdom ignores it altogether, *tamen usque recurret*, always religion comes back in good or evil guise " to perplex and dash maturest counsels." The Poles are Latin Slavs ; the Uniates will not give up Rome ; and Moscow relies on the Government to put down Dissenters.

When, therefore, Poland had fallen as an unlooked-for prize to Vienna and Berlin, while tens of thousands, forcibly " evacuated " from Warsaw, Lodz, and other centres, were plodding their weary way beyond the frontier, whole companies perishing on the journey, Europe, though busied elsewhere, waited with some curiosity until the new administration showed its hand. In terms it was benevolent ; but it despatched large stores into Prussia from hungry Poland. Sir Edward Grey was willing to feed the unhappy natives provided an assurance were given that the supplies intended for them should not be turned to Prussian uses. But no promise would be made safe ; and the captive land, wasted by the terrible " minuet of Mars," expeditions advancing and retreating over her blood-stained plains, her villages set on fire, her harvests carried off, underwent a famine such as mediæval chronicles describe. Her sons were fighting in every army, and thus against one another. But the German tone was always one of sympathy. Negotiations, the details of which we can only guess at, certainly passed between the various Cabinets directly concerned in the fate of Poland. At last, when the Tsar would not consent to a separate peace, and when his Austrian Majesty clung to Galicia, the German General Staff decided on a " stroke of State." It was executed at Warsaw, on November 5th, 1916. " By order of the Kaiser," his lieutenant-in-charge, a certain Von Beseler, announced that there was to be a new " Kingdom of Poland," with its own King, army, and constitution, perpetually in alliance with the Central Powers. Its territory should consist of all that these had won since 1914 from Russia, so much and no more. The Polish Question, dead and buried according to Carlyle in 1865, had come to life again.

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Thus the three Emperors, who held its parts in their hands, told Europe how they would solve it. With comical haste the Germans warned this nascent Free State that it must not look to have Posen added thereto. The Catholic Archbishop—it was falsely said—who has taken the place of Cardinal Ledochowski, gave the Kaiser his sacred word that no man happy enough to find himself a Prussian would desire to be a Pole. His Apostolic Majesty declared, from Schönbrunn, that Galicians might enjoy Home Rule; but they must remain Austrians as before. There was no hint of a sea coast for this landlocked State. Its chief task would be to supply an army of "volunteers" to the failing Central Empires. And its King would assume the crown not in royal Cracow, still claimed by Francis Joseph, but in Warsaw.

Let us strike the balance-sheet of these contrary proposals from Petrograd and Berlin. The Tsar had cast his vote for a genuine restoration of Poland, one and indivisible. To this the Hohenzollern replied, and he was echoed by the feeble Hapsburg, that Poland should never be free, but for ever divided. The logic of the situation was clear as noonday. What, then, should a Polish statesman, true to his afflicted country, choose to do? We cannot suppose him unmindful of glories that once encircled her brows with gems, or a lover of the confederates who set upon her in a time of trouble and left her for dead. I am contemplating a leader as deliberately practical as Cavour, when Italy had little or no power of shaping her future alone; or like the Hungarian Francis Deák, who succeeded where Kossuth came to grief. This kind of political genius will hate the "falsehood of extremes." He may use fanatics for his purpose; they shall not use him. If the Grand Duke's word, "reconciliation with Russia," seems in his judgment sound doctrine, he will not oppose to it ancient history. I believe that Poland is happy in possessing such a man, free from the double-dealing of Cavour and no whit less patriotic than Deák. His name is Roman Dmowski, captain of the Polish National party, concerning whom

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there will be discourse by and by. At our present stage, taking the abstract figure of a great politician, called upon to decide between alternatives, not at liberty to strike out and follow up a third path for his people—which is “Poland’s case” indeed—he must not waver. Wavering would be fatal, equivalent, as our leading English journal has frankly declared, to a fourth and last partition.* Therefore he will prefer a policy admitting of development to one that shuts the gate on hope.

This cool-headed observer would first move round his problem as if it did not concern him at all. He would ask, as in mathematics, what were the forces involved. Russia had thrown out fine promises to Poland; but which was the real Russian Government, able to execute or to cancel them? No shadow of suspicion rested on Tsar or Grand Duke, both sincere, both “great gentlemen,” as the English expression runs. And the people, how did they feel towards their Slav kinsfolk about the Vistula? But, as we must always remember, the “people,” ruled time out of mind in Muscovy by a relentless autocracy, had neither lot nor part in destroying Polish independence. They were never consulted, and they find uncertain utterance yet in the Duma granted them. Our ideal patriot, owning an historical memory, would call up Peter Alexievitch, otherwise the Great, and let him tell the tale once more of modern Russia, hammered by that rude hand into shape. It would then appear that, while endeavouring to civilize his subjects, Peter had sought not only models but instruments in the Teutonic world. Petersburg in its very name was a symbol; the “window looking out on Europe” looked towards Berlin. By his foreign and domestic policy the “workman-Emperor” surrendered the Slav to the German. We have but to name the “Baltic Provinces,” and the vision of a bureaucracy setting its feet on the necks of millions will rise before us. Professor Adrianov, a Pole, writing in November, 1914, evoked for his country’s benefit the “midnight dream,” shared in youth by

* *The Times*, Nov. 18, 1916, “The Allies and Poland.”

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Puszkín and Mickiewicz, of Freedom's dawn for two sister nations estranged in the interests of an enemy to both of them. "Pluck out by the roots," he cried, "everything that is Prussian, and they will be delivered." Free Poland means Free Russia.

So it is ; so may it be ! But the downtrodden Poles would be more than human if they simply took this Imperial and impersonal view. They cannot but look at home first. In a striking article by the Russian Professor Bierdiayev we are brought close to the only sound method of escape from all consequences of the three partitions, and from the policy pursued at Petrograd, Berlin, Vienna, which never can solve the problem created by them. The Professor says, "To us Russians this remains always an internal question, a question for our conscience as individuals or as the State. But for the Poles it is their problem, 'to be or not to be'—the existence of a nation which insists on keeping its own culture, its own personality. Therefore, Russian kindness or Russian gifts will not satisfy them. They do not ask a reward for loyalty to the Tsar. The land they love is not dying ; its people show by many traits and achievements that a vigorous young industrial State was growing up before the war. We may dream of union between the Russian and the Polish nations because they have ideas in common as belonging to the Slav races. But the answer to the riddle is the independence of Poland."

These reflections I think admirable ; they go to the root of the matter. Free nations are not to be governed by officials who are strangers to them and from a foreign centre. If united, the golden link of the crown must bind them, not the fetters laid upon one people by another. More than a century has gone by since Alexander I, taught by his Polish friend Czartoryski, saw the truth of this principle, and was prepared to adopt it in a proclamation drawn up at his request by Prince Michael Oginski. Therein he declares for the strictly personal union of the crowns, for the Constitution of 1791, for a separate government and administration of

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law. The beautiful scheme never came to light. Other counsels prevailed; and Metternich may be charged with having made the Polish, like the Italian, problem an insoluble enigma, which called for the sword because politicians had tangled it in a Gordian knot.

Taking our point of sight, then, with Prof. Bierdiayev, we may infer how the Polish patriot would act towards the Three Powers soliciting his adhesion. To begin with, he would set aside Austria. The keys of independence must be sought elsewhere than at Vienna. Whatever happens, an Austrian or Bavarian prince reigning in Warsaw could no more be "his own man" than could a Rajah in Central India. Vassal he would come, vassal he would stay, to be cast off whenever the people rose. That he was a Catholic might soften his fall; but as a German he would represent the type of civilization which Latin Slavs reject—all of them from the Baltic to the Adriatic, not only Poles, but Czechs, Croats, Slovenes, united to Rome in religion, detesting the Teuton and all his works. The Vatican is sacred to them from ages long past—we have seen these pilgrims in St. Peter's—but what is the Hofburg in their eyes except (pardon the comparison) a glorified high royal Dublin Castle? The voice of Jacob cannot govern Latin Slavs with the arms of Esau. That scriptural figure is not merely a figure. In the necessary game of counting out, "felix Austria" gets warning first. The struggle has long been, and now is, between Prussia—Protestant, Junker, Absolute Prussia—and the Tsardom with its Orthodoxy, its locust army of functionaries, its countless dim population, Slav in language and temperament, however recruited from Asian wilds. To sum up sharply (not without risk to my argument, but I am writing only a sketch), if the Polish patriot chooses Russia for the instrument of freedom, he is brought up against a tyrannous Church; and if Prussia, then he stands to be devoured by a slave-making Kultur. These are the broad alternatives. Which had he better face: a Church that is in effect a State, or a State that is a Church?

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Dr. Seton-Watson, whom his most flattering reader would not call an enthusiast for Catholic beliefs, has given a timely signal on the path to be pursued in the following paragraph. I transcribe it with deep satisfaction.

“In the very forefront of the vast problems,” he writes, “raised by this war is the emancipation and regeneration of the democratic and progressive Slav nations of Central Europe. Of these, five out of seven—the Poles, Czechs, Slovacs, Croats, and Slovenes—are overwhelmingly Catholic; the sixth, the Ruthenes, so far as they inhabit Austria-Hungary, belong to the Uniate Church; while only the seventh, the Serbs, are Orthodox, and on them religion sits lightly, as on all Balkan peoples. This bald statement of fact should suffice to show the utter hopelessness of any attempt to solve these Slav problems on an Orthodox basis. The baneful influence of a tiny clique of reactionaries in Petrograd is being exercised in that direction; but the overwhelming mass of the Russian people, while clinging firmly to the Orthodox faith as a living expression of their innermost soul, will fiercely resent and repudiate any attempt to sow discord between Catholic and Orthodox. The Pan-Slav ideal can only be attained by the enforcement of a religious truce.”*

I applaud with both hands. A rather suspicious friend, however, to whom I submitted this quotation, exclaimed, “Is Saul also among the prophets?” And, in fact, Dr. Seton-Watson’s “tiny clique” represents a powerful tradition which, if it can help it, will not suffer a Uniate Church to live within the bounds of the Russian Empire. Moscow is the spiritual head of Holy Russia; but Moscow does not love Rome any more than Constantinople did. These age-long antagonisms die hard. We Catholics view them with astonishment; for the creed of East and West is, on any fair interpretation, the same. Who, then, would not welcome this “Truce of God”? And will the Western Powers insist on it?

But whether they will or no, it is manifest on a brief consideration that the Church as a State in modern

* *German, Slav, and Magyar*, p. 180.

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times, though it were the haughty Church of Russia, never can wield such dominion, all-pervading and minute, as the State that is a Church. If journalism aimed at enlightenment, it would long ago have awakened the public mind to a transformation which is taking place before our eyes, and almost without challenge, whereby the old religious bodies are imprisoned in church and pulpit, while the political organs of society have arrogated to themselves nearly all the duties formerly fulfilled by the clergy. The change may be observed in all countries. But Prussian Germany has developed its *raison d'être* into a deliberately held creed, where, as already noted, Kaiser and Kultur are one. It is a religion with anathemas and inquisition, exercised in the name of science; and therefore its most mighty ally is the Zeitgeist. Pope Cæsar owns now far more than thirty legions; he is master of a civilization "winged with red lightning and impetuous rage"; not only with cannon does he teach, but with schools, universities, markets, a system which encompasses body and soul. Under its blighting shade no type which differs from it but must suffer. The Orthodox Church might excommunicate Tolstoi, as it did; he went on his way unharmed. When the Kaiser had given Herr Liebknecht leave to express himself a little freely, the writer was abducted and seen no more; his newspaper became a Government journal. For a true parallel to the Berlin method, read Tacitus.

Of all Europeans now living the German is least himself; he is a cypher to which the State lends what value it chooses. The Pole, contemned by Carlyle for his anarchism, yet remains a man. Western and Southern Slavs, according to Dr. Seton-Watson, who knows them intimately, "are all deeply imbued with Western thought and culture." By this we should understand that Paris charms them while Berlin corrupts them; for the Prussian theory, iron-bound as an Arctic coast, destroys their human feeling; and Paris, however light-hearted, or even worse, can still retain something free and joyous, better than the saturnine brutality which is materialism

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reduced to its lowest terms, and which stalks at night Unter den Linden.

We are now looking into our problem, eye to eye. Infinite lights draw out on the horizon. But consider only this. Poland's misfortunes may be said to date from the time when Hermann von der Salza, Grand Master, transplanted the Teutonic Knights in 1228 to the coasts of the Baltic and thus began the conquest of heathen Prussia. Their standard was the Gospel; but the weapon of their spiritual warfare was too frequently the sword—in Bismarck's phrase, six hundred and forty years later, it was "blood and iron." These were the aboriginal Junkers, apprentices to the trade of forced conversion. They abide in East or Ducal Prussia down to this day. It is written, significantly for my purpose, of this fighting Order, "There were no struggles of Church and State in its dominions; the State was also the Church." Conquered natives became slaves; German immigrants and "Free Prussians" who submitted without a struggle had their special privileges allowed them. Are we reading of the thirteenth or the twentieth century? I will note the conversion of Lithuania, followed by its union with Poland; the victory won at Tannenberg by the Polish King Ladislaus in 1410 over the Ritters which, says Carlyle, was "the end of their high courses in the world"; then the Peace of Thorn in 1466, which gave West Prussia to the conquering Slavs—Christians since the year 1000; and I sum up by saying that, when the Reformation came, the Teutonic Knights were merely secular in aims and principles. Their Grand Master, the Hohenzollern Albert of Brandenburg, turned Protestant; he annexed to his house the lands of the Order, and accepted them as a fief from the Crown of Poland.

Here let me quote a striking passage from a rare and remarkable volume, *Letters Concerning the Present State of Poland* (London, 1773), published on the morrow of the First Partition. It contains a retrospect and a prophecy, both true to the letter. Its author may have been a Rev. Mr. Lindsey, tutor to the nephew of King

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Stanislaus. "If you consider with attention," says the anonymous writer, "the conduct of the House of Brandenburg from the time of the Margrave Albert to this hour, by what various pretences it has augmented its domains; first, a feudal duchy torn from Poland; then that duchy erected into an independent sovereignty; then new territories added to it; on another side, the duchy of Cleves, the counties of Marck and Ravensberg, the bishopricks of Minden and Camin, together with the eastern parts of Pomerania, acquired by the Treaty of Westphalia; the better half of Swedish Pomerania acquired afterwards; the seizure of Silesia by the present King (Frederick II); the duchy of Prussia erected into a kingdom; that kingdom now more than doubled; almost all the rivers which empty into the Baltic secured to him;—you must allow that this house has pursued a plan of aggrandizement with a perseverance and success that ought to engage the attention of every State in Europe."*

A glance at the map of Prussia since 1866, and at the situation of its armies along the various fronts where they are now facing the Allies, will show more impressively than words with what "perseverance and success" the plan of aggrandizement has been followed out. Now, at length, it does "engage the attention of every State in Europe." We are contending with a Power which designs to set up once more a world-empire, claiming to be Holy and German; but in sheer *Faustrecht*, or by right of the strong hand, it will be simply Hohenzollern, a "State that is a Church." It must be overcome in the spirit, if it is not to subdue mankind. Here, then, Poland sets forward her peculiar claim. In the spirit she has already won, for she worships the grander ideal. She has found a name for it, also, taken from the Hebrew prophets, themselves the voices of a suffering people, and she calls her philosophy "Messianism." It has come down to her as a treasure heaped up during the long and sad exile which her men of genius underwent in the West—poets

* Letter IV, p. 80.

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highly endowed like Mickiewicz and Krasinski, who lifted their eyes to the dawn afar off, when "in the land of humanity it was still night." These are the Polish leaders who being dead yet speak. Their enthusiasm breathed its inspiration in lyric poem and drama. They obeyed the spell of Romanticism, now dissolved; but the masterpieces written by them have become more than a national literature; they abide as the New Testament of Poland. To Mickiewicz, Slowacki, Ujejski, and the rest of that glorious band, elegiac in their lamenting yet closing ever on a high and resonant note, we may apply the rubric set to his own poems by Krasinski; they were "Psalmists of the Future." And, in calling on the morrow, they justified the ways of God to His people yesterday and to-day. Poland, as Ujejski sang, must temper in the flame of tribulation her very soul, as armour is turned to steel. Out of it would come the Anointed One, champion of justice and freedom. Poland was to be the Israel of Europe; therefore had she been tried to the utmost. The "mighty and anointed soul" would deliver from bondage the "land of her songs" and all the oppressed. Such was to be the Polish millennium, or the golden age to come of every "nation in mourning."

A thrilling little volume among those I am noting in these pages, by Miss Monica Gardner, will make English readers acquainted with some of the master-singers by whom Poland has been taught her vocation. Let them not start back on hearing the ecstatic tones in which it has been proclaimed. The prophets of Israel are not comfortable reading, nor easy to follow; but their message came true. One poet there is in our language, I mean Shelley, and one poem, "Prometheus Unbound," in whose clear radiance an age of universal liberty shines down on man from the "unascended heaven." So clear, indeed, the light upon these martyrs cannot fall; it is a halo barred by the crimson cross. Resurrection, rather than progress, gives the key. So, too, it is a secret learned in suffering, not an impersonal contemplation or vague

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Liberalism, that moves them to utterance. Thus the Polish psalm of humanity is no variant upon Schiller's cosmopolitan theme, "*Seid umschlungen, Millionen*"; and its vehement chanting would have a little dismayed Goethe, whose aloofness and versatility of art were well fitted to the ivory tower whence he gazed out, Lucretius-like, on the storm-beaten waves of time. Richter, again, was a sentimentalist, hardly a patriot, and the German Fatherland wanted for him that fiery soul which to the Slav on the Vistula has proved at once to be a glory and a danger. Mickiewicz himself, a beautiful heroic apparition, yet plunged into a furnace of fire seven times heated, did not escape delusion. He fell into the hands of Towianski, a false prophet; and he died of a broken heart, far away from his beloved Lithuania, in Turkish Stamboul. And Krasinski, the "anonymous poet," condemned for the sake of his sovereign thought, which was Poland's revenge, to spend his days in exile, is a haunting figure of grief. But he announced "the Dawn," and he sang to them who should come out of their graves, "*Resurrecturis*."

No contrast will strike home more strongly to the student of the nineteenth century than that between a Prussian triumph mounting to its height and the Iliad of woes falling on what was left of kingly Poland, until silence brooded over the nation which had once been Christendom's bulwark. Romanticism quitted the stage. Schiller and Mickiewicz slept side by side. A friend of mine, reading with rapt admiration *Les Paroles d'un Croyant*, by Lamennais, one day in Kensington Gardens—the Biblical denunciation of tyranny therein repeated would shake the soul of youth—looked up to ask himself, "Are not these thrones fallen?" But the answer given at that time by Sadowa, soon to be multiplied on French battlefields, declared that the most formidable of them would be exalted yet more; and that the new Kaiser would "honour the God of Forces" on a scale never yet seen. Force against dreams! The match was unequal. Prussia, made drunk by victory, set herself wth Bismarck

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in his *Kulturkampf* to murder the soul of a nation. The camarilla which rules permanently at St. Petersburg had provoked, smitten down, and was now exploiting a country which seemed even to have lost its voice. Powers called Liberal, France as well as Britain, had forgotten Kosciuszko, Poniatowski, nay their own sympathies, in 1830 and afterwards, with an enslaved people ; and Carlyle, as we saw above, told the Polish Question to stay quiet in its grave.

To narrate how it rose again, going from strength to strength, until it could no longer be ignored, was the main argument of M. Roman Dmowski's volume published at Lemberg in 1908, translated into French and brought out at Paris the year following by M. Gasztowtt. Nothing so little resembling the poetical manifestos of Mickiewicz and his school could be imagined. The prophets had gone before ; now a statesman appeared ; and, though the aim was identical, the means chosen to secure it were altogether different.

M. Dmowski, of whom I have earlier spoken, was leader of the National Polish group in the second and third Duma. He is well known to the Allied Powers, in London no less than in Paris ; and the words which M. Leroy-Beaulieu dedicated to his description in the French preface of *La Question Polonaise* have been confirmed by events since the war began. M. Dmowski, he wrote, "is to-day the man that best represents the aspirations of the Polish people ; so much so, in fact, that he may be said to impersonate them and to be their incarnation. Enemies or friends, those that heard him in the Russian Assembly bore witness to his lofty views and his sound political sense. He does not declaim ; he deals with present realities ; he utters no syllable in praise of revenge. When he holds out the right hand of fellowship to Russia he shows that it is equally for the benefit of both nations that they should be friends." So far, M. Leroy-Beaulieu. We may perhaps associate his principles and policy with those of Mr. John Redmond in the Parliament at Westminster. Reconciliation, founded upon understanding, with the Imperial power ; unity at home on a

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democratic basis ; such is the platform of the Polish, as we know it to be that of the Irish, statesman.

Writing eight years ago, M. Dmowski showed a grasp of the general European problem which some Cabinet Ministers known to Britons assuredly did not possess. But his first duty was to convince the Western reader that Poland was living still. Not the romantic Poland of singers now mute, nor the old nobility; not the Szlachta corresponding to our class of country gentlemen; but a nation worth reckoning with in the hard modern world. Was there a new Poland, born since 1863 ? This, it will be noticed, came to much the same as inquiring with Carlyle whether we need trouble ourselves about a corpse that should lie still in its grave. "*Requiescit, requiescat !*" So prayed all the pious highwaymen over their victim. The Polish language was officially suppressed, even in elementary schools and in the names of railway stations ; the Uniate Churches were forcibly made Orthodox since the days of Nicholas I. The universities were compelled to be Russian seminaries, or were hotbeds like Dorpat of Prussian propaganda. Posnania colonized with subsidies from Berlin ; Warsaw half Jewish ; Galicia won to the Austrian Reich by kindness ; the Ruthenians egged on to charge their Polish neighbours with diabolical manœuvres against the common peace—these were arguments difficult to meet. And in spite of them a vigorous young nation was coming into its own.

Russia, partly for political motives, had emancipated the peasants in 1861, by way of setting them against the nobles. But the peasants have been fast growing in wealth and influence—just as in Ireland after a Tory Government had given the farmers their Land Purchase Acts. The vast plains of Poland encouraged a population for agriculture which could never now be uprooted ; while it flourished the country was sure of itself. Modern industries were building immense hives of labour, such as Lodz and Warsaw, with beginnings of a democracy on the American type, not well-instructed thus far, but learning (with connivance of Government) the Socialist

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doctrines touching labour and capital. Catholics, determined to save their religion and their native tongue, had opened voluntary schools. The Jews, never without grievances, were led by capable men, some of revolutionary leanings, all chafing under the restrictions of the Hebrew "Pale." With education came a better hope of uniting the different classes. Party strife began to lose its irreconcilable character. None dreamt any more that by force of arms Poland could win her independence. "Autonomy," or, as we say in these islands, Home Rule, seemed to be a solution of the Polish Question, so far as Russia was concerned, which would satisfy local demands and add strength to the Empire. When, after the war with Japan, a sort of Liberal Reform movement found favour in St. Petersburg and the Duma was called, a National Party sprang up on the banks of the Vistula. Since 1831 no election had taken place in Poland. The country now sent to St. Petersburg a unanimous representation. All the candidates of the National Party were elected, and none of any other. This was the sign of Poland's resurrection. Clergy, nobles, middle class, industrials, peasantry, had voted the same way. At last the world might bless a united people, bent on vindicating for themselves the right to live as they deliberately chose.

It was a superb moment. But, says M. Dmowski with profound insight, the system of Russia is "a weak Government founded on anarchy." Here its fatal vice, fear compounded with jealousy, could not be shaken off. The Empire of the Tsar ought to be administered as Great Britain administers the Empire of India. Supposing its population to be one hundred and seventy millions, how many of these are genuine Russians? The answer will probably astonish. Not more than sixty-five millions, or about one-half; the rest, in fact and in name, are "non-Russian." They should then be governed with scrupulous regard for their language, religion, traditions and usages, as the English know who have built up and keep in peace a vast dominion of three hundred and twenty million

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Asiatics. But no, the centralized, largely German Councils, by which Russia has for generations been mismanaged, will have machine-made uniformity at the highest price. Peter the Great did what in him lay to organize the Muscovite world within ; but his policy was framed on observations taken from that "little window" in St. Petersburg ; it has remained the policy of his successors, and is foreign and external. Hence the incurable anarchy of Russia. Hence, too, the undeviating line to which officials keep, however the Tsar commands. When in the Duma nothing would frighten or break the Polish group, their number was reduced from 36 to 12 ; and to Warsaw was left a single representative. Yet these deputies had voted the Budget. They were loyal to the Crown. But in aiming at Home Rule they were attacking the system of plunder and inefficiency. Reconstructive plan of any kind the bureaucracy had not then and has not now. This "great larceny" is called Russia.

Poland, on the contrary, knows exactly what she is, and therefore what she would have. Recognizing herself as an integral whole, but by race and situation a part of Slavdom, she desires her old national unity before all things. Her first effort is to cast away the German yoke, be it Austrian, be it Prussian. Lying between Lithuanians and Ruthenes, having within her borders Jews in large numbers, she demands equal rights all round. Shrewd observers, like M. Dmowski, have long been aware that the Pan-German designs of Prussia went on the scheme of dividing the Slav peoples and enfeebling Russia. The Southern Slavs, regarded in Austria-Hungary as mere "white trash," were awakened by Napoleon I to a sense of their importance, when he created the Illyrian State with its capital at Laibach. They love neither Teuton nor Magyar, from both of whom they have received indignities without number. By Austrian arrogance Serbia was shut out from the Adriatic. By means yet obscure, and perhaps criminal, on Austria's part the tragedy of Sarajevo was occasioned if not accomplished. For always the cloud looms over

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the Dual Empire which threatens it with a great Slav resurrection—thirty-five millions who are not Russian, and the majority of them not Orthòdox but Catholic, tending ever to form a confederate state or states, whereby the *Drang nach Osten* of Germans should be checked once for all. Of such a confederacy Poland would be the head and front; while, when it was recognized among the Powers of Europe, it might well seek its religious consecration at the Holy Father's hands. Was not some glorious future like this the dream of that magnificent prince and bishop, Strossmayer, the "first son of the Croat nation," whose life of ninety years saw the bad old system smitten hard by Serbia's rise, Bohemia's recovery of its native language and literature, Hungary's failure as a central and just government in dealing with its Slav fellow-citizens? At all events, the Western and Southern Slavs may plead their adhesion to the modern ideas of nationality, Home Rule, and a Constitution. If we ask what is the idea which they refuse to accept, however violently thrust upon them, the answer is plain: it is Pan-Germanism expounded by the Kaiser.

Hence Poland sees in old and new Prussia her "immemorial foe." She will endure any fate rather than submit to those whom an English tourist, Mr. W. F. Bailey, calls "the Kaiser's missionaries of Kultur," but to the Poles invaded by these hordes they seem "devils in grey." When the invasion was beginning, in 1915, German outrunners spread a curious legend. They told the peasants that William II had seen in vision our Lady of Czenstochowa, who had entreated him to rescue her shrine from the heretical Russians. The Kaiser sent forth a proclamation accordingly, with jewels for the sacred place. But the Poles tore his manifesto in pieces and replied, "We are not for sale, neither is our Religion." The land has been made a desolation. But, sooner than yield themselves to Prussian rule, many of the peasant families, shutting themselves up in their miserable thatched hovels, have fired their village and perished

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in the flames. So, at least, they would be free of the Kaiser.*

Those flames have already reduced to ashes the declaration made at Warsaw by his order of a Polish Kingdom subject to Potsdam. Our Lady is Queen of Poland from ancient days, and Queen she will remain on her Hill of Light. . . .

When I had written thus far, great news concerning our theme, but of a mingled strain, arrived on two successive days. Henryk Sienkiewicz died at Vevey in French Switzerland on November 16th, 1916. That same day, in Paris, a declaration was signed by M. Briand and Mr. Asquith on behalf of their several Governments, in which they repudiated the Prussian phantom of a Kingdom of Poland, affirmed the claim of unity and autonomy, as recognized by the Russian Tsar, and concluded that such a restoration would "constitute a prime factor in the future balance of Europe." Italy, with fervent words, joined in this public act; and thus the Liberal Powers of the West bound themselves to see that Russia's engagement of August 15th, 1914, should be fully carried into execution. The three partitions were to be annulled, the Congress of Vienna was no longer to keep a noble nation divided.

I lay this public act and my own dedicated pages on the tomb of Henryk Sienkiewicz. From him, through our common friends, came the charge that something in defence of the Polish cause should appear in English, written by a Catholic pen. I am proud also to have taken part with him among those Catholics who contributed to the *Book of Homage* brought out on Shakespeare's centenary. His fine trilogy of romance, lighting up the heroic deeds of Polish warriors and saints, has endeared him at home. His martyr-epic, *Quo Vadis?* making the round of the world in thirty languages, is a testimony to the Roman Faith. The calamities of Poland, which drove him into exile, shortened his days. But while the native region of Copernicus, Mickiewicz, and Chopin sends forth

* *The Slavs of the War Zone*, pp. 40, 44.

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such genius in the person of her latest and greatest man of letters, who will say that Poland is a thing of the past ? I am reminded of another seemingly lost cause, of a sea-girt Poland out in the Atlantic, and of Henry Grattan apostrophizing his Ireland in Romeo's passionate words :

Thou art not conquered ; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks ;
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.

WILLIAM BARRY.

JULIAN GRENFELL

JULIAN GRENFELL had such shining qualities of youth, such strength and courage and love, that to others who are young he seems like the perfection of themselves. They know so well day by day just what their own youth can fall to and rise to ; and it is when their youth rises most, to its utmost fierceness and tenderness, that they come near to him, who was made of those things. And the young can mourn in their own special way the young that die ; it is they who realize that when a man of few years dies, a mature man and an old man die too ; and it is they who have ahead of them all their maturity and age in which still to want the companionship that has failed. They look forward to all those "partings still to be." They have lost a known friend now, but all their lives they will be losing someone different, and unimaginable. (It is one of the terrors of their loss of one they love—the thought that in what he would have become and said and thought and done, he is unknown like a stranger.) They know that hardly an event will arise in their most distant days which will not be far less than it might have been. As they look forward to their sure and simple possessions which they prize, weather and firelight and activity and growth, the friend who would have contributed a richness they cannot imagine is only a phantom there—dear, and growing stranger. They have plenty of time ahead to be losers of so many things—what, they will never know. The young are like a mourner who lingers on at a grave after all the others have departed.

When Julian Grenfell, who died when he was twenty-seven, sent home from the trenches his poem *Into Battle* he not only sent great and pure poetry but also tidings about the fighter that had the sound of his own single discovery. The noble self-sacrifice of the fighter was well known, and in everyone's heart ; the mere adventurous joy in the clash of arms with which some could

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carry through this many-sided task of battle was known too. But, though it may not have fallen to Julian Grenfell alone to feel, it has fallen to him alone to express those two things so combined until they brought to him the certainty of Nature's utter sanction of the fighter, and the consciousness of the whole universe upholding him with all her mysteries. For what he wrote of a kind of natural ecstasy in the upright soldier's heart, Julian Grenfell is among the most notable figures of an age at war. And in another way he was a shining example of one of the great qualities the war has brought to light—that of filial love.

He was born, the eldest son of Lord Desborough, in 1888, and went first to Summer Fields, and then to Eton and Oxford. He and his brother Billy were like twins, though Julian was two years older. During the whole of their school and college career they made one long record of triumphs, so that in all those years of Summer Fields, Eton and Balliol, as each time there arose the crisis of suspense when examinations drew near, so each time came news of the uttermost success. When Julian left Summer Fields for Eton at the age of thirteen he already had a serious conscious love of religion such as was the tradition of his home. He was to have a life of wild physical activity, but he had a faith which could never be outstripped or left apart even from the boldest venture. He linked his belief to all the physical activities that he so much loved. Faith has been carried among strange scenes and places by men in their enterprises, but faith has ridden her maddest rides with Julian, and with him on horseback made her wildest leaps into the air. All his life, faith was the implicit companion of his energies. But now this thirteen-year-old belief was a very definite straightforward thing, and had its expression in the simplest words. He was still at Summer Fields. There had been a very bad thunderstorm. He said: "I suddenly seemed to realize God." It was with him as with the poet who wrote: "I saw Eternity the other night." In his after life he again referred more than once

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to what he had experienced then. In his early years at Eton he began his love of Thomas à Kempis.

The holidays were rich for the two boys with every kind of sport. Julian had begun at seven years old to follow and track animals ; and at that age he could fire a gun, and could, with Billy, catch nineteen trout in an afternoon. They also went out stalking with their father. As they grew older, the holidays were filled with riding and shooting and fishing. At Baledmund, Julian got up at five every morning to go out after roe-deer, and here a season's record of the two boys together was : "277 grouse, 41 partridges, 5 woodcock, 6 snipe, 4 caper-cailzie, 33 hares, 210 rabbits and 6 roe-deer." Julian was master of the Eton Beagles while he was also editor of the *Eton Chronicle*, and near the top of the Sixth Form.

In October, 1906, Julian went to Balliol. He was 6 ft. $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in height ; and Billy, who was sixteen, was taller. They were growing fast. In 1909 Billy went to Balliol too. They were both so full of happiness of life, there was no failure for them anywhere in their work or in their sport or in their friends. Billy wrote once : "I wish I was not so passionately addicted to pleasure ; I find myself plotting for it every moment of the day, especially when I ought to be thinking of that solemn humbug Aristotle." Only Julian at one time seemed occasionally cold and removed from those around him ; he was reproached for not knowing more people in college ; and free and general intercourse continued for a while to be a difficulty with him in spite of his great love for his great friends, and he said : "I wish social plans had one neck and me a knife." Billy, writing after Julian had died to a friend who had known him at Oxford, said : "You knew all the mysticism and idealism, and that strange streak of melancholy which underlay Julian's war-whooping, sun-bathing, fearless exterior." And sometimes Julian was ill and depressed, the result of his great growth, and because he never spared his body the rigorous training necessary to the athlete. The worst form depression could take with him was when he felt himself separated from God. If he

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lost his sense of communion with God, he could not be happy or well until he was possessed of it again.

Reading aloud had been a great feature of their young family life, and lasted after they were grown up. When they were away they liked to send their mother lists of what they read. From Billy, for instance: "I am reading, in various stages, *The Shaving of Shagpat*, *The Egoist*, *Redgauntlet*, Garibaldi, the Homeric Hymns, Aristotle, and Virgil." And from Julian: "I've read Gilbert Murray's *Hippolytus* again—the best thing ever; some Dante Rossetti; the Psalms; the *Imitatio Christi*; and Belloc, endlessly." Nothing of what they read or what they did was complete until they had discussed it with their mother.

And this leads to the crowning glory of their lives, so that in any record which is permitted of them there is one quality which must stand out beyond all their other ones; they were two young men who had a passion of filial love. This is a kind of love which the war has revealed in such a degree that its quality can be plainly seen and dwelt upon, like a comet that has swum closer. It has found most beautiful expression in many books of privately-printed letters, both in French and English. Its quality is different from the two other great forms of love, maternal love, and men and women's love. It is not, like those, prompted by Nature; it is one of the emotions that belong to man when he transcends Nature, and takes upon himself divine virtue. Nature, bent upon the preservation of the race, inspires those other loves, and adorns them with joy and rewards them with happiness. Women raise conscious maternal love from the human to the divine; and other love has been raised by Dante and all the poets and by men and women to divine heights. Yet these are not cases of man beginning where Nature leaves off: Nature began for her purpose. But filial love has not that kind of beginning in Nature, it is not found there, it is divine from the first. And never can it have been more faithful and more passionate than it was in these two. It was never narrowed down to ties of

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habit or gratitude or dependence, for with them it was beauty, it was humour, it was thought, it was the best of life.

In 1910 Julian's brilliant time at Oxford came to an end. His horizon widened to take in distant countries to which he would soon travel—to take in, too, all the distant hopes of his mind eager for truth. He had written from Balliol : "I utterly agree that building up character for its own sake is a blank dead thing, with no ultimate end . . . But I am just dimly beginning to see *my* end, I do believe; very little and very dim, but still a beginning. And of course I agree that an ultimate end must satisfy all the needs of the soul ; it must do more than that, it must be far, far, far above and beyond all those needs, a pure ideal, something wholly unattainable, you must have millions of miles of outlook." It had been arranged from earliest years that he was to be a soldier, and that Billy would go to the Bar. Julian passed in to the army First of all the University candidates. His regiment, the Royal Dragoons, was in India ; his last months in England, before joining it, were full of the joy of keen sport and of his friends. One of the best loved companions of Julian's life was Lord Lucas ; they had their unspeakable gallantry in common, both in life and death. This friend wrote when Julian died : " You know that I was fonder of Julian than of any living man, and never can anyone else be the same to me as he was . . . I think of all the happy times we had, and of his spirits, his keenness, his skill, his intense enjoyment of everything that boy or man, sportsman or poet, loves ; and it seems that a great part of my life is torn from me." In November Julian sailed for India, and there the new forms of sport, the buck-stalking and polo, filled him with delight. " The pig-sticking is beyond dreams, I can't tell you what it means to me ; it is coursing with human greyhounds." He wrote, too : " The rains have come, but not real continuous rains ; we go out on odd days to stick pig, in country blind with new bright green grass, so that you gallop down a hidden well without any warning and without much surprise. I'm afraid all other sports will

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fall flat after this." In the winter of 1911 the regiment was moved to South Africa. At first Julian was dismayed by the change and felt himself an outcast in a barren place. In a letter he said : "I do hate thinking of having missed a wonderful English spring, in this pestilential continent where spring makes no difference, and comes in the autumn." But soon he said : " I am getting fond of it in a way, almost against my better self," and he grew to love the veldt with its " terrific greatness and greenness and dullness and bleakness." In South Africa he had his greyhounds with him ; he had always had a special love for these animals ; he had owned them from the time when he was nineteen, when in an autumn in Scotland the whole family after packing themselves into a small motor for excursions would have the greyhounds poured on the top of them like water. He now wrote a poem *To a Black Greyhound*, of which this is part :

Shining black in the shining light,
Inky black in the golden sun,
Graceful as the swallow's flight,
Light as swallow, wingèd one,
Swift as driven hurricane,
Double-sinewed stretch and spring,
Muffled thud of flying feet—
See the black dog galloping,
Hear his wild foot-beat.

See him lie when the day is dead,
Black curves curled on the boarded floor.
Sleepy eyes, my sleepy-head—
Eyes that were aflame before.
Gentle now, they burn no more ;
Gentle now and softly warm,
With the fire that made them bright
Hidden—as when after storm
Softly falls the night.

He wrote : " I've never had such good long dogs as now ; four great big lashing dogs, and this little pup, who is the best of the lot. I do think that greyhounds are the most

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beautiful things on earth ; they have got all the *really* jolly things—affection, and courage unspeakable, and speed like nothing else, and sensitiveness and dash and grace and gentleness, and enthusiasm.” He never cared to be parted from them. He took some greyhounds even out to France with him, and in one of the last letters that he wrote before he received his mortal wound he said : “ The long dogs were very good when I got back here. A kind woman at the farm had kept and fed them for me. One had been run over by a motor-bus, but was none the worse. We arrived in the middle of the night, and when they heard my voice they came out of the yard like shrapnel bursting. ‘ Comrade ’ jumped up on to my horse’s shoulder, and when he fell back they all started fighting like hell from sheer joy ! ” In South Africa he also played polo. “ My ponies,” he said, “ are like Greek sculpture, only with a neater style of galloping ; just think how tired it would make you to play eight chukkers on horses which always had four legs in the air at once.” He wrote also : “ The ground is composed of holes and stones, thinly covered by a rough grass called *Prati-vesticula*. Thus for the horseman two alternatives lie open. Either you fall over the stone into the hole ; when all that has to be done is to roll the stone on top of you, and write the epitaph on it. Or, if you are careless enough to come down in the hole, and fall on to the stone, they have to lift your body, place it back in the hole, lift the stone, clean it, roll it on top of you, etc.—which means ‘ more work for the undertaker.’ I hope you follow me ? ” Julian was a renowned boxer, and he scattered challenges into the unknown. Of a fight he had in Johannesburg he wrote :

A man who was in training for the Amateur Championship said he would come and fight me. He was a fireman, called Tye ; he used to be a sailor, and he looked as hard as a hammer. I quaked in my shoes when I saw him, and quaked more when I heard he was 2 to 1 on favourite for the Championship, and quaked most when my trainer went to see him, and returned with word that he had knocked out two men in a quarter of an hour.

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We went into the ring on the night, and he came straight for me like a tiger, and hit left and right ; I stopped the left, but it knocked my guard aside, and he crashed his right clean on to the point of my jaw. I was clean knocked out ; but by the fluke of Heaven I recovered and came to and got on my feet again by the time they had counted six. I could hardly stand, and I could only see a white blur in front of me ; but I just had sense to keep my guard up, and hit hard at the blur whenever it came within range. He knocked me down twice more, but my head was clearing every moment, and I felt a strange sort of confidence that I was master of him. I put him down in the second round, with a right counter, which shook him ; he took a count of eight. In the third round I went in to him, and beat his guard down—then crossed again with the right, and felt it go right home, with all my arm and body behind it. I knew it was the end, when I hit ; and he never moved for twenty seconds. They said it was the best fight they had seen for years in Johannesburg, and my boxing men went clean off their heads, and carried me twice round the hall. I was 11 stone 4 lb., and he was 11 stone 3 lb., and I think it was the best fight I shall ever have.

All this time in India and South Africa he was working hard at his profession. He had, too, been kept supplied with books from England. He wrote : "Thank you for copying 'Since there's no help.' I'm reading no literature now, only Military Law with both eyes ; it is just the opposite to literature, and is expressed throughout in just the wrong words and just the wrong way." He said in another letter in relation to a book he had read : "I hate material books, centred on whether people are successful. I like books about artists and philosophers and dreamers and anybody who is a little off his dot." He wrote again : "I agree with what you say about success, but I like the people best who take it as it comes, or doesn't come, and are busy about unpractical and ideal things in their heart of hearts all the time." Julian was now as always fulfilling his "great task of happiness," which made all his life seem like one long act of praise. "I'm so happy here," he wrote, "I love the Profession of Arms, and I love my fellow officers and all my dogs and all my horses." In the midst of

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cramming for his Promotion Examination he made a high jump on his horse Kangaroo which was a record for South Africa, clearing 6 ft. 5 in. over a wall with bricks on the top.

In July, 1914, he was dwelling on the prospect of leave in England when the first rumours of war reached him. He longed for England for different reasons now. He was afraid at first that his regiment might be kept in South Africa or sent to Egypt. He wrote: "Don't you think it has been a wonderful and almost incredible rally to the Empire; with Redmond and the Hindus and Will Crooks and the Boers and the South Fiji Islanders all aching to come and throw stones at the Germans. It reinforces one's failing belief in the Old Flag and the Mother Country and the Heavy Brigade and the Thin Red Line, and all the Imperial Idea, which gets rather shadowy in peace time, don't you think? But this has proved it to be a real enough thing."

On September 20th Julian reached England and went with his regiment straight to Salisbury Plain. He had two days' leave at home. On the night of October 5th the Royals left for France. "It seems *too* good to be off at last," Julian wrote: "Everyone is perfectly bird."

Julian's sister Monica had already become in the first days of the war a probationer at the London Hospital, and Billy had got his commission as 2nd Lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade. It had been suggested to Billy that he might postpone joining the Army until after the All Souls' Examination in the autumn, for which he had been working hard. But he could not stay for the fruits of his work any more than he could stay for other things that made life glorious to him. They were already beginning to lose their friends—that great company of their friends who would soon lie dead on many battle-fields, one of whom, Charles Lister, wrote just before he was killed in Gallipoli: "I know now that I shall live. I do not mean that I may not be killed." The first of these to go was Billy's dearest friend, John Manners, who in September was wounded and missing and was never heard of again.

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Billy translated from the Latin a poem written about him
by Mr. Headlam :

O heart-and-soul and careless played
Our little band of brothers,
And never recked the time would come
To change our games for others.
It's joy for those who played with you
To picture now what grace
Was in your mind and single heart
And in your radiant face.
Your light-foot strength by flood and field
For England keener glowed ;
To whatsoever things are fair
We know, through you, the road ;
Nor is our grief the less thereby ;
O swift and strong and dear, Good-bye.

These are extracts from some of Julian's letters from Flanders :

" We have been fighting night and day ; first rest to-day for four days. The worst of it is, no sleep practically. I cannot tell you how wonderful our men were, going straight for the first time into a fierce fire. They surpassed my utmost expectations. I have never been so fit or nearly so happy in my life before. I adore the fighting, and the continual interest which compensates for every disadvantage."

" I longed to be able to say that I liked it, after all one has heard of being under fire for the first time. But it is beastly. I pretended to myself for a bit that I liked it, but it was no good, it only made one careless and unwatchful and self-absorbed ; but when one acknowledged to oneself that it *was* beastly, one became all right again, and cool. After the firing had slackened, we advanced again a bit into the next group of houses, which were the edge of the village proper. I cannot tell you how *muddling* it is. We did not know which was our front. We did not know whether our own troops had come round us on the flanks, or whether they had stopped behind and were firing into us. And besides, a lot of German snipers were

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left in the houses we had come through, and every now and then bullets came singing by from God knows where. Four of us were talking and laughing in the road, when about a dozen bullets came with a whistle. We all dived for the nearest door, and fell over each other, yelling with laughter, into a very dirty outhouse. James Leckie, the Old Old Man, said 'I have a bullet through my best Sandon twillette breeches.' We looked, and he had. It had gone clean through. He did not tell us till two days afterwards that it had gone through him too."

"Here we are, in the burning centre of it all, and I would not be anywhere else for a million pounds and the Queen of Sheba. The only thing is that there's no job for the cavalry. So we have just become infantry, and man the trenches. I believe we're getting entrenching tools, which is good hearing. We want them. Colonel Burn is taking this, so I've only time to write one word of love. He's off. He tells me I was reported dead. But there's life in the old dog yet! Bless you both."

"I have not washed for a week, or had my boots off for a fortnight. But we cook good hot food in the dark, in the morning before we start, and in the night when we get back to our horses; and we take our good cold rations with us in the daytime. It is all *the* best fun. I have never, never felt so well, or so happy, or enjoyed anything so much. It just suits my stolid health, and stolid nerves, and barbaric disposition. The fighting-excitement vitalizes everything, every sight and word and action. One loves one's fellow-man so much more when one is bent on killing him. And picnicking in the open day and night (we never see a roof now) is the real method of existence. There are loads of straw to bed-down on, and one sleeps like a log, and wakes up with the dew on one's face. The stolidity of my nerves surprises myself. I went to sleep the other day when we were lying in the trenches, with the shrapnel bursting within fifty yards all the time, and a noise like nothing on earth. The noise is continual and indescribable. The Germans shell the trenches with shrapnel all day and all night; and the Reserves and

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ground in the rear with Jack Johnsons, which at last one gets to love as old friends. You hear them coming for miles, and everyone imitates the noise; then they burst with a plump and make a great hole in the ground, doing no damage unless they happen to fall into your trench or on to your hat. They burst pretty nearly straight upwards. One landed within ten yards of me the other day, and only knocked me over and my horse. We both got up and looked at each other, and laughed. It did not even knock the cigarette out of my mouth. . . . We took a German officer and some men prisoners in a wood the other day. One felt hatred for them as one thought of our dead; and as the officer came by me, I scowled at him, and the men were cursing him. The officer looked me in the face and saluted me as he passed, and I have never seen a man look so proud and resolute and smart and confident, in his hour of bitterness. It made me feel terribly ashamed of myself."

"About the shells; after a day of them, one's nerves are really absolutely beaten down. I can understand now why our infantry have to retreat sometimes; a sight which came as a shock to one at first, after being brought up in the belief that the English infantry cannot retreat. . . . We had been worried by their snipers all along, and I had always been asking for leave to go out and have a try myself. Well, on Tuesday the 16th, the day before yesterday, they gave me leave. Only after great difficulty. They told me to take a section with me, and I said I would sooner cut my throat and have done with it. So they let me go alone. Off I crawled through sodden clay and trenches, going about a yard a minute, and listening and looking as I thought it was not possible to look and listen. I went out to the right of our lines, where the 10th were, and where the Germans were nearest. I took about thirty minutes to do thirty yards; then I saw the Hun trench, and I waited there a long time, but could see or hear nothing. It was about ten yards from me. Then I heard some Germans talking, and saw one put his head up over some bushes, about ten yards behind the

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trench. I could not get a shot at him ; I was too low down, and of course I could not get up. So I crawled on again very slowly to the parapet of their trench. It was very exciting. I was not *sure* that there might not have been someone there, or a little further along the trench. I peered through their loop-hole and saw nobody in the trench. Then the German behind put his head up again. He was laughing and talking. I saw his teeth glistening against my foresight, and I pulled the trigger very slowly. He just grunted, and crumpled up. The others got up and whispered to each other. I do not know which were most frightened, them or me. I think there were four or five of them. They could not trace the shot ; I was flat behind their parapet and hidden. I just had the nerve not to move a muscle and stay there. My heart was fairly hammering. They did not come forward, and I could not see them, as they were behind some bushes and trees, so I crept back inch by inch.

“ I went out again in the afternoon, in front of our bit of the line. About sixty yards off I found their trench again, empty again. I waited there for an hour, but saw nobody. Then I went back, because I did not want to get inside some of their patrols who might have been placed forward. I reported the trench empty.

“ The next day, just before dawn, I crawled out there again, and found it empty again. Then a single German came through the woods towards the trench. I saw him fifty yards off. He was coming along upright and careless, making a great noise. I heard him before I saw him. I let him get within twenty-five yards, and shot him in the heart. He never made a sound. Nothing for ten minutes, and then there was a noise and talking, and a lot of them came along, through the wood behind the trench about forty yards from me. I counted about twenty, and there were more coming. They halted in front, and I picked out the one I thought was the officer, or sergeant. He stood facing the other way, and I had a steady shot at him behind the shoulders. He went down, and that was all I saw. I went back at a sort of galloping crawl to our

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lines, and sent a message to the 10th that the Germans were moving up their way in some numbers. Half an hour afterwards they attacked the 10th and our right, in massed formation, advancing slowly to within ten yards of the trenches. We simply mowed them down. It was rather horrible. I was too far to the left. They did not attack our part of the line, but the 10th told me in the evening that they counted 200 dead in a little bit of the line, and the 10th and us only lost ten.

"They have made quite a ridiculous fuss about me stalking, and getting the message through. I believe they are going to send me up to our General and all sorts. It was only up to someone to do it, instead of leaving it all to the Germans, and losing two officers a day through snipers. All our men have started it now. It is the popular amusement."

He was twice mentioned in despatches, and when he came home for a week's leave in December he was wearing the D.S.O. ribbon. At the end of January, 1915, he again came back for a week, his last leave. In May he sent home the poem *Into Battle*:

The naked earth is warm with Spring,
And with green grass and bursting trees
Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,
And quivers in the sunny breeze ;
And Life is Colour and Warmth and Light,
And a striving evermore for these ;
And he is dead who will not fight ;
And who dies fighting has increase.

The fighting man shall from the sun
Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth ;
Speed with the light-foot winds to run,
And with the trees to newer birth ;
And find, when fighting shall be done,
Great rest, and fullness after death.

All the bright company of Heaven
Hold him in their high comradeship,
The Dog-Star and the Sisters Seven,
Orion's Belt and sworded hip.

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The woodland trees that stand together,
They stand to him each one a friend,
They gently speak in the windy weather ;
They guide to valley and ridges' end.

The kestrel hovering by day,
And the little owls that call by night,
Bid him be swift and keen as they,
As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

The blackbird sings to him, " Brother, brother,
If this be the last song you shall sing
Sing well, for you may not sing another ;
Brother, sing."

In dreary, doubtful, waiting hours,
Before the brazen frenzy starts,
The horses show him nobler powers ;
O patient eyes, courageous hearts !

And when the burning moment breaks,
And all things else are out of mind,
And only Joy of Battle takes
Him by the throat, and makes him blind—

Through joy and blindness he shall know,
Not caring much to know, that still,
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so
That it be not the Destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stands,
And in the air Death moans and sings ;
But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,
And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

Battle-poems are as various as any other kind of poem. The mere fighting-song usually ranks about on a level with the drinking-song. And though a poem of the actual movement of battle may be fine, there is generally more passion in the war-poem that is still,—the poem that is written in the pause ; the poem not of truce of battle, but of interval, of time for breathing and the recovery of consciousness of self after self-abandonment. And such is this poem. It is a wonderful work of the stillness of a

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soul's consciousness of itself. It is a happy man who can thus gather himself up in the realization of the duty he is about, and be so sure and so gay. Other people—gathering themselves up in the calm of duties that are yet not terrible and not perplexing and not ambiguous as the duties of war must be—wait long and in vain to feel such certainty and such joy.

On the evening of May 12th the Royals were put about 500 yards behind the front line, near the Ypres-Menin Road, to support an attack on the German trenches running north from Hooze Lake. The Royals were behind a small hill: Julian spoke of it afterwards as the little hill of death. Early in the morning of the 13th the Germans started a terrific bombardment of this hill. Julian went up to the look-out post. He was knocked over by a shell, which only bruised him. He went down again and made the report of his observations. He then volunteered to get through with a message to the Somerset Yeomanry in the front line, which he succeeded in doing under very heavy fire. When he returned he again went up the hill, with his General. A shell burst four yards away, knocking them both down in a heap. A splinter had struck Julian's head. He said: "Go down, Sir, don't bother about me; I'm done." The General helped to carry him down, and was wounded while doing so. Julian revived, but said to a brother officer: "Do you know, I think I shall die." When he was contradicted he said: "Well, you see if I don't." He was taken to the clearing-station. He asked there whether he was going to die, and said: "I only want to know; I am not in the least afraid." He was then taken to the hospital at Boulogne, his sister coming from the Wimereux hospital, where she was nursing, to give him the care that he so loved to have from her. The surgeon asked him how long he had been unconscious after he was hit. He said: "I was up before the count." He had his parents beside him. His strength and youth were fighting against the deadly poison of his wound. During all those eleven days when he lay there he prayed, probably unaware that he often spoke aloud. Sometimes

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he prayed that he might be able to bear the pain. The Psalms and the hymns of his childhood were said to him aloud ; that was what he liked, also George Herbert's poems. The weather was very hot ; those beside him heard him repeat the song in *Hippolytus* :

“O for a deep and dewy spring,
With runlets cold to draw and drink,
And a great meadow blossoming,
Long-grassed, and poplars in a ring,
To rest me by the brink.

O, take me to the Mountain ; O,
Past the great pines and through the wood,
Up where the lean hounds softly go,
A-whine for wild things' blood,
And madly flies the dappled roe.
O God, to shout and speed them there,
An arrow by my chestnut hair
Drawn tight, and one keen glimmering spear—
Ah, if I could ! ”

“ His voice was very weak. He said it with overpowering longing.”

Billy arrived in France with his regiment, and came to Julian's bedside—not, though they were like one soul, to mourn, but still to know the joy and triumph of all their living moments. And without having spoken one word contrary to that spirit of noble unfailing happiness, but having uttered many words of love, Julian died on the afternoon of May 26th.

Billy was already in the trenches, and during June and July he was constantly under fire. He wrote of Julian : “ I love to think that he has attained that perfection and fullness of life for which he sought so untiringly. I seem to hear him cheering me on in moments of stress here with even more vivid power. There is no one whose victory over the grave can be more complete.” He also wrote : “ Death is such a frail barrier out here, men cross it so smilingly and gallantly every day, one cannot feel it as a severing in any way. Pray that I may bear

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myself bravely when the burning moment breaks." In July he wrote to his mother : " Darling Julian is so constantly beside me, and laughs so debonairly at my qualms and hesitations. I pray for one-tenth of his courage." On July 30th Billy was killed in a charge to take trenches near the Hooze crater. Leading his platoon, he attempted to cross the 250 yards of open ground under terrific machine-gun fire. He had gone 70 or 80 yards when he pitched forward dead. He was perfectly fearless ; he had been loved in an uncommon way for his great and lovely gifts, and it was said by his men that he had raised the standard of goodness about him.

What can be our attitude of mind towards those who die thus and also towards those who endure their loss ? When pain and grief overwhelm their victims and conquer their endurance, then those who are within reach can bring their charity and lay it at the feet of the suffering—all their most tender charity of love and compassion. But there are times when that charity is defied by something that is more heavenly than itself. Charity is a virtue of the earth ; its pity, its tolerance and its love, are like white angels dedicated to be the guardians of human failing and grief and sin, and in a sense charity will fade out in heaven like a ghost in daylight. And so even on earth it can stand aside with hidden eyes, unneeded, while there go past swift figures, wounded by suffering and loss and death, their faces bright, too bright for resignation and too bright for pity—and to watch such a figure go by is to see the immortal spirit.

VIOLA MEYNELL.

WYCLIFFE; WESLEY; NEWMAN

A STUDY IN CONTRASTS

The Three Religious Leaders of Oxford. By S. Parkes Cadman.
(Macmillan.)

THE relations between England and America present phenomena which exist nowhere else, and which, if they are hard to define, can at any rate be almost perfectly illustrated. Amongst the large family of the Anglo-Saxons, the United States has long been in the position of an eldest daughter, who has never from childhood upwards got on well with her mother and who has ultimately secured a wealthy establishment of her own and asserted a complete independence. The ties of a common mentality, indeed, often make themselves felt; and the ties of blood remain, and are the more readily asserted that the stock is not one to be ashamed of. But the ties of affection hang slack, having been too much strained in the past by quarrels, not always free from violence. From these quarrels the element of religion has been by no means absent. It was the Pilgrim Fathers who dealt a fatal blow at the Anglican claim to interpret Christianity for the mind of the English people. A dissident herself, the Church of England found almost immediately within her borders a dissidence as stubborn as her own, and which grew powerful exactly in proportion as she sought to realize her aspirations after Catholicity. The settlement in Massachusetts was a lasting reminder that there were Englishmen, untouched by "popish" doctrine or practice, who could find no place in England. A hundred and sixty-four years later another blow, less direct, but hardly less severe, was delivered from the same quarter of the globe. It was the religious desolation of Georgia which led Wesley to take upon himself authority to ordain his preachers, and thus rendered a cleavage between the Methodists and the

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Established Church inevitable. Nonconformity, just when the old Puritan type was dying out, had taken a new and even more potent lease of life.

Mr. Cadman, it is to be inferred both from the sentiments of his book and from his position at the Central Congregational Church at Brooklyn, sympathizes with the spirit of secession. Yet to him also, as now almost to all serious believers in Christianity, there is present a vision of Catholicity; and he cheats himself with the fancy that it can be realized by means of a faith independent of dogma. To that point it will be necessary to return in considering the place of Newman in English religious history. But for the moment we can afford to drop criticism, and welcome a book which seeks to move on a plane above controversy and achieves as great a measure of success as the subject allows of. The three studies which it contains are written with sympathy and insight, are adorned with many brilliant little contemporary portraits, and are expressed with much felicity of diction. If the study of Wesley is easily superior both to that of Wycliffe and to that of Newman, this is only to be expected from the author's personal predilections. No man—not even Sainte-Beuve—could hope to paint a rationalist, an evangelical, and a mystic, with equal skill. But the main interest of Mr. Cadman's book is one which escapes his own notice. He tells us that he has tried to present the three most notable Oxford leaders of religious thought. The men he has chosen are much more than that. They are the dominant personalities in the long adventure of thought and life which we call the English Reformation; and their lives may be said to illustrate its phases of conception, repentance, and returning. Wycliffe, indeed, has come in popular estimation to represent something more than a precursor; and it is one of the evidences of the essentially political character of the Tudor Settlement that this should be the case. There was no prophet in the English Reformation—no one who can be compared with Luther in Germany, or Calvin at Geneva, or Knox in Scotland. What was

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done was not the outcome of religious impulse or religious theory, but the considered work of statesmen aiming at certain well-defined personal or political objects. Hooker, indeed, did all that man could do to consecrate the edifice that had arisen—did it with all the charm of a spiritual and unambitious nature—but he was essentially an apologist justifying the event, not a prophet provoking it. Thus it is that the Church of England, ennobled as she has been by so many high hopes and gracious characters, has tended, at such times at any rate as her pretensions to Catholicity have lost for her their cogency or their charm, to cover the shame of her birth at the hands of Henry VIII by throwing into unnatural prominence the figure of Wycliffe, with its suggestion of something more primitive and more unpolitical than is compatible with the background of a Tudor Court.

Lollardy, if it had lingered on, had doubtless ceased to be an effective force some while before the sixteenth century; and Wycliffe really stands in much the same relation to the Act of Supremacy as Simon de Montfort to the Petition of Right. He is none the less an intellectual prototype of the English Reformers, foreshadowing their nebulous habit of mind and anticipating, if not implanting, the principal objections which many of his countrymen experience in respect of the teachings of the Catholic Church. He rejects the doctrine of Transubstantiation, not because, like Luther and Calvin and Zwingli, he has a doctrine of his own to put in its place, but because he distrusts definition and prefers to leave the great mystery completely vague. Losing knowledge of what the Blessed Sacrament is, he comes before the end of his life to place preaching before it as a means of grace, so that ultimately man's word is in his system preferred to God's Presence. Failing to appreciate the difficulty of reading the Old Testament wisely, or the risk of disseminating it widely—a difficulty and a risk which the private interpretations of the Puritans, the most zealous and the most misguided of all the students of the Jewish Scriptures, has hardly left open to serious dispute—he hastily presses into the hands

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of the ignorant folk of the fourteenth century a volume already accessible in its entirety to all educated men and, in those parts at any rate where human need has seemed to be most closely embraced by divine compassion, to all men whatsoever.* Confronted by a secular spirit in the high places of the Church, he evolves the theory that "dominion is founded upon grace," or in other words that a man set in authority is deserving of obedience so long, and only so long, as he is deserving of respect. This was a doctrine plainly inconsistent with such incidents as St. Paul's apology to the High Priest at his trial, and obviously subversive in the long run of all government in Church and State, since anyone at any time could use it with effect to justify rebellion and defend conspiracy. A theory so crude and so vulnerable can be no credit to its inventor. Fair-minded men with a love of pure administration have in all ages had to face the kind of difficulties that met Wycliffe. Bishop Grosseteste had had to face almost identical difficulties a century before; Erasmus had to face them a full century and a half after. But neither Grosseteste nor Erasmus was so simple as to suppose that abuses are got rid of by attacking the seat of authority; nor did either of them lose sight of the spiritual character of the Papacy in the consideration of its temporal functions. Wycliffe's theory was the less justifiable that his practice disproved its acceptance even by himself. No man's dominion was less founded upon grace than that of John of Gaunt. Yet Wycliffe did not hesitate to take this greedy and arrogant prince for an ally; and, in the great scene at St. Paul's, in February, 1377, when he stood before the Bishop of London to be heard in his own defence, all possibility of serious argument was nullified by the armed retainers of the Duke of Lancaster, eager himself to apply to his own purposes those very revenues of the Church the misuse of which Wycliffe was engaged in denouncing. The mob, as Mr. Cadman tells us, were under no illusion as to the Duke's

* It is not in dispute that the Psalms and parts of the New Testament had been already rendered into English.

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intentions. "The people understood Lancaster better than did Wycliffe, and they hated and plotted against him as the foe of justice and liberty." It is obvious to observe that, if Wycliffe was really more ignorant of his patron's character than the populace, he must have been singularly innocent, and evidently unfit to move among, and much more to set in motion, the great currents of the world.

Perhaps he was not really quite so guileless as Mr. Cadman supposes. But he was at any rate not a very wise man. All that has been said shows that he lacked clear ideas and long views; and the greatest of all political condemnations may without injustice be passed upon him, for he possessed destructive energy without constructive power. The Church, at least, has nothing to reproach herself with in her treatment of him. His theories were condemned, but he himself was very civilly handled by Archbishop Courtenay, and permitted with what might seem to some an excess of generosity to finish his days at Lutterworth. Doubtless his popularity did something to protect him; for there was much in his character to respect, and, apart from his fatal neglect or inability to think out difficult matters thoroughly, not so much to condemn. He possessed in an eminent degree a quality which we know as the courage of one's opinions, and which, as a nation, we especially revere; and he seems to have shown himself imperturbably calm at the historic scene in St. Paul's. Englishmen, who know little about him and less about his teaching, are content to entertain a characteristic belief that he did good work in resisting the powers that were; and Mr. Cadman, who knows a great deal about both, is not perhaps altogether exempt from that curious Anglo-Saxon sentiment. No estimate of him, however, is worth much which fails to compare his attitude with that of such men as Bishop Grosseteste and Cardinal Contarini and Erasmus; and no estimate, which includes such a comparison, is likely to be a high one.

"On the day of the Holy Innocents," says the chronicler, "as Wycliffe was hearing Mass in the Church at

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Lutterworth, at the time of the Elevation of the Host, he fell down smitten by a severe paralysis." With that dramatic scene in the year 1384, the first act of our author's drama terminates. When the curtain rises again, England is become some three hundred and fifty years older. Wycliffe's principles have been generally accepted by "all sensible men." The doctrine of transubstantiation is proscribed and contemned ; the Pope has been altogether abjured ; the Bible, clothed in English of imperishable excellence, has been scattered broadcast over the land ; all Englishmen, with a few rare exceptions, have declared themselves in Wycliffe's sense tenants-in-chief under God. If Wycliffe's premises were sound, it is reasonable to expect that we should find an England devotedly religious. Mr. Cadman is his own witness as to what in fact was the condition of the country. In fifteen unsparing pages he takes us swiftly through all the ranks of society, from the palace of the king to the hovel of the peasant, through boudoir and drawing-room, through street and market-place, through great cities and remote countrysides, and shows us everywhere vice triumphant, vice both refined and brutal, vice naked and open and unashamed, vice so powerful that the good despair of eradicating it, religion so impotent that the people had become subject to a servitude crushing alike to soul and body, and "were without hope because they were without God." Qualifications may be introduced ; modifications may be required ; but about the broad lines of the picture there can be no mistake. The English Reformation which Dean Church, one of the noblest of its apologists, has urged, ought not to be regarded as confined to the days of the Tudors but as reaching on to those of Charles II, was by this time unquestionably completed. If a tree is to be known by its fruits, the hour for judgment was fully come. Two generations of men, at least, had been educated in the considered principles of the Reformers. The bench of Anglican bishops was, as Dr. Spooner has suggested, filled with as able a body of prelates as it has

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ever contained. Secker and Hoadly and Warburton flourished in those days. And there were greater names. Bishop Butler had provoked the attention of wise men with the *Analogy*; and Bishop Berkeley the opposition of witty ones with the *Principles of Human Knowledge*. The English Church had triumphed over the Catholics on the one hand and the Puritans on the other, was become broad in doctrine, strong in intellect, prosperous in circumstance. But England itself was what Wesley found her, infidel, neither believing nor acting as if she believed. There is Butler's own memorable evidence to prove it.

Wesley came into the world in the early days of Queen Anne, and died an old man of eighty-eight, just before the French Revolution entered upon its later and more tragic phases; and not the least part of his work was the preservation of his country from the body of opinions which supplied the fuel to that consuming fire. For fifty years, from 1739 to 1791, in the face of contempt, opposition, violence, in the teeth of storm and peril and of the endless petty discomforts attending the modes of travel then in use, amidst all that was sordid and all that was vile, he carried thoughts and aroused feelings without which life at its best is a hollow experience, signifying nothing, and at its worst a city of dreadful night. He made both men and women suffer so that they cried aloud from the consciousness of sin; and in the end he gave them, not, indeed, invariably but generally, joy and purpose in living and confidence in death. His work, being without haste or rest, was perfectly methodical, and constituted a triumph of organization amidst all the distracting circumstance of missionary effort and all the incalculable phenomena of individual conversion. It has lasted into our own time, though no second Wesley has ever come to reinforce it; and Mr. Cadman's masterly essay is a proof of its still virile inspiration. Yet Wesley, to whom the regeneration of England was so largely due, knew little of the Catholic faith and heedlessly threw aside more that he might have known. Though

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men called him a Papist, he himself entertained all the strange prejudices of the Protestant, and moved with a compassionate patronage amongst the Irish Catholics, whose grave demeanour in regard to spiritual things he yet does not fail to contrast with the coarse ribaldry that he had often had to encounter in England. There is a strange entry in his journal recording his astonishment at the story of a then recent Pope, who after he had passed in procession through a semi-tropical storm, before which his attendants had fled, had remarked in reply to a compliment on his tenacity that he was ready to go not merely through water, but through fire for his Master's sake. Wesley cannot understand how anyone capable of making so creditable an observation could have been found occupying the See of Rome, so convinced is he that it is a seat of iniquity. Thus it has seemed to some that the efficacy of his work was a proof of the superfluity of all the vast inheritance of faith and observance which others have known to be the pavement of the Way of Holiness. Mr. Cadman is of this way of thinking. He is in obvious sympathy with Wesley's indifference to dogma ; and he throws into strong relief certain of Wesley's opinions which may be conveniently illustrated by the following quotation :

"The Methodists," wrote their founder, "do not impose, in order to the admission of persons to their society, any opinions whatsoever. Let them hold particular or general redemption, absolute or conditional decrees ; let them be Churchmen or Dissenters, Presbyterians or Independents, it is no obstacle. Let them choose one mode of baptism, it is no bar to their admission. The Presbyterian may be a Presbyterian still ; the Independent or Anabaptist use his own mode of worship. So may the Quaker, and none will contend with him about it. They think and let think. One condition, one only is required—a real desire to save their soul. Where this is, it is enough ; they desire no more ; they lay stress upon nothing else ; they ask only, 'Is thy heart therein as my heart ? If it be, give me thy hand.'"

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All the moral strength and all the spiritual and intellectual weakness of Wesley is laid open in that passage. It is the expression of a man, who has willed passionately that all men may come to the Truth, who is himself willing to make all sacrifices to bring them there, but who has never realized what a delicate thing Truth is—how impatient of error, how catholic in growth, how rich in colour, how coherently organic in structure. It is not surprising that Wesley should have condemned Butler's *Analogy* as "far too deep," for he had substituted one single emotional experience for that progressive consecration of all the faculties in which a truly catholic religion necessarily consists. Lecky made no mistake when he said that no body of opinions was so ill-calculated as Wesley's to appeal to a judicial or critical intellect. Working simply on the basis of the great experience of conversion which came to him, as he has recorded in a very well-known passage, on May 24th, 1738, at a quarter to nine in the evening, when, at a prayer meeting in Aldersgate Street, he sat listening to Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans, Wesley preached the doctrine of repentance and salvation through Christ with an unremitting diligence and a freshness of feeling that lasted him through fifty years of missionary effort and forty thousand sermons. This one thing he knew—knew it as few men know it, knew it with an intensity of conviction which we most of us have reason to envy. Of the rest he was largely ignorant.

The truth is that he gave men the milk and not the meat of religion. His was the way to feed the hungry and those who had been long in want. But his own spiritual progress was consequently and, it is perhaps not too much to say, providentially incomplete. As it might be said of many another teacher so of him, had he known more he would have taught worse. Thus he is more interesting in his career than in his character; and he leaves behind him as his legacy to mankind a journal which is much more remarkable for its account of spiritual journeys in space and time than for that of the voyage of a soul which,

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like a book* we have all been lately reading, it also comprises. Yet this voyage also had a deep significance which is too easily obscured. Wesley's history would be less striking from the Catholic standpoint, if he had not both come into contact with and turned away from the sacramental teaching of the school of Law. For William Law has seemed to some men the greatest religious genius that the Church of England has ever possessed, the subtlest, the most spiritual, the nearest to consolidate a position really untenable. With Law for his "oracle" Wesley early in life practised such things as were conformable to a high view of the sacraments and to a belief in the visibility and authority of a church; and it was in a corresponding temper of mind that he went out to the colony of Georgia at General Oglethorpe's request to convert the North American Indians. The Church which had ordained him had given him of her best, but in his case it was of no avail. He remained in the fear of death. A storm at sea, which left some Moravian passengers calm and untroubled, shook his own assurance. In his distress he turned to those who seemed to be on so firm ground, whilst his own faith suffered shipwreck; and it was from the Moravian Brethren, from the spiritual descendants of Huss, that he learnt the elements of the single doctrine of repentance and forgiveness, which he afterwards propagated in doubtful forms, but forms at least never so ill-conceived nor so extravagant as those of his colleague Whitefield. All Churches, it may be said by way of answer, have their failures, for human nature is fallible. Wesley, it may be urged, had little benefit from that Church, from which in fact he never formally seceded, because of a certain masterfulness and want of humility in himself, obvious in the discreditable episode which led to his leaving Georgia, obvious in his relations with his wife, obvious in his inconsiderate dealings with the Anglican bishops and clearly inconsistent with those dispositions of mind which are commended in the Sermon on the Mount as calculated to secure the loftiest blessings. That is

* Psichari, *Le Voyage du Centurion*.

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arguable and also incapable of exact refutation. But a Catholic may be excused if, seeing in Wesley the genius of a particular period of religious development in England, he regards Wesley's decision to ordain a ministry for America in defiance of the Anglican Episcopate as a singularly damaging condemnation of the Anglican claim to possess the Apostolic succession and the Real Presence. If Wesley played fast and loose with Anglican orders it was because his keen eye, for all Law's showing, had refused to be cajoled into an admission that the Anglican offices of ordination and Holy Communion were other than shadows and memorials. By an irony the most crushing the greatest of her children in the eighteenth and in the nineteenth centuries have alike repudiated the high pretensions of the English Church. Differing in much, Wesley and Newman are agreed in this. Each found his work incapable of fulfilment on an Anglican basis; each was compelled by what seems like an inexorable fate to slight the mother he loved. Their labours, too, curiously different as they are, furnish no point of vital opposition; and Macaulay's classic observation that the Church of Rome would have understood, as the Church of England did not understand, how to utilize Wesley's magnificent gifts, contains the germ of a profound truth. Wesley, it might perhaps be said, possessed the Catholic spirit without the Catholic faith. At all events we miss the full significance of both careers, if we fail to think of Newman not merely as Wesley's successor in the order of time but also as his successor in the order of thought; so that the room in Aldersgate Street where Wesley was converted might be said to stand to the cottages at Littlemore, where Newman reached his great decision, in something of the same relation as the river of Jordan to the Lake of Galilee.

Cardinal Newman was born in 1801, almost exactly ten years after Wesley died. Thirty years later, when the long winter of discontent which had succeeded the stress of the Napoleonic Wars was wearing away, there came to England a springtide of mystery and faith, of romance

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and vision, a springtide reminiscent of long-forgotten things, of that strange world of abbeys and castles in which Scott had had his being, and of things dimmer and more distant yet—of the vast temple beside the Vatican Palace which alone of all churches has seemed equal to express the thought of Christendom, and of the hill-sides of Galilee, where the world seemed well lost for an idea. Wesley had, after all, it became clear, been only a fore-runner. The Evangelical Movement had called upon men to repent; the Oxford Movement called them to enter into the Presence of God. The time was ripe now for the Sacraments; for those who had sat in the nave of the building listening to the preacher to pass up into the chancel. Some men—and they were the greatest—responded to the hour, and, hardly knowing whither they went, went all the way. Newman was of these. Others, less clear-sighted, more cautious, yet of a fidelity most touching, remained to adorn the Sparta they had obtained with semblances of the far country they had seen, but never entered. Others again derided, mocking the strange things they saw. But, however it was with them, all men regarded. England had again been touched to the quick by a great teacher.

It is needless to say we have parted company with Mr. Cadman. His essay, skilful and pleasant as it is, is vitiated by the inevitable yet morally, and one might add artistically, disastrous error of regarding Newman's career as a tragic mistake. What is to be said of the ventures of faith if they end only in sublime fancies? The question which Mr. Birrell long ago propounded, asking how it was possible that Newman could deserve so much attention if, as most people seemed to be agreed, he had made a mess of his affairs, raises a sound practical issue which Mr. Cadman's study does nothing to dispose of. He admires, and advises others to admire, but supplies no good reason for his admiration.

"Although Newman's system," we are told, "was the legitimate product of his theory, it ignored some main truths relative to God and the creature. Admissible in

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the courts of rigid ecclesiasticism, his case broke down in the wider court of human life. He was not strong enough to face doubt and then rise beyond it. In an era which plagued him with justifiable fears, he could not lift his faith to those serene certainties which need no confirmation of the reason, and, in confusing dogma with faith, he, who was perhaps the finest religious nature of the century, failed the Church universal in the hour of trial."

The criticism is characteristic both of the author and the age. To many it will sound comfortable and seem plausible, and suggest breadth of view, yet it conveys in reality nothing at all. Grapple with it, and it vanishes into thinnest air. What are these serene certainties which need no confirmation of the reason? What idea, what sentiment, tempestuous or serene, can possibly enter the category of certainty unless it has passed through the crucible of the reason, and been in some shape and on some account rendered convincing to the mind. And to what serene certainties does Mr. Cadman refer? Certainly to none that he has ever met with in reading his Bible, where dogma is inextricably bound up with faith. The confession of the Ethiopian eunuch is as simple a statement of Christian belief as it is possible to conceive; but it is also profoundly dogmatic, involving as it does the whole doctrine of the Incarnation and much more. St. Paul again must have been presumed to know what he was about when he sent his converts the elaborate dogmatic dissertations which have become famous under the title of his epistles. There is nothing, indeed, which so little bears serious consideration as Mr. Cadman's disparagement of dogma, except, perhaps, the astonishing, pantheistic canon of truth, which he defines in some approximation to dogmatic language as "the voice and spirit of the Eternal speaking through *all* the media of His life in the race." The world, it is obvious to remark, is full of voices; the philosopher spoke for all of us when he observed that there were as many opinions as there were men; how does Mr. Cadman decide between the merits of the media?

The fact is that our author in endeavouring to

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dissociate faith from dogma has fallen into an illusion very popular in both senses of that word. He thinks that men can believe without knowing clearly what they believe in; that the emotion and the will can be made to play not merely their own part but that of the intellect also. On his principles—and this example will serve to reduce his notion to an absurdity—it would have to be left an open question whether Christ was God or only man. Many years ago one of the most beautiful characters among the Oxford revivalists, for whom Mr. Cadman expresses much and well-deserved admiration, but whose portrait he omits to draw—the late Dean Church—effectively illustrated the position of such as, like Mr. Cadman, disparage dogma, by comparing them with men who, entranced with all the wonder and beauty of the star-lit heavens, should proceed to decry the science of astronomy. Newman not less than Wesley, and at a much earlier date, had undergone the experience of conversion, and had found rest “in the thought of two, and two only, absolute and luminously self-evident beings, *himself* and *his* Creator.” But he never despised theology for that, nor supposed that the loftiest emotion excuses the mind from seeking both clarity and depth. Few men have so perfectly obeyed the injunction to be able to give a good answer for the faith that is in them with meekness and fear. And, though he lacked something in the technical equipment required of a master in theology, his balance of faculties was so delicate that he became the theologian of those who need both something more and something less than a master in theology can give them. No man who studies him need fear in his school to learn treachery to will, or heart, or mind. He had the courage of great decisions, the passion of great causes, the mastery of great thoughts; and, having these, he became the pioneer of a great restitution.

Mr. Cadman tells us—and it is no more than the truth—that Newman’s career served largely to modify the dislike of Catholicism entertained by his countrymen. But he has himself at least one kindred suspicion, which

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touches a former editor of this Review so closely as to deserve a word of comment. "It is doubtful," he tells us, "if even Ward's biography contains the full account of Newman's differences with the Curia and with the Roman Catholic Episcopacy of Great Britain and Ireland." No one who knew Mr. Ward, no one who is acquainted with the spirit in which he conducted his researches, will feel that such an insinuation is other than one of which its author has need to be ashamed. Probably there are few more scrupulous biographies in existence than Newman's. Not, indeed, that unvarnished accuracy is at any time, or in any society, a wholly easy task! Froude's admirable *Life of Carlyle* is a standing example of how harshly a contemporary generation may resent a portrait, in which a later generation will perceive all the lights because the painter has never feared to fill in the shadows. It needs a flaming sword to drive such erring virtues as Admiration and Affection out of the Palace of Truth. Thus suppressions of painful things, as Mr. Cadman is no doubt aware, have occurred even outside of Catholic circles. It was only yesterday that an American author made us acquainted with the fact that Wordsworth had left an illegitimate child. Men too often lay at the door of the Church the failings or dispositions which its members have in common with other fallible human beings.

Newman, then, did two things for England. He made his countrymen reconsider their Protestant prejudices ; and he reinterpreted in a form which they could understand a theology essentially different from that they knew, inasmuch as it was neither vague nor insular nor composite. His work could not, in the nature of things, meet with any immediate or startling triumph. Unlike the great punitive cataclysms of society, in which men have sometimes thought to find salvation, unlike the Reformation and the French Revolution, but like all really regenerative forces in the world, the Oxford Movement represented a casting of the bread upon the waters ; and many days were needed, and much patience, before its claims and its bearings were fully seen. To some, as to

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Mr. Cadman, it is interesting only as the story of a great, though noble error; as, more especially, the study of one who, feeling with St. Augustine that they had not the love of God who did not love the unity of the Church, became the sport of high impulses and crystal faith. For others the splendid enterprise has seemed to end in an impotent conclusion ; they do not come to us, and they know we cannot come to them. But there are also those to whom Newman's career is a tragedy neither of blind hopes nor of marred destiny, but a great achievement in which a Divine purpose was eminently present. To such, more even than for their contemporaries, the days they see now will seem alive with meaning, and the logic of circumstance to be enforcing the logic of thought. Events utterly unexpected have torn England with a thoroughness unsurpassed from the Teutonic influences that have so long affected her, and have thrown her into closest contact with those very Latin peoples whom she had deemed effete and with the great nation, not itself Catholic, where all that Englishmen have most resented in Catholic practice is most acutely present. Her old uncompromising Protestantism, like her old proud insularity, is for ever forbidden her. She has a catholic rôle to play in the world of religion as in the world of politics ; and must more and more, unless she would lie stagnant, turn from the paths of Wycliffe towards the goal of Newman. Those who would have it otherwise would have their country make the great refusal.

But it is time to close these few reflections upon a book which merits many. Catholics will find Dr. Cadman a genial, if not always a congenial companion ; and in his aspirations after a Church which shall transcend national feeling and transfuse the world "with the realities of love and mercy and righteousness" an ideal which they have long known and never relinquished.

ALGERNON CECIL.

COAL & CANDLELIGHT

ἔχω δέ τοι ὅσος ἐν ὀνείρῳ

φαίνονται,

THEOCRITUS. IX IDYLL.

BEFORE they left their mirth's warm scene
And slept, I heard my children say
That moonlight, like a duck's egg, green,
Outside the enfolding curtains lay.
But hearth-bound by maternal choice,
The fireside's eremite, I know
The nightfall less by sight than voice—
How wake the huffing winds, and how
More full the flooded stream descends,
In unarrested race of sound,
The lasher where the river bends
To circle in our garden ground.

Within I harbour, hap what hap
Without, and o'er my baby brood :
Who, newly slumbering on my lap,
Stirs in resentful quietude.
Her little shawl-swathed fists enfold
One cherished forefinger of mine ;
Her callow hair with Tuscan gold
Is pencilled in the candleshine ;
Her cheeks' sweet heraldry, exprest
Each evening since her happy birth,
Is argent to her mother's breast
And gules to the emblazoning hearth.
Only the lashes of her eyes
Some ancient discontent impairs,—
Which, for their abdicated skies,
Are pointed with forgotten tears.
And so, as simply as a bird,
She nestles.—There is no child else
To rouse her with a reckless word
Or clink her rattle's fallen bells :
All, long dismissed with wonted prayers,
Such apostolic vigils keep.

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No sound descends the darkened stairs

To question the allure of sleep.

Only their fringed towels veil

The fender's interwoven wire,

And, parted in the midst, exhale

Domestic incense towards the fire.

Betwixt the hobs (their lease of light,

But not of heat, devolved to dark)

The elm-logs simmer, hoary white

Or ruddy-scaled with saurian bark.

'Twas the third George whose lieges planned

That grate, and all its iron caprice

Of classic garlands, nobly spanned

By that triumphant mantelpiece—

A very altar for the bright

Tame element its pomp installs

'Twixt flat pilasters, fluted, white,

And lion-bedizened capitals.

Here portly toppers met of old

To serve their comfortable god,

And praise the heroes, wigged and jowled,

Of that pugnacious period.

Now in their outworn husk of state

Our frugal comfort oddly dwells—

(As recluse crabs accommodate

Their contours to discarded shells).

A dozen childish perquisites

Await my liberated hands,

And lovelier usurpation sits

Enthroned above the fading bands :

Two lonely tapers' criss-cross rays

Cancel the dusky wall, and shine

To halo with effulgent haze

The Genius of this Georgian shrine.

Mary, who through the centuries holds

Her crown'd Son in her hand, amid

Her mantle's black Byzantine folds,

More tenderly displayed than hid,

Coal and Candlelight

O'er this tramontane hearth presides
Oracular of Heaven and Rome—
Where Peter is, the Church abides,
Where Mary and her Son, the home.
All day she blesses my employ
Where surge and eddy round my knee,
Swayed by a comfit or a toy,
The battles of eternity.

And that regard of Hers and His,
Hallowing the truce of night, endows
The weariest vigilant head with bliss ;
And sanctifies such sleeping brows
As hers I carry from the haunt
Of waning warmth, the empty bars,
Up the great staircase, 'neath the gaunt
North window with its quarrelled stars,
To the quiet cradle. Slumber on,
Small heiress of celestial peace,
The glitter of the world is gone.
Et lucet lux in tenebris.

HELEN EDEN.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF A READER OF “RAYMOND”

Raymond. By Sir Oliver Lodge. (Methuen.)

SIR OLIVER LODGE'S book, called after his son, *Raymond*, is bound to have a very wide influence indeed. His own name carries weight ; human nature is in any case inquisitive after the unseen ; and to-day the hard crust which covers souls has been rudely broken up, and thousands of bereaved and creedless survivors must be snatching at any promise of the continued existence of those sons or friends or lovers whom they have lost, and with whom, they are here most earnestly assured, they can communicate. For, of course, the middle part of this volume is entirely occupied with the record of “sittings” of one sort or another, in the course of which Raymond Lodge, who fell gallantly on September 14th, 1915, appears to be in active communication with his parents. Should these brief comments ever reach Sir Oliver Lodge's attention, we desire, with all possible earnestness, to assure him, first, that we would a thousand times rather not review his book at all, than suggest that we fail to recognize the sacredness of his sorrow, or wantonly speak ill of that in which he and his have found, they tell us, consolation.

What we write will be the direct result of our careful reading of his book, and not the product of opinions already fixed, or of prejudice or sectarian exigencies. Catholics are not bound to this or that interpretation of what he relates. And nowhere, of course, could we condescend to that ignorant “ridicule” which he appears to dread. At the same time, Sir Oliver will not wish us for one moment to disguise our impressions ; and sincerity, after all, should not be sacrificed to a merely verbal courtesy.

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The book will probably be read by Catholics, though it is not written for them, nor for anyone already in possession of a strongly articulated eschatology. It considers itself to be a sort of inquiry into the conditions of the next life, and an attempt at offering scientific proof of the fact and nature of the soul's continued existence. A Catholic, of course, does not participate in this without already abdicating his faith, which teaches him to hold with certainty particular dogmas with regard to the soul's destiny, and, in a thousand ways, puts him into organic communion with the dead. Moreover, even if he pine for more active intercommunication than is at present allowed to him, he most certainly will not wish to exchange what he possesses for what Sir Oliver's mediums have to offer. At any rate the immemorial dogmas of the Church have their grandeur, their terrific simplicity and serene splendour; the authorized literature which enshrines them has, it too, its indescribable dignity, its reticence, its awe, its solemn sanction. To pass from that into the world of horrible poor stuff—at times down nearly to the level of the worst offences of Theosophic literature—which mediums serve up concerning after-death conditions, were, even as an affair of mere artistic taste, like exchanging an ancient castle where kings have reigned for centuries, for some trim suburban villadom, glossy and pretentious—"wrong" at every point while never guessing it. Catholics are not likely to want in exchange for their ideal of heaven, nay, nor of purgatory, these summerlands with brick houses, pink people, and airy cigar-smoking. I know Sir Oliver will not want us to insist upon that *sort* of detail; still, there it is, in plenty; and bathed in an air of mild jocularly and of a texture throughout so flimsy that instinctively we brush it aside, at these hours when God and souls are being meditated on. I know, too, that even on the "spiritualist" hypothesis, a "soul" has to make itself intelligible to the "control," the "control" to the medium, and the medium to the sitter, and that the personal mannerisms of each colour the message anew at each stage. This

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certainly accounts for all sorts of unworthy oddities ; but how much authentic communication survives at the end of the process ? But, of course, essential dogma is, for a Catholic, still more sacred than its vesture ; and he will perceive that in this book the fundamental dogmas of Christ's divinity and office, and of hell, and of the *whole economy of grace and the supernatural* are disregarded, tampered with, or denied. But, as we said, the book is not meant for Catholics as such. As a record of "spiritualistic" phenomena it has, however, a general interest.

The "messages" began with one from Mrs. Piper which ran as follows :

Now Lodge, while we are not here as of old, *i.e.* not quite, we are here enough to take and give messages.—Myers says you take the part of the poet, and he will act as Faunus—FAUNUS. [The sitter was puzzled, and asked "Faunus?"] Yes. [The message continued] Myers. *Protect.* He will understand. What have you to say, Lodge? Good work. Ask Verrall, she will also understand. Arthur says so. [This is supposed to have alluded to the late A. W. Verrall. The sitter asked, "Do you mean Arthur Tennyson?" The "control" replied through the medium:] No. Myers knows. So does —. You got mixed, but Myers is straight about Poet and Faunus.

This message, despite its general illiteracy and vulgar tone, clearly alluded to Horace, *Odes II*, xvii, 27-30, where the poet, struck by a falling tree, is protected by Faunus. Mrs. Verrall, appealed to, ratified this. After the death of Raymond, Sir Oliver Lodge considered himself to have been warned thus of an impending disaster, and to have thereby had the blow alleviated by the intervention of F. W. H. Myers, playing the part of the protecting deity. We will only ask inquirers, as it were, to stand back, and contemplate the character of this message. Are we indeed, at such a crisis in life, to be sent to obscure interpretations of pagan poets, and the cheap glitter of scholarly allusions? Please God, once we have passed out of this period of shadows and symbols, we shall be done with scholarship and allusions, however apt! To our mind,

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were our mother dying, and a friend should warn us of the fact by a quotation, say, from some political lyric by Sir Owen Seaman in *Punch*, for the understanding of which we had to appeal to a member of the Cabinet, we should find there, not consolation, but insult. We consider that the general tone and atmosphere of these messages and events suffices to discredit them. After all, the Apostles and Evangelists were simple folks enough ; yet the literature they produced is unsurpassed for dignity. Why are *all* mediums, we end by thinking, and *all* "controls," tainted, irremediably, with this meanness and vulgarity ?

Still, putting aside once more all prejudice of educated taste, even the mass of evidence which remains is, we constantly feel, confused, clamorous at point after point for further test, and most of the time patient of two if not more interpretations. We consider that telepathy, quite roughly speaking, is an established fact. There is very little indeed in what follows which might not be accounted for, sometimes most interestingly, by telepathy. We do not think it the best, or even a probably correct interpretation, especially if it be intended to cover *all* the cases. Still, in the instance of the photograph, of a group of officers, unknown to Sir Oliver at the time of sitting, and considered highly evidential—especially because the mediums saw Raymond *seated*, and his *walking-stick*, and an *arm* apparently on his shoulder, and "lines going down" across the background, and some other less striking details—well, it would not be hard to *guess* that a young officer would be photographed, sooner or later, in a regimental group ; in a large group, subalterns, more often than not, would be made to squat ; equally naturally, canes would be carried—in this photograph, nearly everyone has them ; almost anything would do as an interpretation of "lines going down," which is indeed not how we should have chosen to describe the six ribs visible on the roof of the shed in front of which the group was taken. Of all this evidence, the only striking detail is the arm on the shoulder. That is indeed

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our general impression, of the evidence in this book. We chew our way through masses of cotton-wool, and encountering here and there a little grit for our teeth to close on, as consistent as little bits of cork might be, and not much more nourishing. About ninety per cent. of what we read could well be guesswork, susceptible of several interpretations and more or less happy adaptation to facts eagerly sought and afterwards supplied; about seven per cent. of the remainder might be assigned to some intrusion or another of telepathy. We exclude—and we are not at all sure that we are not being over-generous therein—the hypothesis of fraud on the part of mediums. We accuse no one of fraud; but again and again is the possible opportunity for fraud most clearly indicated.

But we conclude by saying that in the whole book there is no sort of proof that *if* there be spirits which through this complicated mechanism of control and medium communicate with the inquirer, this was *Raymond's* spirit. We are not booked to any doctrine of evil intervention in any particular instance, though certainly the Church favours the opinion, which assuredly cannot be *disproved*, that malevolent intelligences do find every opportunity offered to their intervention by spiritualists. But I will say, here, using studiously the first person, that as in all spiritualist literature that I have ever encountered, so throughout this book (most certainly without any kind of responsibility on the part of the compiler) I cannot rid my palate, so to say, of a subtle flavour of corruption. As in the writings of Christian Scientists, and still more of Theosophists, one gets the "sense" of an intelligence gone rotten, so in all that relates to spiritualism I cannot cease for a moment to experience that savour of spiritual rot, worse even than that authentic touch of *communicative decay* which one often gets when in contact with the insane. A personal reaction, such as this, is worth nothing as "argument"; still, I find that this is an impression far from confined to myself; and, almost to my annoyance, I find that instinct takes me, after even so remote

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a contact with these phenomena, to the sign of the cross and holy water.

We could have wished that the honourable and simple letters of the first part of this book had been printed alone, perhaps for private circulation. We have spoken of the middle part ; we could have dispensed even with the third, in which physicist theories, interestingly set forth, confuse yet further a terminology which is far too vague and inaccurate to be regarded as, in any manageable way, philosophical.

C. C. MARTINDALE.

BALZAC'S "PRINCE" AND "DISCOURS"

JEAN-LOUIS DE GUEZ, usually known as Balzac, from his paternal manor, was a powerful writer upon politics, among other things, though he did not write much. He was, moreover, the true founder of the great school of French literary criticism, and he introduced into controversial discussion the urbane style, after the models supplied by Plato and Cicero, which has ever since flourished more in France than in any other country. He was the originator of modern good taste, and, improving on Montaigne, of easy and flexible prose, resembling the best kind of conversation.

His father had married a modest heiress who brought to the family the estate of Balzac, near Angoulême, on the fair banks of the Charente river. This good squire lived there until, almost a hundred years old, he died in 1650, only four years before the death of his son, Jean-Louis. This son had passed some time of his youth in Holland, then an intellectual centre. Afterwards he was in the service of an eminent politician, the Cardinal de la Valette. In 1618 he took part in that joyous adventure called the "*entreprise de Amadis*," more like Romance, he said, than History, in which the gallant Duke d'Epéron delivered the Queen-Dowager, Marie de Médicis, from her captivity in the castle of Blois, to which she had been consigned by certain wicked political Enchanters. In 1621 Balzac went to Rome, on a diplomatic mission from his patron the Cardinal, and was there for two years, with nothing much to do, but to study, enjoy life, and observe the course of high affairs. After this episode he fell out of favour, for some reason, with the Cardinal; and, after living for a space at Paris, retired, at about the age of thirty-seven, to the banks of the Charente, and dwelt there for the rest of his life. He spent his days and years in study, meditation, writing, conversation, and in an

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immense correspondence. He was elected to the new French Academy in 1634, but only appeared there once. He died at Angoulême in 1654, at the age of sixty.

The work by which Balzac first established his great and well-deserved contemporary reputation as a writer was that called *Le Prince*, which was published in the year 1631. He adopted the title of Machiavelli's famous book, but reversed its principles. This is one of those rare books which are always in season, and good for all time. In it he drew the portrait of an ideal king, under the semblance of a portrait of Louis XIII of France. He ascribed to this monarch the qualities of justice, temperance, piety, fortitude. He put down entirely to his credit the recent overthrow of the Huguenots of Languedoc, the capture of La Rochelle, and the defeat of the English, successes due really to the decision and activity of Cardinal Richelieu, not only in the Cabinet but in the field. Montesquieu says of the Cardinal: "*Il fit jouer à son monarque le second rôle dans la monarchie et le premier dans l'Europe. Il avilit le Roi, mais il illustra le règne.*" Balzac was so far in the right, however, in that Louis was religious in soul, loved to be not at Court but with his armies, and did not, like his valiant father, Henri IV, and his two successors, waste time and vigour in the softening arms of royal mistresses. Cardinal Richelieu was offended by the fact that this renowned treatise did not mention him at all, and was not even dedicated to him. "Is this gentleman," he asked, "so great a seigneur that he can dispense with a dedication?" He did not confer that comfortable abbey, worth 10,000 livres a year, to begin with, which he had once dangled before the eyes of Balzac. Balzac felt this neglect a little, not much, for he loved freedom and country life best, after all, and was a philosopher, *au fond*.

Apart from flattery of King Louis, Balzac's object in *Le Prince* was to urge the French Government to undertake a vigorous war against Spain. The two kingdoms had been, for a time, in a state of armed and malevolent peace. Richelieu had made good use of this interval by

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subduing the Huguenots in 1628, defeating the English attempt to succour La Rochelle, leading an army into Italy in 1629 to support the claim of the Duke of Nevers to Mantua, driving the Italian Queen-Mother out of power, and, finally, out of France, and suppressing the pretensions of the Grandees. Louis XIII had, like the first German Emperor, William, the great merit of recognizing and steadily supporting against feminine and aristocratic influences the one man who could give to his realm internal unity and strength.

Balzac overrated in 1631 the power of the Spanish-Austrian family combination. As we now know, and as the event soon proved, the Spanish Monarchy was by this time exhausted by the long struggle against the stubborn Dutch, the German Protestants, the French, and at times, the English. It was almost at the end of its real strength and greatness. To Balzac it still seemed a formidable peril to the independence of other European States. The Austro-Spanish Allies had, it is true, recently obtained some important successes against the German Protestant princes, especially the Elector Palatine. A traveller could have seen fifty leagues of German land, in a continuous line, utterly burned and destroyed.

Balzac in this treatise is polite to the enemy royalties with both of which the royal House of France was connected by the marriage of Louis XIII. But he attacked fiercely the "Council of Spain," which, he said, notwithstanding good intentions of the Princes, followed "dangerous maxims," and was, in short, a "Monster." "*C'est le Monstre de qui je parle.*" This Monster, he said, was trying to destroy the noblest parts of Europe, both in Italy and in Germany. If the Monster flattered some State among the many which he crushed or threatened, he did so only to devour it later. "If his caresses do not always kill, they weaken and corrupt." He gives to some and borrows from others, so that in one way or another, either as creditor or debtor, they may all depend upon him. In some places he reigns through interested or allied Families. His Order of the Fleece, so much

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esteemed, is used as a means of corrupting the small Princes. "He wishes, in a word, to destroy all or to possess all, as well beyond the Alps as beyond the Rhine; he oppresses almost all the Sovereigns, either by his friendship or by his hate. Around him nothing is seen but shattered sceptres and broken crowns, tribunals beaten down, torn standards of lordship and jurisdiction, heads of dead kings, the spoils of those who still live. Round him is heard nothing save the lamentations of the afflicted, proud and outrageous commands, bravadoes fitted to cruelty, reproaches made to misery, voices that proclaim on all sides 'woe and despair to the conquered.'"

In order to deprive tyranny of the bitterness of novelty the Monster, says Balzac, revives ancient oracles which he interprets to his advantage. He alleges on behalf of the right and title of his ambition that "the Lord of all the world was to come out of Spain and that this promise had been made fifteen hundred years ago."

On the front of a palace in Italy the Monster had engraved the words "To Philip II, King of Kings, Spanish, African, Indian, Belgian, gracious master of all nations, the Elect of God to reunite all the separated Empires." After this can one doubt of the Monster's dreadful intentions? The Monster does not make war for honour, nor to recover lost territory, but to acquire unjustly, and in hope of booty. If he ends a war, it is not to give repose, but merely to disarm enemies, lull suspicions, and deceive those whom he cannot yet conquer. "As soon as he has withdrawn his forces and closed his military magazines, he uses craft, and opens shops full of bad and cruel inventions and artifices. In these he keeps words of double meaning, deceitful promises, oaths which he will violate, false peaces, and faithless friendships. He has artisans who work there night and day to fabricate traps." Thence come the letters and the agents and gold which have been used to keep France divided by supporting first the League and then the Huguenots.

Balzac enumerates many other crimes of the Monster, and adds that the Creature protests that he does nothing

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except for the glory of God and that he is the sole maintainer of the Church. Yet he has always persecuted the Church when she has refused to abet his passions. It was the Monster, really, who, while he celebrated Catholic processions in Madrid, entered Rome with a plundering Lutheran army; it was the Monster that caused, by his policy of ambition and aggression, the loss of England to the Faith. His secret maxims are these :

That one should regard all things in the light of one's own interest; that in order to rise one may march over the body of one's own father; that the true is not better in itself than the false; that we ought to measure the value of both by the utility which they afford us; that a good conscience is extremely inconvenient to a man who has great designs; that the advantages of Religion are for Princes, and its scruples for their subjects; that virtue may sometimes be damaging, but that the appearance of it is always necessary; that injustice truly has a bad name, but that the unjust profit by it; that, on the contrary, probity is content with being praised and with profiting those who have it not, being useless to him who possesses it.

The Spaniards, says Balzac, had no pretext for their wars in Germany, and elsewhere, except to go abroad and be masters outside their own domain. In the midst of peace their will was armed, and they were studying how to make their next movement. "The reasons of State torment them day and night," and make them thin and yellow. These are the outward physical signs of the violent desire to rule which burns and consumes them within. "They oppress Princes and war on the freedom of peoples. Kings annoy them because they are Sovereigns and popular States because they are free. They swear boldly on the Gospels and the Altar oaths which they do not intend to keep."

The Spaniards have, he admits, some great virtues. They are all admirable soldiers, sober and temperate, who can live on bad water and a few herbs. They are loyal to an extreme. They never complain of their misery, because they all fancy that they share in the greatness of their Master. They all deem themselves gentlemen, and

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the smallest Bourgeois has the same thoughts as the Constable of Castille. None of them thinks himself poor when he reflects on the mines of the Indies ; he seeks in the public prosperity that which he cannot find in his private condition. They do not, like many Frenchmen, admire and praise the enemy. "Would to God that we were as good French as they are good Spaniards, and that we loved our country with as much passion as they love theirs. Do not suppose that, like us, they decry the affairs of their Prince, and publish news which are not favourable to their side. On the contrary, if they meet with the smallest success, they magnify it, amplify it, and have it printed in all languages. If they have some misfortune, they excuse it, diminish it, disguise it, cover it with their silence, and hide it under their brave looks. You see them triumph over the taking of a petty place, and not appear to be afflicted by the loss of fleets and armies. As they know how to give repute to small things, and make the most of mediocre success, so also they know how to show indifference in the greatest sorrows, and to bear proudly and with disdain the cruellest outrages of Fortune."

Their fidelity and courage are beyond all question, and are proved by many a tale in their history. But pride is the original and dominant sin in which every Spaniard is born. They condemn all which is not of their country ; they do not believe that outside it anything is beautiful, or valiant, or Catholic. They regard other peoples with pity. Their own population is not great, and they fill their armies with Walloons, Italians and Germans, but they count themselves only as true soldiers ; they will, for instance, say that "an army consists of 30,000 men and 5,000 soldiers," meaning 30,000 foreigners and 5,000 Spaniards. This infernal pride is the reason why they desire universal dominion : they have conquered the Indies ; they would annex the Moon, if only they could get there.

Balzac urges those States of Italy which still had the outward form of independence to take part against the

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Spaniard. He rules already at Naples and Milan ; he is only awaiting his time to devour Venice, and Genoa, and Tuscany, and the Papal States, and the Princelings. At the very least, let not the Italians take service in his armies and fleets, as so many did, like the great Genoese Captain, Spinola. The Holy Father, in his circumstances, at Rome, can, no doubt, hardly speak out his mind about the Monster, but let him at least favour the common cause by his inclination, and bestow upon it his secret benediction. Balzac also has hopes of co-operation by King Charles of England, now that murder has removed Buckingham, who, out of personal vanity, induced his Master to help the Huguenot rebels of France. But, in the end, the one great champion of the liberties of Europe must be the King of France.

Balzac no doubt exaggerated the existing ambitions and wickedness of his Monster, the Spanish Council, or attributed to it hopes and schemes of universal empire which might, perhaps, have been in existence early in the reign of Philip II, but had long ago faded away into plans of self-defence. Spanish statesmen were probably far more afraid of France in 1631 than those of France were of Spain. France occupied the central position, while the Spanish possessions, Spain, Italy, and Flanders, were on the outer circle, and were divided by the sea, of which, since the rise of the Dutch naval power, Spain had no longer any real command. The Belgian provinces lay between a hostile Holland and a menacing France. France, also, had the advantage of being a compact nation of one language, and not an empire of various tongues and races. To Spaniards like Cervantes, who died when Balzac was a young man, or like Calderon, who was his junior by six years, the old Spanish adventures in pursuit of Empire seemed to be nobly heroic, and the Spanish Council of State seemed, no doubt, to be a respectable body trying to save the Spanish Empire from destruction by numerous enemies, and to defend the Catholic Church from heretics.

Richelieu was not yet ready, when *Le Prince* appeared, to

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begin a new war against Spain, but he had just arranged to give a subsidy to Gustavus Adolphus, who was now invading Germany as the champion of Protestant Princes and cities against the Catholic Empire and its unscrupulous captains. The two brilliant campaigns of the Swedish King, ending with his death in battle, were in 1631 and 1632. Meanwhile Richelieu was engaged in annexing Lorraine, the possession of a sovereign Duke who was a feudatory of the Germanic Empire, and in nibbling off bits of Alsace, a conquest which Louis XIV was to complete some fifty years later, by occupation of the free Imperial City of Strasburg.

In 1634 Richelieu opened the war upon Spain which lasted until the Peace of Westphalia in 1648. It was a strange position. The Roman Cardinal who ruled in France was in alliance with the Calvinist Dutch and the German and Swedish Lutherans against the two great Catholic Monarchies. This fact, no doubt, did much to reconcile the lately suppressed French Calvinists, who, moreover, were freely employed in the civil and military service of the State. The war was not waged at first with much success, and Spanish-Imperial armies were in 1635 and 1636 within fifty miles of Paris, in part of the region where German armies entrenched themselves in 1914.

In 1642 the French were, however, in a position of advantage, and were successful in Italy and Catalonia. In that year, on December 4th, the great Cardinal died, much to the relief of all the world. All that the King said was "*Voilà un grand politique mort.*" On May 14th, 1643, Louis XIII died, and was succeeded by the boy, Louis XIV. The power of Richelieu, though not his genius, was inherited by the Widow Queen, as Regent, and in practice by the crafty Mazarin. Five days after the death of Louis XIII arrived at Paris the glorious news of the defeat of the most seasoned part of the Spanish forces at Rocroy in Flanders by the youthful son of the Condés, the Duc d'Enghien. Great were the rejoicings. "*Il parut à tout le monde,*" says a French historian, "*que le Ciel protégeait cette régence d'un aspect déjà si gai, si*

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riant, ou tout était jeune, gracieux, élégant, et respirant le plaisir, ce gouvernement d'une femme et d'un enfant, qui produisait dès les premiers jours des héros et des triomphes."

It was May, and there must have been a feeling of moral as well as physical spring-tide in the streets and gardens of Paris, such a moral spring-tide as that felt in London when the young and innocent Victoria succeeded, after the reigns of her two dissolute uncles and her insane grandfather. It was all the more spring-time in Paris because it so closely followed the grim and long season of the necessary but oppressive power of Richelieu, who had even dared to spoil the gaiety of France by taking off the head of the chief of the Montmorencis, for supporting the vagaries of the brother of the King.

It was at this joyous epoch, in the November of the year 1643, that Balzac, from his retreat by the Charente, published, at a timely moment, the second of his political treatises, in the form of an address to the Queen-Regent. It is in a very different tone from that of his *Prince* of 1631. That strongly advocated war against Spain: the *Discours à la Reyne Régente* as powerfully advocates the making of an honourable peace. Balzac now knew the weakness of Spain, and knew also the burden of long war upon the people of France. Distress was before his eyes, in his own province. He had become a man of peace. He thought that the war in the hands of Richelieu had gone beyond the just limits of the defence of Europe against the ambitions of Spain and Austria, and had become a war for the aggrandizement of France. Also, as he had become more and more Catholic as he grew older, he was somewhat oppressed by the contradiction that the Catholic kingdom of France should be using all the Protestants of the Continent against the Catholic kingdom of Spain, and the Catholic Empire, a policy which Cardinal Mazarin was soon to enlarge by enlisting the services of the Puritan troopers of the regicide English Commonwealth, while he let a fugitive English Queen, a daughter of the House of France, almost starve for want of money.

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Balzac begins this fine Discourse, full of compressed wisdom, by a bold and certainly uncourtierlike observation :

Most Princes take themselves for Him who made them, and attribute the good fortune of their States to their own good leading. They think that they are the cause, and they are only the means, and, moreover, means so feeble that God uses them more for appearance than by necessity, being able, if He wished, to govern the world without emperors, without kings, and without republics.

But the Queen, he continues, is far removed from these sentiments of proud princes :

We do not fear to offend her by saying that she is not powerful enough to give peace to Christendom, but that she is good enough to obtain it from the God of Christians.

If by human means anyone can end the present miseries, it is the Queen. In the midst of her greatness let her not forget the afflictions of her miserable subjects :

The People, Madam, is composed of these "Miserables," and night and day offers to your sight and your imagination nothing but infirmities and sores, groans and grief. It is not nourished by the great news which come from your armies, nor by the high reputation of your generals. Its appetites are more gross, and its thoughts more attached to the earth. Glory is a passion which it does not know, which is too refined and spiritual for it. It would like more wheat and fewer laurels.

It often deplores the victories of its Princes, and is sullen by their bonfires, because the advantages of war are never pure nor victories complete ; because mourning, losses, and poverty are often found together with triumphs. Whatever happy success may accompany our arms on the frontier and outside the realm, this brilliancy without does not heal inconveniences within. After having braved the enemy on the frontier and outside the realm, everyone finds himself unhappy at home. And the state in which we are is not a true prosperity ; it is a misery which men praise, and which has a good repute.

Balzac then draws a striking picture of the horrors and evils of war. War, he says, in addition to its violence, impiety and licence, and its destruction of valuable lives,

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is an insatiable devourer of wealth. At this moment a whole nation of advisers "works incessantly at inventions to find it money, and it asks always for more. The riches of the old and the new world are insufficient to meet its excesses. It destroys the defeated by losses, and ruins the victors by its cost. It shows itself adverse in one place ; it appears favourable in another. But everywhere it is bad."

The miseries of Europe, he adds, were not to be imputed, in the first instance, to France ; she had not sought for a war with Spain, and she was justified in the immediate cause of the war—the succession to Mantua. But if a Spanish Minister was guilty of the action which led to the war, it was no less true that a French statesman (Richelieu) had refused to end it, and had always blended his personal ambition with the cause of France. Both these men were now dead, and Balzac would not too curiously distribute the blame.* In reality, he says, it is not men who make war, but God, who inflicts wars on the world in order to punish or cure the sins of men. This was a favourite doctrine of his. "*Deus vero poeta: homines bistriones*," God writes the drama of the world, men are but the actors. A mighty English poet, still living in Balzac's youth, had said, in the same sense :

O War, thou Child of Hell!

The angry Heavens make thee their Minister.

That which the Queen could do, said Balzac, was to persuade God by her prayers, sorrow, and penitence, to end the punishment and grant peace. Peace loves goodness, and lets itself be drawn down to earth by "sweetness, clemency and pity." What part could more become a woman ? The Queen would obtain peace if she entirely willed it. No Spaniard can, in the position of Spain's affairs, possibly desire the contrary, unless he were tempted by despair. If any Frenchman desires the contrary, let not Her Majesty listen to him :

* In his death-bed letter to Mazarin, Cardinal Richelieu had expressed his sorrow that he could not live long enough to make a general peace.

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Distrust a rhetoric which wishes to beautify precipices and abysses ; a rhetoric of fire and blood ; Counsellor of death and misery ; ruinous to your State, ill-affectioned to your person. It may proclaim the reputation of your arms, your advantages over the Enemy, and the dignity of your Crown. But listen not to such a voice, to the prejudice of the public voice which assures you that the true dignity of the Crown is the health of the kingdom ; which conjures you to cease to conquer, to make no more conquests, to put an end to your successes, since a victory has always need of a new victory, since you are obliged to pay and feed your conquests, since your successes do not end our evil fortune, and the gain increases the poverty.

Balzac warns the Queen that even in the hour of triumph Fortune is apt to change. But above all, how can you, Madam, see "without horror so much Christian blood flow in torrents, and in an infinity of places in Europe, and the fearful image of this cruel war, of this more than Civil War ; I do not say at hazard more than Civil, seeing that we are, in effect, all servants of the same Faith, and that foreigners with whom Religion unites us" (the Catholic) "are, in a sense, nearer to us than those French from whom it separates us."

Here, he says, is a proposition of eternal truth : "There cannot be public happiness without a general peace." He hints that the exactions due to the war may drive the people to revolt, or, at least, will expel loyalty and fidelity from their hearts. What are the signs of the time ? Perpetual *ébranlement* caused by perpetual action, extreme weakness after extreme efforts, immense increasing burdens upon poor France ; danger always close to safety ; an End which seems to recede when it is approached, difficulties, labyrinths, shadows. The Ship of State, though not wrecked, is now strangely battered and leaking.

The peace to be desired is one that shall be "solid and durable, full of honour, propriety and dignity," a peace which shall not continue the evils of war, which shall bring back to the world sweetness and humanity, the Christian virtues and Christian maxims. For France it

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will be a peace favourable to the combination of liberty with order, loyalty to the throne with the freedom of Parliaments. It will be a "peace rich and liberal, flourishing in arts and sciences, pompous and superb through public magnificence, crowned with the same rays of glory, and the same splendour, as the peace of King Solomon, that of the Emperor Augustus, and that of Henry the Great of France."

It was a favourite maxim of Balzac, which he applied also to literary and philosophical disputes, that a peace, even if not highly to one's advantage, which brings repose, is better than a war which does not come to an end, and this, indeed, is a truth which seems obvious. But his advice to the Queen Regent was not soon taken. Negotiations, those which led to the Peace of Westphalia five years later, began; but the war continued meanwhile to increase the youthful glory of the Duc d'Enghien, and to sustain the credit of the crafty and unprincipled Mazarin.* The young Condé was successful, after a fashion, at the battles of Friburg, Nordlingen, Lens, but none of these was, like his first battle of Rocroy, an indisputable and brilliant victory. If the French successes had been pushed to the uttermost it might have been possible to expel the exhausted Spaniards altogether from the Belgian provinces and annex them for good to France. The English could not have intervened because they were engaged in their own Civil War, and besides, for a hundred years, they had been more jealous of Spain than of France. As it happened, the energies of Condé were diverted by the entirely feminine reasons of his sister, Anne de Longueville, and the mortified vanity of her egotistical lover, Rochefoucauld, into the ridiculous affair of the Fronde, and he fought in factious arms against the Government of his own country.

During these five last years of the war, France was reduced to a pitiable condition notwithstanding the qualified success of her armies. Michelet says that in this

* The war against Spain alone, without Austria, lingered on in desultory fashion until 1659.

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period the French Government "bled France white" to maintain the war. Money was borrowed at usurious rates; the taxes were sold, at a heavy discount, to farmers long in advance; all the resources of the future were compromised or destroyed; the Government was a gambler which spared nothing.

When at last the Peace of Westphalia was well and solidly made, it so settled the affairs of Germany that those turbulent regions enjoyed internal peace for a long time to come; but France gained nothing which she could not have had by a separate peace with Spain, after Rocroy, when Balzac wrote his *Discours*; and she had, meanwhile, become very much the poorer. Indeed, the only solid gain, that of Lorraine, was made before the war with Spain began. However, France, by reason of her soil, climate, and peasant population, has unrivalled powers of recovery, and she now had a period in which to recover, with no very costly foreign wars, until the pride of Louis XIV brought him into collision with an Anglo-Dutch-Austrian combination in 1689, and kept him in this hopeless contest for twenty following years and more. At the end of this time the French Government had once more "bled France white," for no gain whatever except the establishment of a French Prince upon the decaying throne of Spain, coupled with the loss by Spain of her most valuable European dominions in Italy and the Netherlands. The poor population of France suffered vastly in both these periods in order to gratify the pride of their rulers, and to satisfy the love of sport, in the form of war, of the aristocratic classes. It was not surprising that a subterranean store of rancour should have accumulated, until, at the Revolution, it blew up the *Ancien Régime*.

History repeats itself, the same causes producing the same results, and very likely we shall in time see a repetition of this process in one country or another, perhaps in several. How far did the economic miseries, long-lasting, due to the period of European War, 1791-1815, contribute to the social-political explosions of 1848? In modern

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States these miseries are likely to be greater in the years following war than they are during it, when men are living on future resources. The trouble comes when glory and excitement and war expenditure cease, and the cost and burden still remain. This is one point of view which, among others, ought to be borne in mind by the modern statesmen of Europe.

BERNARD HOLLAND.

PREHISTORIC ART IN EUROPE

IN that extraordinarily interesting little book, *The Revolutions of Civilization*, Professor Flinders Petrie defends, and with great wealth of knowledge and argument, the thesis that "civilization is an intermittent phenomenon." At the present moment, with the lessons of the war before our eyes, it is hard to doubt the truth of his assertion. With abundance of illustration, though in small space, he has shown how there have been curves of rise and decline in connection with the various arts—painting, sculpture, architecture and the like. That there have been periods when literature or art, or both, flourished like a rose-garden in June, and other times when they were to all appearances as dead and uninteresting as that same garden in December, is a fact which must be patent to anyone who has expended even the smallest amount of thought on the subject. There have been national outbursts of art, so to speak, like that of the great period of Greece, and smaller local manifestations such as that which produced the Tanagra statuettes. We had our own Pre-Raphaelites; and a number of other illustrations will readily rise to the mind.

What, however, may be more surprising to the reader unversed in the literature of prehistoric archæology is that there were similar flowerings of art at a time when man was in a state of nomadic or semi-nomadic savagery, clothed, probably very imperfectly, in the skins of animals, in the manner of the Bushman or the Esquimaux; which races are, indeed, as some have thought, his lineal descendants. Yet, as we are now learning from the painstaking researches of the Abbé Breuil and other workers, there was at this very early epoch a genuine outburst of art quite comparable with any of the later outbursts, if due consideration be paid to the comparative inadequacy of the implements at the disposal of the earlier

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artists.* Apart from the outburst in question being the first of a rhythmic series, and thus, as will be seen, the pioneer in many directions of art, there is nothing essentially wonderful in this the first of the waves of art which have broken over this part of the world. For a love of art is inherent in the human mind, though, of course, far more prominently exhibited in some members of the race than in others, and a facility for expression in art is equally inherent in at least a number of persons, perhaps, under proper training, even in a far greater number than would be imagined. How such love or facility, or both, got there would be an interesting question to consider. They did not arise, nor, having arisen, could they have been fostered by natural selection, since they can have had no survival value to the individual or to the race. Quite the contrary, since the artist, absorbed in the beauty of a landscape or a model, and doing his best to transfer a representation of it to his substitute for canvas, is far more likely to fall a victim to his foe, whether human or animal, than the inartistic person whose attention is not diverted by such considerations from the ordinary necessities of savage life. Love of art, pictorial or glyptic, or whatever it may be, must be coupled with love of music, and included amongst those "gratuitous gifts" the origin of which Huxley found himself unable to account for. Christian philosophy has its explanation, which, roughly put, would be that these capacities were placed in the mind of man by his Creator in order that man might appreciate and take joy in creation and its possibilities.

The last twenty years, which have thrown so much light upon the mode of life of early man, have, in no direction, been more illuminating than in connection with this very subject, revealing to us a side of his life previously almost unsuspected. The Stone, Bronze, and early Iron Ages are not clear-cut periods definable by

* For a full treatment of the subject readers may be referred to the following amongst other books : Sollas, *Ancient Hunters* ; Spearing, *The Childhood of Art* ; Parkyn, *Prehistoric Art* ; Osborn, *Men of the Old Stone Age*.

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dates, like the Victorian Age, for example ; but great reaches in a general river of life and progress. The Stone Age is divided into the Palæolithic or Old Stone Age, and the Neolithic or New Stone Age ; and it is to the later Palæolithic Age that the manifestations of art, with which we are here concerned, belong. As in connection with other parts of the prehistoric period, so here, great efforts have been made to assign an actual date in years to the period in question ; yet nothing shows the lack of certainty more clearly than the divergent opinions arrived at by writers all of eminence in their subject. Professor Osborn thinks that from twenty-five to thirty thousand years have elapsed since the commencement of the later Palæolithic period. Others would increase the time, and some perhaps contract it. All we can safely say is that it certainly runs into thousands of years.*

A further point seems also to be quite clear, namely, that these early artists were the pioneers in methods and conventions which have now become such everyday matters that no one heeds them. For instance, they discovered the convention by which the boundary of a surface is represented by a line, the undulations of a cow's back by a single stroke of the pencil ; the graceful curves of the human figure by the "juicy" line of a glass pen. Commencing, as they did, with an entire ignorance of any detail of art, they discovered this just as they discovered bas-relief, polychrome ornamentation, modelling in clay, carving in ivory and all the other forms of art, pure or applied, which we find amongst the relics of their former homes or of their tombs. They even, as the word "applied" connotes, reached the idea that things of everyday use, made for the utilitarian object of taking life or preserving it, were legitimate objects for ornamentation and, in their study, reached conclusions as to the application of art to industry which do not differ greatly, if at all, from those of the most advanced teachers

* The question of Prehistoric Chronology has been discussed by the present writer in an article on the Antiquity of Man in *A Century of Scientific Thought and Other Essays* (Burns & Oates).

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of to-day. To this very important point further attention must be directed shortly ; but let us here remind ourselves that these pioneers of art had to begin from the very beginning ; that they were the discoverers of all kinds of things, the interest and importance of which custom has staled to us, and that they thus place themselves in the same category as those great, though unknown, benefactors of the race who discovered how to make fire, or who found out that copper ore would melt into a useful substance, or hæmatite smelt into invaluable iron.

It was in 1852 that the sepulchral grotto of Aurignac was discovered by a workman on a spur of the Pyrenees. From this grotto a certain group of early inhabitants of Europe were called Aurignacians, just as another, though later, group were called Magdalenians from the discoveries made in the cave of La Madeleine in the Dordogne. It must be understood that these names and others, such as Chelleans or Asylians, are mere "tallies" ; handy titles for peoples with common types of implements, a similar form of early civilization, a similar physique, and so on. The names mean just this, and they mean no more ; and they are derived generally from the first station where the group was identified or perhaps from the most important station of the kind with which we are acquainted. At any rate, with the Aurignacians, we may fairly say that art made its entry into the world. Let us look at some of its manifestations. The simplest of all these is the outline drawing, scratched by the artist with a sharp-pointed flake of flint on some softer stone, such as a schist, or on a piece of bone, like the shoulder-blade of a deer—a truly tempting flat surface for the artist's purpose—or on a piece of ivory, such as the tusk of the mammoth, which huge beast was then perambulating Europe. Like other artists, the Aurignacian set himself to sketch the things which he saw around him, birds, beasts and fishes, especially beasts, and thus has left us a very useful picture gallery of what our Georgian writers would have called "Animated Nature" at the period during which he

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lived. We have the mammoth, and that it was an excellent likeness we are able to prove, since carcasses of that creature, preserved by freezing for thousands of years, have from time to time been discovered in Siberia. We have pictures of animals, like the cave bear, which we only know by their bony remains, but which the skill of the artist enables us to identify. And, finally, we have numerous drawings or scribings of other animals either now in existence, such as the reindeer and the horse, both of which were very favourite studies of the early artist, or comparatively recently extinct in this part of the world, such as the bison and the ibex. The very large majority of these drawings were of animals, but there are also sketches of birds, such as the swan, and of fishes, such as the salmon and the eel.

What about himself? Did man never attempt the triumphs of the Life School? He attempted to represent his fellows, but it must be confessed that he met with but poor success. His efforts are recognizable for what they are, but only in the sense in which we recognize the scrawls of children. Nor is this wonderful when we consider that the representation of the human form is admitted to be the most difficult exercise of art—the one in which children more conspicuously fail than in any other. These were the children of art, and they exhibit many of the characteristics of the child in their work. From time to time they attempted that horror of a school—pictures which tell a story, though sometimes the story is difficult to guess. Thus, a piece of bone was discovered at La Madeleine on which is scribed a man, with a weapon or implement of some kind over his shoulder. He is standing between two horses' heads, and what is apparently an eel seems to be trying to bite the calf of his leg. The illustration is completed by three series of parallel horizontal lines, the significance of which can hardly even be guessed at. Nor does the meaning of the picture leap at once to the mind. Dawson thought that it was a letter left for a friend by a hunter; that it meant "I have gone away from the water where I catch fish to the plains where I

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intend hunting horses," and that any Red Indian would so have understood it. Another picture, however, is quite intelligible. It is scribed on a horn, and was found at Laugerie Basse, an important prehistoric station. Here we see an unmistakable bison quietly cropping the grass. Behind him crawls full-length on the ground his human foe. He is represented as crudely as other human beings were at this time, but there can be no mistake as to what is meant. His right arm is raised and, though the piece of horn is deficient at the point, he is shown in the act of launching a javelin or some form of weapon at his prey. It is the first hunting picture. Sometimes the animals represented are mixed up with one another in a way which suggests that they were merely studies with no settled design. Such is the curious representation of deer and fish found on a piece of bone in the Caverne de Lorthet, near Lourdes. In others, though this is rare, an effort has been made at perspective, as in the representation of a herd of horses engraved on a small slab of stone which was found in the grotto of Chaffaud, Vienne. There is even what may fairly be called an impressionistic drawing (Osborn actually assigns to it this title) of a herd of reindeer which was engraved on the bone (radius) of an eagle, the bone itself measuring about eight inches in length. It belongs to the Magdalenian period, and was found in the Grotte de la Marie in France.

The great majority of the figures thus engraved are those of animals; and of these the larger number are animals suitable for and desirable as human food. This fact has led to the theory that the drawings had a magic significance, and were intended to facilitate the capture of the animals represented, thus assisting in that replenishment of the larder, then as now the problem of the day. Many primitive races do, indeed, object to having their pictures taken, because they believe that the possessor of a portrait of another person has an undue and possibly malign influence over that person, and possibly some such idea was in the minds of prehistoric men, and even of the prehistoric artist. But we are inclined to accept the

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simpler explanation that he drew these things because he liked doing so, and because the indwelling spirit of art moved him to the task. There does not seem any more reason to suppose that the impressionistic artist of the herd of reindeer drew his picture for the purpose of capturing them than there is to suppose that Paul Potter painted his *Young Bull* with the idea of supplying himself directly with a dinner.

The artists we are dealing with also learnt to execute carvings in the full round ; amongst them some remarkable female statuettes with a peculiar physical conformation now found amongst the Bushwomen of South Africa. The Bushmen are, in fact, thought by Sollas to be the descendants of the Aurignacian race and their modern representatives. Certainly, apart from the physical characteristic alluded to, the culture, and even the art, of the two races seems to have been highly similar. There is enough relation between them to make it interesting to note that the Bushmen, at any rate, attach no religious or magical significance to their paintings. One who knew them well has told us that the old people of a tribe, given to rock-painting, taught the children to paint for the pure pleasure of representation.

It can only be an innate love of art which impels man to ornament his weapons or his implements. It is obvious that an unornamented dagger must be at least as deadly as an ornamented one. The same may be said of harpoons, and—to jump to the later Bronze period—an unornamented brooch will hold a cloak together as securely as one which is covered with decorations. Again, the fact that the maker or owner of such weapons or ornaments has time to spend over ornamenting them proves that he is living at a period when the worst strains of life and of warfare are absent. And at the earlier parts of the Palæolithic period the struggle to exist must have been desperate—so desperate that one is tempted to wonder that it was successful.

When things became less strenuous, applied art came to birth. In many cases this was limited to incised work

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on the faces of horn or bone implements. Amongst these is the curious series commonly described in the text-books as "*bâtons de commandement*," and supposed to have been carried by persons in authority—field-m Marshals' bâtons of the period, in fact—or perhaps borne before them after the manner of the mace carried before mayors. Some have thought that these perforated and often decorated pieces of horn were cloak-fasteners. Whatever they were, they are often, if not always, decorated with engravings, and sometimes even with carvings in the full round, a far more advanced branch of art. There is no more thought required to engrave a mammoth on the side of such a bâton than there is to carry out the same task on any fragment of horn that may come to hand. When, however, the ornament has to become part and parcel of the implement, to adorn it without interfering with its usefulness, and if possible even to enhance that usefulness, all the problems of applied art are opened out before the craftsman just as they confront him to-day. He has to learn the two primary lessons—that the purpose of the instrument must first be considered, and then the material at his command. They are two lessons which have been too frequently unlearned by many of the craftsmen—if such a term is permissible for such workers—of to-day and of yesterday, as one may learn from a casual glance at shop-windows.

But there were real artists in the later Palæolithic period, amongst whom we may select the Master of the Reindeer Dagger, as unknown by name as the Masters of some of the Cologne pieces. This implement, which is fifteen inches in length, and made from a piece of reindeer horn, has its handle moulded or carved somewhat into the form of the animal from which it was derived. The object of the dagger no doubt was to protect the owner's life by enabling him to take that of his enemy or of his prey; to that everything must be subservient: none but a fool would choose a richly decorated muzzle-loading pistol rather than an automatic modern weapon if he was going to meet his enemy face to face in the trenches. His first

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point gained, the artist then set himself the task of making an effective and comfortable handle to a dagger of reindeer horn, which handle should represent the reindeer himself.* Now, a reindeer is a beast with spiky horns, and our artist had first of all to think of how they might best be disposed of. Hence he represents his reindeer as running at full speed, head thrust forward, so that the horns lie along his neck, where they are carved in high relief, but not in a way to interfere with the grip or comfort of the holder of the dagger. The same pose enables the artist to tuck the fore-legs well away under the body, so that they, too, shall not project to the holder's hurt. It also enables him to throw the hind-legs out straight behind so as to merge with the blade portion of the implement. Remember, the whole thing, blade and handle, is carved out of one long piece of horn. It is essential that the junction, so to speak, of the two shall be no source of weakness. Hence, whilst the part of the animal in front of the forelegs is carved in the round, the part behind is in high relief and merges into the material which is continued as the blade. Further, the artist has enabled himself to constitute from the animal's hindquarters that boss or stop which is intended to prevent the hold from slipping from the handle to the blade. It certainly is a very artistic implement, considering the poor tools which the artist had to work with, and considering, too, that we see it after it has been lying for unknown thousands of years in a damp cavern. It is, moreover, a thoroughly spirited rendering of the animal by an artist who had evidently made a careful study of his model in the field.

So far we have been dealing with what we may call portable works of art. We have alluded to the rock-paintings of the Bushmen, and here it may be mentioned that the outline of the human hand is a not uncommon *motif* of theirs, just as it was of the Aurignacians. It is even possible that the whole scheme of mural decoration

* I abstract a few lines here from a privately printed Address to the Students of the Birmingham Jewellers and Silversmiths School, delivered by me some fifteen years ago.

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may have arisen in a very simple manner from the delineation of the human hand. One can easily imagine the savage slipping on the muddy floor of the cave and half saving himself from his fall by coming down on the palm of his hand. His muddy hand temporarily laid against the wall of the cave to enable him to regain his balance leaves behind its imprint. The idea of stencil comes into existence, and is the prelude to other and more elaborate schemes of adornment. The original discovery of these cave picture-galleries had in it something of the dramatic. A Spaniard, Marcellano de Sautuola, having visited the Paris International Exhibition of 1879, and there seen a number of objects of prehistoric date which had been found in caves in the South of France, determined, on his return to his own country, to explore the Cave of Altamira, in his own neighbourhood. He did, in fact, find some Palæolithic implements; but his little daughter, perhaps finding that the digging up of the floor of a cave was a tedious operation, allowed her attention to wander in other directions, and at last drew even her father from his absorbing task by constant cries of "Toros!" When he looked where she pointed he saw to his astonishment that the roof of the cavern was, indeed, covered with the pictures of a herd of bulls, and not of bulls only, but also of horses, of deer, and other animals. One remembers that when Boucher des Perthes discovered his Palæolithic implements at Abbeville, his discoveries were met by the scientific world with great scepticism. Such was also the fate of the discoverer of the cave-paintings. It was not for quite a long time, and until many other discoveries had been made, that it became fully recognized that the races which we call Aurignacian and Magdalenian did, in fact, use these gloomy recesses as vast picture galleries. We have also the implements with which these works were undoubtedly carried out. Thus we have the lumps of red ochre, used as pigment; the rude stone pestles and mortars with which they were ground; and even the stained shoulder-blades of animals which served as

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palettes. For, not content with outline drawings, of which many are extant, these artists also produced polychrome works of art, such as the truly remarkable bison on the roof of the Cave of Altamira, the reindeer of the cave of the Font de Gaume in France, the boar, again from Altamira, and the striking herd of cattle accompanied by women from Cogul. Here again we may advert to the fact that whilst the delineation of the animals is spirited and excellent, that of the human beings is very inefficient. There were sculptors also, such as those who executed the procession of six horses, carved in limestone, under the sheltering cliff of Cap-Blanc, in France. These belong to the Magdalenian era which succeeded the Aurignacian, are in high relief and of large size and excellent proportion. According to Professor Osborn, "they appear to represent the high-bred type of desert or Celtic horse, related to the Arabian, so far as we can judge from the long, straight face, the slender nose, the small nostrils, and the massive angle of the lower jaw; the ears are rather long and pointed, and the tail is represented as thin and without hair." Modelling in clay was also practised; so that we have the beginnings of every kind of art at this very remarkable epoch of prehistory. Osborn gives a very vivid account of his visit to one of these art-galleries, with its subsequent developments. In company with Professor Carthailhac, he tells us he had the good fortune to enter the cavern of Tuc d'Audoubert a few days after its discovery by the Comte de Bégouen and his sons; it is still in the making, for out from the entrance flows a stream of water large enough to float a small boat, by which the first of a series of superbly crystallized galleries is reached. After passing through a labyrinth of passage-ways and chambers, a favourable surface was found where the Bégouen party showed us a whole wall covered with low-engraving reliefs, very simply done, fine in execution, with sure and firm outlines, of the bison, the favourite subject, as in all other caverns; horses fairly well executed and of the same type as those in the near-by cavern of Niaux; one

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superbly engraved contour of the reindeer, with its long curved horns ; the head of a stag with its horns still in the velvet ; and a mammoth. All this work is engraved ; there are no drawn outlines, but here and there are splashes of red and black colour. Shortly afterward, he proceeds, a great discovery was made in this cavern ; it is described as follows, by the Comte de Bégouen : "To-day I am happy to give you excellent news from the cavern Tuc d'Audoubert. As you were the first to visit the cavern, you will also be the first to learn that in an upper gallery, very difficult of access, at the summit of a very narrow ascending passage, and after having been obliged to break a number of stalactites which completely closed the entrance, my son and myself have found two superb statuettes in clay, about 60 cm. in length, absolutely unbroken, and representing bison."

One point certainly suggests a difficulty. Many of these works of art were executed in dark chambers, hidden in the bowels of the earth and approached by tortuous, difficult, even dangerous passages. They could only, therefore, have been executed by artificial light, and the artificial light which the artists could procure was of the most primitive character, even more inadequate than the implements with which their works were executed. It consisted of a hollow stone basin in which we can feel fairly confident there floated a wick of dried moss in a pool of melted animal fat. It was a form of illumination comparable with that used by the Esquimaux in their huts, and no doubt as smoky and as inefficient as is theirs. If it adds to our wonder at the excellence of the craftsmanship by which such works should be executed by such a light, it certainly excites curiosity as to why such works should have been thus hidden away. Osborn thinks that "the inquisitive sense which led them into the deep and dangerous recesses of the caverns was accompanied by an increased sense of awe and possibly by a sentiment which we may regard as more or less religious."

Doubtless the peoples to whom we owe these works of art possessed thus much a religious sense as to

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believe in a soul and in its future life—wherein, it may be added, they transcend some philosophers of a recent period.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

THE NOTEBOOKS OF FRANCIS THOMPSON

EVERYONE who knew Francis Thompson in life knew also about his notebooks. This was not because he used them much in public, but because they were a preoccupation, things to be remembered when he collected his hat and coat, or to be most anxiously retrieved when forgotten or mislaid. They were his other self; his companions through many solitary years; his life-work and his library; they were the only things he never discarded. The few volumes that came his way as a reviewer when they overflowed more than a small shelf would be sold, and if he changed his lodging nothing of account had to be removed save the many dozens of shabby exercise-books that filled a large tin box—dense piles of unstitched leaves covered with faded pencil marks.

This custom of preservation, in one who preserved almost nothing else, marks his sense of their value; but he went no farther for the assistance of posterity: they are without sequence themselves, and their pages are unnumbered, an omission which makes the way of the searcher particularly difficult; for it was Thompson's habit to work indifferently from either end of his book, the verses of some poems going forward, as they should, and of others going backward. Nothing marks the juncture of the two when they clash on some crowded middle page, and he himself must have often lost his way when he would ferret out an ancient thought or image or metre. Sometimes, where he found the pencillings of an old volume conveniently faded, he has turned it over and filled it again with new matter, much as Whistler used the pale harmony of a discarded painting as the ground for a new. But he did keep, in his mind's eye, a few scattered signposts to these mazes of his own fashioning. The covers of the books meant something to him that they do not mean to us. He often sets down, I notice, memoranda

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suggesting to himself that he should find a certain "black notebook" containing an unfinished pastoral; and elsewhere he bids himself "ask Fr. Clarke about Ep. of St. Jude, Hebrew for *eagle* in 'fiery sword' passage. MEM.: also get book for entering such-like *notabilia*." Again, "MEM.: Look out for book containing astronomical myths"; also, "Look out for my other tables of various kinds. Some should be among papers on shelves, I think (Ah, Mrs. R.!)"—a suggestion that a landlady complicated things. But let her be exonerated. I fancy she was less likely than most landladies to attempt a tidying—in this case the impossible. On the back of the page bearing this reproach there is, by the way, another note, as if he had been set on a train of thought connected with possible losses: "Would sooner lose all 'Sister Songs' than my precious 'Making of Viola,' which none truly values save So-and-so and So-and-so—least of all the young poet of whom it was written—perverse fate, *ay de mi!*"

The Black book is recognizable, of course; and some few other volumes have distinguishing marks, but for the most part they present a vague bulk of manuscript, mostly with "One Penny" writ large on their front covers in stationers' Gothic, and the multiplication tables on the back. The "Gigantic" seems to have been the most constant choice of the unprofitable-looking poet who patronized the paper-shops of the Harrow Road—gigantic pennyworths, truly, by the time he had filled them; filled them, not with random notes, but with the verse and prose of a thinker who had few listeners about him, and so translated his potential talk into the more or less memorable written word. And whether "Gigantic" or otherwise they are nearly all of one size, so that his library (for they were, as I have said, his library as well as his life-work) was not, like Lamb's, a collection of comfortable folios and ingratiating octavos, but nothing beyond a quarto heap of manuscript. Some portions of it, and they are the earlier, are entirely given up to copyings from the masters. You get Hawthorne and Seneca, St. Nerses

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and Kipling, Voltaire and Donne, Ruskin and Swift, Butler and the Prophets ; with an allusion to Chesterton at the modern extremity. You get the whole of "Wishes for a Supposed Mistress;" the whole of "A Remembrance" from a book of essays dear to him ; the whole of "Sonnets from the Portuguese;" you get Patmore, de Quincey, Tennyson, Sir Thomas Browne, and snatches from all the lyric poets. In other words, he had compressed an Everyman's Library within the covers of two or three "Gigantics." His quotations never ramble, but suggest, with few exceptions, that he had an author in his keeping when he had half a page of him under his thumb. The precision of these quotations runs, in a way, through all his own composition. The stiff handwriting and the entire absence of deletions give the impression of finality. It is true that every now and again one might receive from the notebooks the entirely opposite impression—of a writer uncertain of himself. But the fact remains, he never thought it expedient to cross out ; though he will cover a whole page with variants of a verse or a line, all these variants remain upon the page, as if each were sufficiently expressive to stand as the final reading. Let me give an example :

Ran a rillet, chill at bosom,
 Wrinkling over mossy buds,
While all nature, warm and woosome,
 Drowsed amid the great dumb woods.
Shrill and fresh a rillet folden
 Wrinkled over mossy buds,
While all nature love-enholden
 Slumbered in the great dumb woods.
Welled a water, cold and mazy,
 Sliding over mossy buds,
While all nature lay love-lazy,
 Slumbrous in the great dumb woods.
Curled a runnel cold and cruised,
 Wimpling over mossy buds,
While all nature, that love oozèd,
 Drowsèd in the great dumb woods.

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And another :

For the field is full of ^{shades} shadows } as I near the shadowy coasts,
And the ghostly batsmen play, and the bowlers too are ghosts,
And the ghostly batsmen play to the bowling of the ghosts,
And the ghostly batsmen play silent balls of bowling ghosts,
And I see the ghostly batsmen that play to bowling ghosts,
And I look through my tears at a soundless-^{clapping}_{cheering} } host.
As
While } the run-stealers flicker to and fro,
Where } To and fro,
O my Hornby and my Barlow long ago !

There the repetitions are none of them due exactly to untidiness of form or conception. They half persuade us that to conform to Coleridge's definition of poetry—the right words in the right order—the poet must take infinite pains. Thompson varies his word as his own bowler (the shade, we may take it, of a competent professional) must have varied his pitch by inches at the nets, dropping his balls for half-an-hour on almost the same spot until he found his length precisely. Only now and again does Thompson leave a ragged line to be amended, or postpone the finding of a rhyme. His faults, once he has his pen in hand, are not those of procrastination. One of the marvels of his manuscript is that it contains so little random writing. It is like the sketch-book of a great draftsman : every impression is more or less completely set down, complete, as far as it goes, as an example of an artist's execution. One unpublished verse of those incomparable cricket verses remains to be printed, the manuscript of the others having been found in time to appear in the *Life* :

Somewhere still ye bide among my long-lost Northern faces,
My heroes of the past, they tell me so !
Somewhere still ye bide in my long-lost Northern places,
But dead to me with youth, long ago.
I mind me of your staunchness as I near the shadowy water,
O Stonewall, and the look of your little fair-haired daughter ;

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(But the years have done upon you all the unassuagable slaughter)
As the run-stealers flicker to and fro,
To and fro,
O my Monkey and my Stonewall long ago !

“ Monkey ” was, of course, Mr. Hornby’s nickname ;
and Barlow, presumably, was the stonewaller. Another
set of cricket verses proves again his Northern patriotism,
even to the inclusion of Lancashire’s rival, Yorkshire :

DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA

(July 16, '98 ; Mote Park and Old Trafford)

Woe is me, fair White Rose !
It is a bitter stead,
That thou should'st fall unto false Southron,
And not to thy Sister Red !

Woe is me, my Red, Red Rose !
Woe and shameful plight,
When the Red Rose falls to the South blast
And not to the Rose of White !

When Red Rose met White on Bramall grass,
And they turned not back from each other ; alas,
Had the Red Rose smote the White Rose,
Or the White Rose smote the Red,
Or ever bent to the soft Southron
The stubborn Northern Head !

O Red Rose, O White Rose,
Set you but side by side,
And bring against you the leaguèd South,
You might their shock abide ;
Yea, bring against you the banded South,
With all their strength allied,
My White Rose, my Red Rose
Could smite their puissance i' the mouth !

Half the poetry, the poetry that remains behind the
scenes, is about the poet ; half his songs are about the
making of songs. It might be claimed that he tells so
often and so much about his song that he had no time for
singing ; even in the three published volumes he printed

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enough poetry about his poetry to make us question whether they were not the preludes to another three-and-thirty volumes—they make us question so, that is, if we demand from the poet, as one demands from the dramatist or the painter, a set of situations or figures that are not part of their maker's *personalia*. But here, and especially behind the scenes, among the notebooks, we are upon another footing; we discover poetry may be inspired, not by a theme fit to cover common ground, but by the poet's absorption in his own distress—say, at the conviction that he is deserted by the Muse. A volume could be made of the great things Thompson wrote under the stress of this conviction. Just as the devout man says "I am unworthy—enter not" while he is in the act of Communion, so with the poet, who cries "I am not" when he proves most surely that he is. The situation has been stated by the writer of the preface of the *Selected Poems*: "In fits of despondency the poet feared himself forsaken of the Muses; and only on taking up his pen to reproach them, discovered their constancy; an experience recalling that of Thoreau, who, awakened at night by the cold, got up to light a fire, and before he had finished chopping the wood, found himself warmed."

"Happiness and the Poet," which must here stand for much more of the same order, Thompson prefaces with a quotation from Hawthorne:

"All his life long he had been learning how to be wretched, as one learns a foreign tongue; and now, with the lesson thoroughly at heart, he could with difficulty comprehend his little airy happiness. [He desired the prick of anguish] in order to assure himself, by that quality which he best knew to be real, that the garden . . . and Phœbe's smile were real likewise. Without this signet in his flesh he could have attributed no more substance to them than to the empty confusion of imaginary scenes with which he had fed his spirit, until even that poor sustenance was exhausted."

In a mortal garden they set the poet,
With mortal maiden and mortal child,
Mortal bees, and mortal blossoms,

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All the sweets that the summer embosoms :
" He smiled in sorrow," they said, "*now*, lo! it
Must be he will laugh like a four-years' child! "
In a mortal garden they set the poet ;
As a trapped bird breathed he wild.
He had smiled in sorrow : not now he smiled.

" It is not," he muttered, " the land of fire ;
The roaring green of the flamèd trees
Blows not wide in a windy pyre ;
No grass hisses against the breeze ;
Nor the light of the lily, the heat of the rose,
Comes and goes
With the fitful gust by the scintillant streams.
Be sad, my bosom—dreams, dreams, dreams! "

But into the garden, pacing slowly,
Came a lady with eyes inhuman,
There came a lady who was not woman,
And the sad slow mouth of him smiled again.
" I know this lady with eyes unholy,
I know this lady that is not woman ;
By her I know this garden real ;
A child in a new house, shy and lowly,
I see my mother, and doubt turns vain.
Scarce I guessed were this dream in dreaming,
If ye were human or I were human,
Amid your blossoms which seem to be all
But a seeming within a seeming
To me who have walked in the soul's land solely,
To me whose garden had tears for rain ;
To me who ken but the flowers ideal,
The asphodel and the changeless moly.
This lady I know, and she is real,
I know this lady, and she is Pain! "

Of the function of poetry the image-maker writes thus
in prose :

Job, Isaiah, Ezekiel, all the prophets with the amazing
Apocalypse at their head, are but that Imagination (God's)
stooping to the tongue of the nursery. Yet the Apocalypse is so
big with meanings that every sentence yields significances for

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endless study. And it is just the child's apologue of that inconceivably enormous Mind, whose mature book is the Universe, and its compendium Man. He cannot read himself—that compendium is beyond him—he is too big for himself; so that he takes up, as an easier labour, the reading of God, and is seriously angry with his Author's obscurity! Yet, in one germ-idea of that mind a wilderness of Platos would be more unnoticeably lost than flies inside St. Paul's. But, secondly, there is an added reason for human confusion, which is nearly always ignored. The world—the Universe—is a fallen world. When people try to understand the Divine plans, they forget that everything is not as it was designed to be. And with regard to any given thing you have first to discover, if you can, how far it is as it was meant to be. That should be precisely the function of poetry—to see and restore the Divine idea of things, freed from the disfiguring accidents of their Fall.

Besides the self-preoccupation, there is one man who figures as a constant notebook companion. Miss the identity of the "C. P." of a score of allusions, and you would still be conscious that he possessed a guardian of his later-day reveries, a counsellor he kept near him even in the face of inspiration; but you would hardly know whether the initials stood for a person or an aspiration, a poet or an angel. They stand for Patmore. An ode on "C. P.'s" death is only fragmentary. He protests, in the making of it, that he cannot compass it.

Even so the might
And planetary motions of thy thought
Thundered thy hearers deaf; they could not hark.
Thy universal harmonies interwheel
Their paces, like the silent-footed heavens.

Therefore come I not
To brag a grief above a new-made grave,
In the dead lion build my honey-comb,
And from the strong bring forth my feebleness.
No,—for this thing the world is dark—the great
Is dead, and all the little are alive!

But to this may be added (since it occurs in the notebook that pays constant tribute) the master-affirmation of the

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poet's inevitable independence — a rendering of St. John of the Cross :

The night, the mystic night was dense,
The night which love knows ;
Felicity!
I sallied forth invisibly,
My house in repose.
I farèd forth, my house of sense
Sunk in repose.

In happy, happy night apart,
(Secret, seen of none)
Naught save myself discerned ;
No light burned
Tutelar, except the one
Torch of my uplifted heart.

To the period following Patmore's death also belongs an invocation to St. John the Divine :

Thou, the Foreshadower
Of all things which shall come upon the Bride ;
Thou, Prophet of Prophets,
Sum of them before thee, forestaller of them after thee ;
Thou, Seer of Seers,
Knowing the language of the Seers of the Hebrew, the Seers
of Theman and Egypt, the tongue of the heathen Seers of
the most ancient East ;
Thou, Poet and Prophet,
Eagle of the New Dispensation, Lord of shadowy sign,
shower of heart-shaking portent ;
Thou, Mystic of Mystics,
Who sawest the Holy City coming down out of Heaven, the
things which are not and shall be ;
Thou, Lover of Lovers,
Who badest us little children love one another,
Pray for us, that we may love as the Heart on which
thou layest.
Prophet and Poet, Seer and Mystic, Divine and Lover,
Pray for us that we may be wise with the Prophets, glad
with the Poets, see with the Seers, desire with the Mystics,
believe with the Divines, and that the least of us may love
with the Lovers.

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Enoch, fulfil in us Elias ; John the Divine, fulfil in us John the Precursor ; Prophet of the Celestial, fulfil in us the prophecy of the earthly love.

From Patmore's "Rod, Root and Flower" he learned, to some small extent, the aphoristic habit. "Circumstance," he says finely on one page, "circumstance is the sealed orders of God." And later :

The function of natural love is to create a craving which it cannot satisfy. And then only has its water been tasted in perfect purity, if it awakens an insatiate thirst of Wine.

And again :

There are no insoluble mysteries. Mysteries are only insoluble because man turns perversely and persistently from the torches held out to light him through the gloom. I except mystery created by narrowness of man's understanding. But it is not mystery which is insoluble ; it is man impotent for comprehension, yet not for apprehension.

Then follows, as it should, the first draft of "In no Strange Land." On another page is written :

Sprung from an immutable root, the stem Catholicism is changeless, but ever crescent it is, ever unclosing the ascending spirals of its liliated secrets, in which all the flowers are akin, yet no twain resemblant ; and who can say how many bloomy centuries, how many lovely surprises, shall precede the disclosure of its apex-bud ? *

So great a mass of writing would necessarily be found to be full of sayings apt for the times, to be full of quotations, were one able to sift it readily. From verses written at the time of the Spanish-American war I take these :

If ever an envious Europe banded to buffet you
Would not the heart of the England Old cry "Lay our guns by
the England New" ?
Yea, and against the leaguéd world roar the iron mouth of the
Saxon Two !

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* FOOTNOTE.—This image of a flower for the Church was developed in the prophetic *Lilium Regis* verses, which, though already published, are reproduced here, in obedience to the Poet's own command that they should be remembered

Francis Thompson

But be you right or wrong, our heart is flame on our lips
When the cry of a war-worn people fans the fires of your battle-ships.

Oh, then we know you ours, and the stirrings of our womb
Are woman towards the magnificent child that shall wax when
England wanes to her tomb.

The last books are fretted all through with misgivings
about coming wars, about plague and disaster—the
symptoms of his own ill-health :

The time is now, the time is now ; the tree
O' the years is heavy with its evil fruit
And nigh to fall : the painèd cycle goes
In labour with a heavy birth-foredoomed.
And as we see the heavens run with blood,
When the wild ruin as of half the world

in the hour of their fulfilment. That the "nations lie in blood" we know indeed. Of the presaged redemption, bought by no less a price than that of blood, we see also the signs and wonders. To the Church he foretells :

O Lily of the King, low lies thy silver wing,
And long has been the hour of thine unqueening;
And thy scent of Paradise on the night-wind spends its sighs,
Nor any take the secrets of its meaning.
O Lily of the King, I speak a heavy thing,
O patience, most sorrowful of daughters!
Lo, the hour is at hand for the troubling of the land,
And red shall be the breaking of the waters.

Sit fast upon thy stalk, when the blast shall with thee talk,
With the mercies of the King for thine awning,
And the Just understand that thine hour is at hand,
Thine hour at hand with power in the dawning.
When the nations lie in blood, and their kings a broken brood,
Look up, O most sorrowful of daughters!
Lift up thy head and hark what sounds are in the dark,
For His feet are coming to thee on the waters.

O Lily of the King, I shall not see that sing,
I shall not see the hour of thy queening!
But my Song shall see, and shall wake like a flower that dawn-winds shake,
And sigh with joy the odours of its meaning.
O Lily of the King, remember then the thing
That this dead mouth sang ; and thy daughters,
As they dance before His way, sing there on the Day
What I sang when Night was on the waters!

The Notebooks of

Is blown in flame about the fuming sky :
So to red doom sinks down the Western world,
The sun with fiercelier tormented heart.

.....
Trouble in the heavens, trouble on the earth,
And trouble in the fountain of it all—
The unlawful heart of man.

O man, man, man!

'Tis thou that set'st a trouble in the sun,
And from thy bosom the volcano spits
That lays a land in ruin ; 'tis thy breast,
In agitation, turmoils roof and spire
When the earthquake bids the dome and pinnacle
Bow to the house o' the ant!
Do reverence to the ant's firm cupola
Standing where cities perish.
All is vain,
You will not credit that the woe is come
Not some day, not to-morrow, but this day
Which dawns with all disaster over you,
Though upon harps of gold's most burning soul
God's angels sang it. Though now you see
Dark drift, harsh bode of fleeing birds,
First snarl of the unlaired thunder, all is vain.
Yet when the crash strikes and the shaking ship
Rudderless and riven lies stunned,
And (what thing else is left ?) you fall to prayer,
Saying, " We were advised and would not spend
A mock upon the warning, we have sinned
And that way comes our ruin : we do now
Remember there is God " . . .

The initial rejection of his Shelley article by the *Dublin* was a minor trouble, but, maybe, the incident is reflected in this scribbled scolding of rather imaginary ecclesiastics (personified by a Roman-collared editor ?) :

Ye have made, and as yet ye make, no effort to attach to you the creatures of natural gifts ; ye offer them no facilities, ye bid them no God-speed, ye hold out to them no hand of help, when they strive honestly to fight by your side, for your cause, with the wonderful weapons which their Creator has given them. Ye compete not with Satan. I would ye did no worse. But ye not

Francis Thompson

only spare to draw them to you, ye drive them from you ; ye scorn and distrust, where he honours and welcomes ; where he proffers a banquet, ye deny a crust ; where he clothes them with robes of honour, ye will not endure them to live by your side ; where he tenders his purse, ye will not fill the poor craving of the belly ; where he fills them with delicates, ye will hardly suffer them the broken meats from your tables ; whom he calls to his counsels, ye pass by, wagging the head ; he trusts, ye distrust ; whom he advances, ye cast down. By how much to him they are precious, to you they are vile. Ye marvel that the wits of the world are against you. Fools, it is because of your folly ! Yet it was not always so, ye had your Augustines. What have ye done with them ? Trust and call, and ye shall be answered. I also have cried to you of the household, and ye fed me not ; but I found bread with them that are not of your household. Surely I should have turned from you, but that over you is One with Whom are the words of eternal life—Who appoints, even to me, bread and water in strange ways. Verily, ye live by Providence, for yourselves have no providence, but it is with your adversaries.

These last books, then, are filled with forecasts of the end, and memories of the beginning, of his life :

Till all my life lay round me in great swathes
Like grass about the mower,
Then, Lord, then
The miserable residue, by men
Cast forth contemptuously beside the ways,
The sweepings of my days
(Having, me now bethinketh,
My whole life long to Him some offering owed)
“ These will I give to God.”
And didst Thou bid Thy splendours,
Keeping their wingèd ward,
To scourge the mad insulter from thy gate ?
No, Thou didst say, O awful King :
“ My child, I do accept thy offering.
Only this thing
I ask of thee—not more ;
To cleanse it in the fire and with thy tears
Thy few remaining years.
And I will give the tears and give the fire,
And if thou tire

Francis Thompson

(Although they be few years)
Behold I will be with thee in thy tears,
Behold I will be with thee in the fire."

It seems fittest, for the poet who sought the nurseries of Heaven, that this garnering should include his rendering of an Early English lullaby :

Lullay, lullay, little child, why weepest thou so sorely ?
Need is thine of weeping : it was foredoomed thee early
Ever to live in sorrow, in sighing and in mourning
As thine eldren did ere this, that are unreturning.
Lullay, little child ; child, lullay, lullow :
To an uncouth world y-comen art thou now.

Beast and every bird too ; the fish that in the flood is ;
And each creature living, that made of bone and blood is ;
When it cometh to the world, its coming for its good is ;
All, but the wretched thing that of Adam's blood is.
Lullay, lullay, little child ; to care thy mother bore thee :
Thou know'st not this world is wild, which she has set before thee.

Child, if betideth that thou shalt thrive and be,
Think thou wert y-fostered on thy mother's knee.
Ever have mind in thy heart of these things three—
Whence thou comest, where thou art, and what shall come of thee.
Lullay, lullay, little child : child, lullay, lullay :
With sorrow thou camest to this world, with sorrow shalt wend
away.

* * * *

A lighter side of the poet's confidences to his Note-books will be presented to the reader—sometimes to the reader's surprise—in another number.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

A TRUE and a modest label is the title given by "Æ" (Mr. George W. Russell) to his latest book—*The National Being: Some Thoughts on an Irish Polity* (Maunsell, 4s. 6d. net). In his Dedication (and "Æ" has recovered the generally lost art of dedication in literature as in life) he tells his friend and comrade-in-arms: "The marriage of heaven and earth was foretold by the ancient prophets. I have seen no signs of that union taking place, but I have been led to speculate how they might be brought within hailing distance of each other." The placing of the Home Rule Bill on the Statute Book is the starting-point of "Æ's" "imaginative meditations," of his "brooding over the infant State," a brooding "concerned not only with the body, but the soul." The dead past is left to bury its dead—a duty divine in its sanctions and of a more general acceptance now than ever before in Europe. "The End of a Chapter" has been reached, and a new leaf ready for the turning in the book of life. "Ireland," says "Æ," "has hitherto been to Patrick a legend, a being mentioned in romantic poetry, a little dark rose, a mystic maiden, a vague but very simple creature of tears and aspirations and revolts. He now knows what a multitudinous being a nation is; and in contact with its complexities Patrick's politics take on a new gravity, thoughtfulness, and intellectual character."

Of the Co-operative Movement "Æ" has been, with Sir Horace Plunkett, a pioneer; and, more than ever, for many an Irish ill, he sees in it a panacea. By co-operation Patrick learns the ways of science with butter, and how to make and market his wares; "he becomes a citizen of the world." The middleman is to disappear, and while the farmer buys his cattle-cake from the organized co-operative society, the farmer's wife is to have her ribbons at the same store. We know the Post Office as a masterpiece of that sort of manipulation; we are aware that the successes of North of England co-operations cover the lapse into mere profit-making machines of the

Some Recent Books

fashionable stores London first started to supply wares at the bare cost of production and handling. But let us say, as no one else will, a word for the middleman. He is flouted as a superfluity; he is paraded as a profiteer—get ready the pillory, if not the stake!—he is the unit in that “nation of shop-keepers” (which has proved itself a nation of soldiers at need!) The first fallacy is that the middleman can be dispensed with. For how dispense with the distributor? The tradesman who now discharges that duty is no less a middleman if transferred from his own counter to that of the Co-operative Store. But think of the loss which that transfer implies. He loses freedom. Becoming a slave to that heathen contrivance—a clock, he must not play five minutes more with his children; when now and again he idles in work-time, as he will and must, he is stealing time no longer his own. When he helps himself to a pinch of this, or a mouthful of that, he is starting a scruple, and qualifying in cunning, though Scripture might reassure him with its command, “Muzzle not the ox that treadeth out the corn.” John Bright once said that the imposition of income-tax made every Englishman a rogue. Far truer would be the saying that every tradesman transformed into an octopus society’s servant has forfeited a liberty that makes for individual happiness and is an asset for the State. Some economical ills yet attach to systems of distribution among outlying traders; but the economical advantages of small ownership are overwhelming: the salutary competition; the choice of assistants on their merits; the zeal that is its own reward; the personal relationships which personal interest—and not merely pecuniary interest—creates. In Ireland, individualist to her finger-tips, extinction of the tradesman means, more than elsewhere and more than we can say, fetters where once was freedom.

On industrialism, men like “Æ” must ever command a hearing. He speaks of the wretched conditions of labour in Dublin; but he makes the usual tiresome antithesis between Labour and Capital, according to Capital an

The National Being

omnipotence over Labour which legislation disallows. We say a tiresome antithesis because it is as artificial as the tinsel antitheses of Tennyson's "kind hearts" and "coronets," or of Kingsley's "good" and "clever," qualifications that can and shall unite in one creature. Labour can be its own capitalist if it will. Its unions command money by which men may become their own masters. The seventy millions a year spent in public-houses would set a million wheels a-going to the tune of "I'm on my own." But Labour will not make the experiment; and one of the alleged reasons against its being made is that men, working for themselves, would achieve results confounding to the rules limiting production in ordinary factories. Not to do your best because it is better than another's is the last word in public waste and in private ignominy. Think of the saint slowing down so that the sinner may keep step with him! He best helps the sinner by pooling his works of supererogation for the sinner's advantage. In Ireland, at any rate, that parable will appeal, and that lesson be learned. Labour has but to remember the Communion of Saints, and to let Trade-Union laws follow the laws of that exalted love. By virtue of her Christianity Ireland earns the lead in many paths opening to Industrialism in the new era. It may prove, indeed, that the time is not yet ripe for that system of self-contained ownership. Peace is the promise to men of good-will; and the man of ill-will, when he is master-and-man in one, may take advantage of the situation. If discipline is to vanish with the Capitalist, if his organizing and inventive power justifies his leadership and must be competed and paid for by the men who have ousted him at a salary equivalent to his former profits, then let Labour admit that he had his appointed place, and keep silence about his superfluousness henceforth and for ever.

A civil conscription of two years for young men in Ireland, since there is no military one, is suggested by "Æ." Perhaps he is too sanguine in thinking that young men can be trained, in that period, to turn Dublin into a city of

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public palaces—we would not, if we could, disturb his dreams. But, short of this, there is work to be done, were it the road-making that Ruskin began at Oxford; and the young men of all classes brought together to do it would receive a salutary lesson in citizenship. Cardinal Manning used to wish for a race of clergy who would go into the homes of the poor and be busy with domestic details. The young laymen of Ireland may yet play such a part as an item in their curriculum in a social service as well-disciplined as a military. Incidentally, such men could, by creating a love and a demand for books of the right kind, make obsolete “Æ’s” assertion that, in Ireland, “good literature is a thing unpurchasable except in some half-dozen of the larger towns.” No, we do not accept the figure. In at least fifty towns in Ireland we can surely count on finding *The National Being*.

IN *The Middle Years* (Constable, 10s. 6d. net), Katharine Tynan (Mrs. Hinkson) continues the Reminiscences she began under the title of *Twenty-five Years*. That earlier volume concerned her girlhood, her convent schooling, her filial passion for her father, the first friendships (at Whitehall, Clondalkin) with the literary and political men and women with whom she was to range later as the equal or the exceller. In the May of 1893 she spent her last Sunday in the old home, having among her “special guests Douglas Hyde and Willie Yeats.” And she knew “Æ”! Then she came over to the London which everybody likes and nobody loves, and to the domesticities of which the new volume is the log-book. Every page of it is amiable. It is a record of affections rather than of thoughts. Miss Tynan does not teach, she does not preach; she just chats by the firesides of houses in our outlying London or in the English country. We get the gossip of the rather dreary road of her address, the news of perhaps nondescript neighbours, of unlovely lodgings in Surrey or by the sea—disastrous topics, all of them, were the light touch lacking.

The threads of literary friendships in this woof of Miss

The Middle Years

Tynan's mediævalism are those that bind us to her book. Christina Rossetti—her mere name is a grace on any page. Miss Tynan saw her in Torrington Square—a dismal region for Christina, the confine that an enclosure is to the nun. "I have missed the flowers," was her perhaps vaguely inclusive admission to her young sister-poet. Yet at Torquay she was homesick for Torrington Square. And another poet—one of the long line from Crashaw to Patmore and Lionel Johnson and Helen Parry Eden who came of their own accord to Catholic altars for the consecration of their verse—is here similarly shown to us as lost away from London. Miss Tynan's allusion to her almost recalls the poet of the Boulevards, to whom the country was the place where the birds are raw: "May Probyn longed for South Street, Park Lane, when she was in the country. The sweet country—May Probyn pretended only to find in it the barking of dogs, the bleating of sheep, the lowing of cattle. But I suspect in her case that the country was too far away from the Jesuit Church, Farm Street, as I suspect in Christina's case the seaside was too far away from St. Mary Magdalen's, Brunswick Square." How good, by the way, it is to read of "Christina," without any encumbering surname. If we talk of queens, as Caroline and Elizabeth and Victoria, how far better entitled are the queens of song—the greater Elizabeth among them—to names that, by their very simplicity, pay the due tribute of our closer familiarity and affection.

The new batch of letters from Mr. Yeats to Katharine, here given, are no duller than the conditions under which they were written; and if we get no hint in them of the quality of his verse, we note with all our gratitude the absence in them of all pose—of anything intended to astonish the citizen. The false glitter that made Wilde and mars Bernard Shaw is alien to this countryman of theirs. "Always tell me of any poems you are doing," he says to Miss Tynan. "Our work, after all, is our true soul, and to know how that goes is the great thing." Equally to be respected is his equally informally expressed gospel

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of cheerfulness: "I am tired, and therefore dispirited, and have the wish to keep this ever away from what I write, and so end this." This sense of discipline pervades these many pages of Mr. Yeats's letters. We meet it again, with the gladness of which it has the secret, in Miss Tynan's own resolutions at the beginning of the year 1893: "To strive for the good of my own soul and another's; to work hard; to deny myself unnecessary outlay; not to talk."

That year 1893 was the memorable one of the publication of Francis Thompson's *Poems*; and Miss Tynan, who met him in London, was the lucky recipient of one of his rare letters. In this he tells her that he has noted her "bold application of a metrical principle which has lain dormant since the decay of the early alliterative metre," and says that he has himself followed suit. "Swinburne alone," he says, "has used it beautifully, though slightly, in a lyric or two; but you, beautifully and often. The omission of syllables is the exception, not the system, of the metre; and the art of the poet is shown in skilfully varying the position and manner of the omissions. In this way, then, most delightful effects of loving, lingering and delicate modulation on the one hand, or airy, dance-like measure and emphasis on the other, may be compassed." With his exhaustive learning he defines the use and purpose of these metrical irregularities in the hands of the Saxon and early English poets and—dates his sheet from a wrong address! Most memorable of the other letters in the book are those of George Wyndham to the lady whom he had not met except in her verses, in her stories, and in his correspondence with her. If there is ever anything nice to be said or done in the world be sure there are one or two families—the Wyndhams and the Lyttons may not exhaust the list—to say or to do it. After the defeat of George Wyndham's just intentions towards Ireland—a defeat due to the meanest party exigencies—he had the courage to write to Miss Tynan: "And now we have only got to wait for the next chance of helping somebody, whoever

The Life of Sir John Day

he may be, to get something done. You must never for one moment allow yourself to believe that Ireland is unlucky, or that she brings ill-luck. The great thing is to be quite sure that 'all we have hoped and dreamed of good shall exist, not in its semblance, but itself.' Your books help me to believe this. That is why I want you to go on writing books in the same vein of charity, and it is one of the reasons why I am yours gratefully, George Wyndham." Charity is the master's word where we began by saying amiability; we make it our own, well knowing that the loving-kindness, the daily graciousness, and the gay peace of these pages, have nothing less than a cardinal virtue as their vital source.

WE all know what Northcote said to Hazlitt, to Hazlitt's manifest delight: "If a portrait have force, it will do for history." Father Arthur Day's book, *John C. F. S. Day: his Forbears and Himself*; a biographical study by one of his sons (Heath Cranton, 7s. 6d. net), is not conventional. In that lie its charm and its success. He tells us he had next to no data to go upon: neither diaries, memoranda, nor correspondence. Far from considering with respect a condition of things which might be dissuasive to an encyclopædist, he clears the decks for action. His intention is to record as he can, and to interpret as he may and will. Only so, one feels, could such a father be written of by such a son.

For Sir John Day was a unit, conspicuously a unit. Full of goodwill and with no grievances, watchful of the public weal, *anima desideratissima* to his friends, he yet pulled in harness with none. In that conferring, fussy, statistical Victorian society, he must have seemed a good deal of an outlander. The heroes of the British proletariat are not men whose minds walk in seven-league boots, but those who have processes, and visibly arrive at conclusions. Sir John, who had Dutch blood, was as elliptical as that quicksilver Dutchman Erasmus. His moral sense alone was sufficient to set him apart. Perhaps nothing is so unusual as a real moral sense, go-ahead,

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fastidious and imperative. Background in this honest book there is next to none, despite its interesting genealogical features. There is no least attempt to portray an age, or the problems of that age. Background, problems, time-spirits, social impedimenta in general, do not flourish in the neighbourhood of the extremely forthright personality of Sir John Day, one whose world was made up of nature and art and the fear of the Lord. As some creative genius might do, he takes up and satisfies the eye, with his simplicity, his humane power, his sound humour, his good inflexibilities and good formidablenesses, chips of the Rock which is the Catholic Church, and doubly admirable in a character full of heart. His youngest son, with understanding reverence and candour impeccable, has portrayed him, "warts and all." The lop-sided type of memoir can never leave the reader, as this one does, stimulated, curious to learn more, certain to preserve the sharpness of first impression.

Sir John Day was a man of prayer, sympathetic, magnanimous, strong against injustice, with some hot prejudices loved like predilections, and a deep wellhead of fun, his famous fun, all pungency and unexpectedness. Our biographical study, as is right and fit, does not labour unduly to display these major qualities; yet they are seen because they are there. The mention of certain official experiences is almost whimsically brief. But we get Sir John cruising in an ex-Revenue cutter, walking over Hampstead Heath, egging on his little boys in daredevilment, saying his beads in a railway carriage, reading Marbot by the evening fire. The domestic annals are exquisite. The spirit of a great Englishman is touched in with a light, loving, impersonal hand, and with a most attractive art, unconscious of its own excellence. That the excellence is in part an inheritance is shown at the end of the book, where we find in print a most discriminating lecture by Sir John Day on the subject of Beauty. The author says quite frankly: "My father probably understood the philosophical basis of art better than Ruskin did." Of the two "Introductions," one is by Cardinal

The Flogging Craze

Gasquet, and the other by Sir Robert Finlay, who deals delightfully with Day in his pupil-room, and at the Bar. These recollections are supplemented by a half-chapter written by Sir Francis Gore. The volume has three portraits, capital appendices, and an index nearly free (but not quite) from errors. There are, besides, pedigrees, and useful notes on the Day collection of Barbizon pictures sold at Christie's in 1909.

THE Flogging Craze (Allen & Unwin, 2s. 6d. net) is the not very impartial title of Mr. Henry Salt's "Statement of the case against Corporal Punishment." Mr. Salt has been the honorary secretary of the Humanitarian League for the last quarter of a century, and his work has all our welcome in so far as it shows its writer to have a feeling heart and to have a care for the things that really count. But neither he, nor his preface-writer, Sir George Greenwood, strikes us as having fully qualified himself to treat a subject that forbids complacencies and defies generalities. The distinctions between what is punitive and what is preventive are inadequately appreciated; while the term "vengeance" labels and libels what may well be a just retribution, even as in the "crazy" title of the book we have that nicknaming which never yet aided clear thinking. Mutually destructive arguments confront us on one page and another. The cruelty of flogging is established here. There, when its inutility is under discussion, men are reported to beg for the lash in preference to the cell—you might think it a rather pleasant experience. Each attitude is generalized and put into action for all it is worth, where correlation would have led to contrary results.

There are hard words for "the notorious Mr. Justice Day." He, it seems, expressed regret on one occasion that the law did not allow him to flog two women. That is set down for infamy. Yet when, because women cannot be flogged, the author argues that men, too, should be immune, he quotes a professional opinion that man's frame is more sensitive to pain than woman's. Does he

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really think it, and would he put women into battle ? To ask for equality of treatment between men and women in civil punishment is surely to demand it on the battle-field. Will Mr. Salt and Sir George Greenwood permit themselves to be logical ? We know that they will not. It is unthinkable that women should go into a war : did they once do so, that war would be the last. This thought should be full of hope for Mr. Salt ; for men will not finally treat their own bodies with a disrespect they would rather die to-day than allow to be inflicted on their women. Then there is Mr. Salt's argument that corporal punishment, even if proved to be a deterrent of infamous crimes, is yet, in itself, being brutal, impermissible. Yet war, inflicting punishments out of all scale with any conceivable discipline of the birch, is held by Sir George Greenwood to have its place among men, and men who are Christians. That flogging, like war, may have bad beginnings and bad endings, is only too easily conceded. The nurse who slaps a child because she has not the patience to exert a moral influence, is guilty of sloth ; the schoolmaster may be equally at fault ; and the flogging of soldiers and sailors for breaches of discipline is a dark blot on the page of even modern English history, expunged in large part (as Mr. Salt might have recorded) by Irish hands. The issue to be decided is, after all, a practical one—whether the threat of physical pain deters, from the infliction of greater physical suffering on others, men so coarse-fibred as to be insensible to any gentler form of appeal. Of this problem Mr. Salt's book offers no solution. It is crude after the manner of the crudeness of a pacifist who might say that war increases crime in the civilian left at home. His conclusions might be correct ; but the cause be found not in the demoralization of the mind of man by war, but in the increase of money among a class unaccustomed to self-discipline, in the darkened street, in the withdrawal of watchmen over premises formerly protected, in the increased transit of goods offering larger temptations to dishonesty in officials, and in the unwillingness of people to

Watts-Dunton's Life & Letters

bother about trumpery losses of property in face of obsessing losses of life. Mr. Cecil Chapman, a London police magistrate, of a character answering to his office, has made all this plain in a recent address ; and it would be to him, rather than to Mr. Salt, that we should turn with confidence for a trustworthy opinion upon the desirability of continuing corporal punishment in the few and extreme cases to which it is now restricted.

We have already noted Mr. Salt's allusion to "the notorious Mr. Justice Day" ; and we have heard men, to whom no taint of partisanship attached, say that they deny the expedience of placing on the Bench a Catholic whose theological horror of sin may express itself in the severity of his sentences. But no such accord in the discipline best adapted for criminals can thus be predicated of Catholics. Indeed, two other Catholics, Mr. Justice Hawkins and Mr. Justice Mathew, are cited by Mr. Salt himself as witnesses of his own. "You make a perfect devil of the man you flog," said the first of these eminent and feeling men ; and the second declared : "I believe that if a man has any good in him, and is punished with the 'cat,' he is either for the rest of his days a broken-hearted man or he becomes a reckless criminal." Those who would find a Torquemada in Lord Chief Justice Russell will have far to seek ; and it is one happy memory the more of Mr. Justice Walton that the single occasion on which his discretion on the Bench was challenged happened to be that in which he showed himself the imitator of Him Whose mercy is over all His works.

A BOY born in St. Ives (and not the Cornish St. Ives at that !) with nothing but his talents and his determination to lead him on the road to London, and its large literary liberties, must always be a figure of interest, and even of romance, if he enters a charmed inner circle, wins the praise of great men, and is himself, by kind and wise offices, a helper of great men in the conditions of their work. Such good offices seem perhaps easy of performance. But are they ? There was a famous

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dinner at which the diners redeemed the dullness that is not always absent from even a dinner of wits by nominating at random forty contemporary Men of Letters for an imaginary Academy. Swinburne was still living ; and so, of course, somebody said " Swinburne." Thereupon Whistler screamed out, " O, but then slam the door or Watts-Dunton will want to come in with him." Listen to the inevitable laugh ! Again, only the other day, we read somewhere a very melancholy paragraph about the partners at the Pines, Putney. The association between Swinburne and Watts-Dunton, said the writer, was good for neither. Swinburne, one gathered, should have been allowed to die of his excesses, since his last years produced nothing to add to his fame ; and it is an error for any one man—the lesser man in such a partnership—to flourish on the fame of another. The plausibilities of that verdict, and all its implications, are only too apparent. And yet, Swinburne had a life apart from his literature ; and the recognition of that fact by another can never—at any rate among Catholics, aware of the large issues of life and death—be alluded to in levity. This, then, is a new and last loneliness for a man of genius, that men should shun him, in terror of being told that they exploit him. Theodore Watts-Dunton had an opportunity to serve two Men of Letters, and he knew it was a great opportunity—which counts to him, if not for righteousness, at least for sense and feeling.

There is no poet of equal power who is so little personally regarded as Swinburne. As a force both in life and in literature, he fails us at the testing-time. For Ireland, in her hour, he has no word of courage. Ah, but Ireland is Catholic ; and this English sounding-board of Victor Hugo has no reverberations where there are no priests-for-tyrants handy for him to consign in verse or in reeling prose to a hell in which he does not believe, invoking on them the vengeance of a God who exists for him only in his rhetoric. Rossetti's temper played him no such tricks. He was a sober man in his outlook on life. In whatever else he failed, he failed never in his

Watts-Dunton's Life & Letters

sincerity ; and, since there are all sorts of sincerity, some of them of less than no account except to their owners, let us say at once that his was a sincerity which had the sanction of knowledge, of understanding, of conscience, and of that "fundamental brain-work" which he knew as the only sure foundations of even the poet's airiest edifice. The appreciation of such a man remains in literary history as a hall-mark of merit ; and it is Watts-Dunton's.

Besides the ever-ready jest, there are other deterrents for a lesser man's association with a greater. The larger man establishes a standard by which the smaller shall be judged. So it must ever be. If you read a poem by Watts-Dunton you are conscious at once of the magic that it misses, the Rossetti touch. That was a risk of which nobody could be more aware than Watts-Dunton ; and that he did not shrink from it is another proof of his proficiency in Friendship. We have little doubt but that his delays in publishing, say, *Aylwyn*, were due in part to the sensitiveness arising thus from his associations—from the comparisons that resolved themselves to a sharp contrast ; and little doubt but that he was right.

The two handsome volumes of *The Life and Letters of Theodore Watts-Dunton* (Jack, 30s. net) are the occasion, rather perhaps than the cause, of these remarks. The authors, Mr. Thomas Hake (a name with its own close Rossettian associations) and Mr. Arthur Compton-Rickett, have done their duty with perhaps an almost top-heavy sense of it. It may be as contentious to talk of the superfluities in a biography as of the superstitions in a record of religion. Shakespeare speaks of "superfluous kings," but there are persons to whom kings will never be superfluous ; and those of Shakespeare, at any rate, are among immortal "messengers." Nor can we generalize, any more in literary than in decorative art, against embroideries : there are Kelmscott embroideries, and we all want them ! Among the names that pervade these pages, names still charged with the passions, the ideals, the loves and the hates, and often

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the inconsequences, of the last decades of the last century, that of William Morris remains purposeful and stable in the department for which it stands as an enduring mark. With these echoes in the air, we should have given alert ears to any concerning the third partner in the original firm of Morris, Marshall and Faulkner; for Faulkner gave effect in the department of religion to the sincerities and realities that animated the Morris movement in decoration—he saw life whole and he became a Catholic. He has but one mention in these volumes; and even that has eluded the index-maker. A few spellings, such as the often-repeated Proctor, instead of Procter, for the memorable family that included Adelaide, and “Barry Cornwall,” and the lady who will always live in Lowell’s phrase as “eighty years young,” call for correction in a new edition. And a gratuitous vapidness is imported into an allusion by Watts-Dunton to Francis Thompson’s Essay on Shelley as “one of the *last*” (misprinted for “best”) “in the language.”

WE approached Mr. Guy Thorne’s *When the Wicked Man . . .* (George Allen & Unwin, 6s. net) with some of the prejudice (Miss Marie Corelli would say envy) which large circulations engender. The prejudice is a paltry one—but perhaps you never know, until you try, how easy it is to sell by the eighty thousand yet never part with your self-respect! The author before us has also to his name, and very much to his fame, *When it was Dark*, a novel which, we remember, the Bishop of London commended to his flock in a moment some held to be as indiscreet as it was fervid. The wicked man of the new book is a rich young sybarite, Sebastian Warde. We are introduced to him in Paris, where, quite likely, in real life we should have avoided his acquaintance. He was notoriously disreputable up to the time he went—not alone—to Greece to worship the goddess of the Parthenon; and then, either by the weariness of satiety or by the inner warfare of the spirit against the flesh, he was led to return home and to join the Army for the great war.

When the Wicked Man

Eager by now to follow him thither, we yet pause a moment to say that in the Parisian poet, Raymond Casal, Mr. Thorne has made a memorable sketch in decadence ; and that no one who meets the Executioner of the Greek Island in these pages is likely to forget him. When in England Warde, now in khaki, meets Daphne Meredith, Sir Jasper's daughter, a girl who loves her poets, English and French, and has lately made her soul (much misunderstood at home) by becoming a Catholic. Enamoured of her, Warde remembers a long neglected fact—that he, too, is a Catholic. To Daphne, isolated in a country house, the one Catholic of her family, her new friend's fellowship in Faith meant—everything : “ What a freemasonry there was between Catholics in England. She supposed it was not so abroad, in countries where everyone was nominally a Catholic. But here it was certainly true. There were times when the tears would start into her eyes with joy at her possession. ‘ Men have died trying to find this place which we have found,’ she murmured to herself. And nothing told her that a man possessed by a devil had sat with her that night.”

From this point the book reveals its purpose and its power. Sebastian Warde and Daphne Meredith declare their love. All might go well with them ; but a visitor to a neighbour thinks it his “ duty ” to inform Sir Jasper of the notorious life the wicked man had led in Paris, and the girl overhears the revelation, has high fever, and, escaping from bed in delirium, drowns herself. The man, finally brought to his better self by the sensibility of the girl, that has ended in her sacrifice, goes out to the battle-field, offering his life in reparation for his past. He is badly wounded ; he is at death's door ; and you feel (Heaven help you !) that you would be pleased if he passed safely through it. But he recovers, to the surprise of the doctors, after receiving the Last Sacraments from the hands of a priest who turns out to be the brother of the girl Warde had taken with him to the Parthenon, and who forgives the penitent in his double capacity—divine and human. We go with the altered

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Warde to Westminster Cathedral; we are told that he is very busy in Church affairs; that he devotes his great income to works of mercy: "And in all this he was happy as far as happiness seemed possible for him. For in his inner spiritual life there was war unceasing. Faith was perfect; love and humility were supreme. But *character*, which, as Novalis said, is but 'completely fashioned will,' was only in the building. One does not nullify the compelling influences of thirty years in two. Yet war does not mean defeat. Sebastian emerged from one engagement after another, bruised and battered indeed, but undefeated and irrevocably rich in experience." If sacred symbols were being here used as mere properties of a novelist, we should be no parties to that derogation. But this author has entirely grave motives and methods, or we are much misled; the rumour that he has himself become a Catholic receives confirmation, a hundred times over, in his impressive pages. We wish him the joy of which his heroine is so conscious, even as we wish he may more and more find among Catholics that freemasonry which ought to be theirs by ties the closest and by secrets the most sacred.

One word as to the naming, in these pages, of a vilely vicious Frenchman, as the Comte de Mun. The conjunction might be misleading, especially at a time when it is a fashion among writers to vitalize fictitious names by con-sorting them with real ones. Luckily, the de Muns of life, one generation after another, are raised by their goodness to heights from which none may lower them. A preliminary note, indeed, informs us that all the characters in the book are fictitious—perhaps an unnecessary precaution, as it happens; but one which nicely indicates a very proper sensitiveness on the part of the author.

LAFCADIO HEARN'S *Interpretations of Literature* (Heinemann, 2 vols., 30s. net) are bulkier than the niche he had quite the right to claim for himself in our libraries. Two volumes condensed into one volume might still have left the fingers of instructed readers

Legacy of Lafcadio Hearn

itching to translate long passages into single lines. Hearn himself would, we think, have been a drastic editor of Hearn; for the book, as it stands, is nothing more than a selection of the verbatim notes made by his Japanese students during his tenure of the chair of English Literature at the University of Tokyo. In lecturing, he himself used no notes; and he distrusted these notes of students to the point of saying that, to be worth printing, they must be rewritten ten or fifteen times. And Lafcadio Hearn, taken on the merits of his own previous work, must have anticipated the critics who now find his work lacking in the point of view, in the adjective that both startles and fits, in the adverb that gathers new glory for a reputation.

But here is a book without guile, dropping every now and again into baldness, as when the lecturer on Wordsworth explains, and explains away, the daffodil; or lays a heavy thumb, fatal to resonance, on the bells of Edgar Allan Poe. He explains poetry to his students as one would explain a grown-up joke to children, and these jejune passages should have been put out of sight before publication. He is too much impressed by the "standing" of his poets. He helps his essay on Herrick not at all, for instance, when he pauses to say that the Hesperides "has been much admired," or that the modern editions "are very beautifully illustrated";—though it is possible that the first statement, which happens to be true, fitted into a scheme of instruction necessary for his particular audience. Otherwise, as we read on, we find that the virtue of the book lies not a little in its very faults. Because it is a Fifth Form guide to Letters it is bald; but let us say that it remains the best of all Fifth Form guides. Hearn's happy students were still taught their Longfellow; and Tennyson's *Princess* was made their textbook. They had to know their Cowper, Crabbe, and Hood, as well as their Blake, their *Shaving of Shagpat*, their Baudelaire. But of Baudelaire there is little enough in this book, and what there is does not excite us. Hearn, the writer of exotic short stories, reporter of criminal

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cases, and, on his own account, student of the clammiest French romanticists, seems during the period of his lectureship to have come home to roost. He is liberal towards all well-ordered writing so long as he finds in it the strain of imagination. One sees him here as much interested in *Peter Ibbetson* as in *Fleurs de Mal*; he is tolerant towards the work which, if he had been playing a part, he might have dismissed as illustrating "the Angle-Saxon prudery" that at one time incensed him.

But the whole story of his development is the story of a return to the conventions. Before he went to the East he had broken badly with most of the things he had been taught at Ushaw; but it is noteworthy that when, towards the end of his life, he came to choose a school for his own son, he wrote: "I am beginning to think that really much of the ecclesiastical education (bad and cruel as I used to imagine it) is founded on the best experience of man under civilization; and I understand lots of things I used to think superstitious bosh, and now think solid wisdom." And one thing remained with him—the Douay version, passages of which he quotes to his students as "even more sublime than the King James's readings in the Bible of King James." There is the old Ushaw honesty in the admission. But how did Hearn manage to pass through the great Northern College without knowing better than to talk in Japan of Newman as a young Oxford undergraduate at the time of his conversion?

The virtue of the book before us is its sanity. For Hearn the brain matters above all. As he understands brain, it is the servant of dreams rather than of logic, the creature of strange mental experience rather than the tool of style. If you would tell tales of horror, or of beauty, if you would tell great tales, he informs his class, go not to the established authors of these things, but to your dreams. He is as sure of this point as a doctor of his thermometer. "All this is pure dream," he says of something which he especially admires, and which may have passed as the common stuff of great authorship

Johnson's Religious Verse

with the rest of us. "Pure dream," says he, as another would say "pure literature," and carries his faith on this point into religion. The closer religious teaching (in relation both to the supernatural and the natural) follows the intimations of dream-experience and dream-mood, the happier, he contends, have been the results. But here, until we are clearer about the stuff that dreams are made of, we are on difficult ground. Literature and religion may owe much to dreams ; but do not our dreams owe everything to literature and religion ?

IN the *Religious Poems of Lionel Johnson* (Burns and Oates, 2s. 6d. net) are mingled the simplicity of his retrospective literary taste and the complexity of his great modern spirituality. At the outset the reader may be a little disconcerted by rhymes—such as those addressed to Leo XIII—which are not excused by any great charm for what the eighteenth century would call their extreme inartificiality, and the twentieth century their lack of art. And nearly the same may be said of "Christmas." Seventeenth century English was conspicuously happy in yielding purer poetry from these two things—a sincere heart and right rhymes. Our language has had many experiences since then. The poets, like their cousins the composers, have nearly lost the gift of melody, of tune ; but they have, as it were, an orchestra and orchestration.

Lionel Johnson's genius is at his best when he is not trying to revive something, but is giving utterance to something that needs no reviving, but is intensely alive—his own religious thought and suffering. One of the most innocent and pure of men, he lived his religious life, as he shows it to us in his poems, much less in what is usually called "devotion" than in the primal conflict of right with wrong. When he sings an angelic victory or angelic joy he is imagining, and imagining beautifully ; but he is telling his own story when he meets the "dark angel" in closer fight than Jacob's with an angel of God, and when he anticipates the last of all battles, and when he suggests, but does not tell, the temptations that are

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known to God. It may be permitted to one who knew him to dwell upon the keen pathos of these revelations of a painful inner life in contrast with the fragile figure, the beautiful clear face with its broad brow and slender chin, the large eyes, the pure delicacy and fineness of the visible man.

And when we speak of his conflict, his sufferings, his "heart of controversy," it must not be thought that these poems are torn from the composure of high literature. He has the classic quality—measure and proportion, and such an indescribable peace as one attributes (perhaps only because of its name) to the Pacific ocean when its enormous waves rush upon the Californian shore. Lionel Johnson has neither vehemence nor violence, but only power. It is well to know that in the order of poetry and the discipline of verse this pathetic but courageous spirit must have found something more than the mere form of peace, and must have rested at times upon the staff—he who had endured the rod; as the Psalmist sings: "Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." It is not only for their absolute reality, but also for their perfect art, that his poems are deeply admired and that a few became famous in his brief lifetime. No reader ever forgets "The Dark Angel" nor "The Precept of Silence." The poem "To a Passionist" is, too, among the ever memorable. Lovers of George Herbert will be moved to admire the infinite variety of the poetic expression of similar thoughts in our great English literature. George Herbert, too, protests on behalf of his youth against an ascetic religion—protests with an outcry, as Lionel Johnson with a whisper; and both reply to their own question, and reply in song, and alike.

FATHER T. GAVAN DUFFY calls his little book *Yonder?* (The Devin Adair Co., New York), and "yonder" is the Far East, and the note of interrogation is what you like. Do you think that Yonder is Heaven? If not, do you want to go Yonder yourself, or would you like to stay where you are, but join hands (and purses)

Yonder ?

with those already there ? These are meanings which rise to the surface of a book, in which deep cries unto deep. Father Gavan Duffy is one of "Yonder's" own—he is a missionary ; his name of honour is to be found, not in the Irish, nor in the Australian, but in the American Directory, and he dates his preface, not from his Indian station, but from a place with a name, at first glance, nearly as outlandish—"Maryknoll (so simple at second sight), Ossining, N.Y." To "the newly-formed and widely-welcomed Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, in appreciation of its friendship and in acclamation of its ideals, this volume is affectionately inscribed." It has a Preface packed with a lot of wisdom and (not inharmoniously) a little Chesterton. "The divine adventure of Redemption, and the part therein open to all, is taken altogether too much as a series of truths, spoiled of romance, and relegated to the domain of things known once for all, and set aside. It is the system now to stuff the child with facts as distinct from ideals ; and our interests are rather keen than world-wide." This last is to say that we are parochial, unaware of "the Great Plan." But there is "another love than that which is drummed in by the limits of the trim parish, another life than that of this academy or that, a life calling to be lived lest the Church herself die of not growing."

One such call to expansion comes to us in the vocation of the missionary, and, just as a man may make his native place by leaving it, and winning a world-wide renown of which it mightily profits, so the very prelate or parish seems to gain a hundred-fold by what he gives of himself or of his substance to the distant ambassador of Christ in Heathendom's courts. Cardinal Vaughan, the Founder of St. Joseph's Missionary College, was yet—or, by that very token—the builder of Westminster Cathedral, that almost miracle in brick.

Father Gavan Duffy never cants, and he has no illusions ; that is why his book makes its strong appeal to us. He is never out for the "edification" that Faber hated. Two missionaries—one of them in trouble about

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his soul—come together. They do not begin with heroics—they are as natural as one of Hugh Benson's (or the Almighty's) creations. They get at once to the topic which makes all the clergy kin: "During the meal they talked about the Bishop, 'got him down to a fine point,' as Father Ralph expressed it. The subject was always felt to be an entertaining one, and safe. You could tell stories, certain that they would not be believed; grumble, and do no harm to anyone. Altogether, Bishops are a very useful institution." We can only envy Bishops their pure joy in the reading!

As for illusions, the helplessness of the missionary among the heathen, and among those who have been baptized, is here told in language so calm, yet so harrowing, that we hardly bear to read what the missionary himself could hardly bear to write. He can only quote "Francis Thompson, of course":

Plough thou the rock until it bear.

These be some of the sterile hardnesses: "The basic pre-occupation of money, which makes all our works go lame; the invincible stubbornness of Oriental apathy; no one to trust absolutely, no one to be proud of, no one of whom to say, 'Here is the finished article'; but always the daily screwing of our own will to the sticking-point, the maintaining of it there, and the huge unequal struggle to keep our surroundings in tune. And of these the effort to keep our own will stiff is by far the most wearing effort. In Prayer, the Ideal shines out; and, as long as the Pillar of Light is ahead, all things can be dragged along; but if you once get a dark night, one of those Eastern nights when everything just disappears, even your own hand held before your eyes, and *a fortiori* God's hand under yours . . . then you saddle your horse and gallop to your furthest station, or you sit down and write a letter to a friend"—or a book like this, which makes a friend of every reader and puts him, perhaps for the first time, into spirits about the English-speaking missionary and his mission.

The Lost Cities of Ceylon

THOSE persons who are familiar with Ceylon mostly as a tea-garden, or as the scene of the "spicy breezes" of the hymn, may yet have heard of Adam's Peak, with the imprint of Buddha's foot thereon, and are dimly aware that the island contains the wonderful ruined city of Anuradhapura. Now that Miss Mitton has given us her very admirable book, *The Lost Cities of Ceylon* (John Murray, 10s. 6d. net), there is less excuse than ever for anyone to remain unaware in greater detail of the marvellous relics of the old civilizations which are found in the forests and jungles of Ceylon. Miss Mitton's book is very far from being the rather arid recital of archæological facts which such books often are. She tells us that she has herself "a curiously intense interest in these relics; in homely words, 'it all comes home to me.'" It is not surprising, therefore, that her enthusiasm is evident in every page, and can engender a similar enthusiasm in her reader.

Actual investigation of these lost cities can fall to the lot of but few; yet "the unfortunate ones at home, whose travel is solely 'in the mind,'" can make their observations at second-hand in these pages. They begin with a brief account of Buddhism, and an inquiry as to how such a highly philosophical, not to say esoteric, form of belief ever came to assert a sway over poor and illiterate persons; and the conclusion of the author is, that, as we had always suspected, these populations are not, in the strict sense, really Buddhists at all. The author takes her reader systematically through the ancient Cingalese civilization, illustrating her account by capital photographs.

THE late Father Maturin's *Sermons and Sermon Notes* (Longmans, 6s. net) were entrusted to the editing of Mr. Wilfrid Ward, and have appeared with a preface by him, and a prefatory note in which Mrs. Wilfrid Ward tells us that her husband's work was nearly completed when his last illness intervened. The volume contains eleven sermons, of which five were preached while Father Maturin was still an Anglican. We are glad that these

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were included, not only for their own sake, but for the light they throw upon the wonderfully developed spirituality of Father Maturin seven years before he became a Catholic.

The work of doing him justice has been doubly hard, partly because the very art of preaching implies, at least to some extent, that what is *said* is meant to be heard, not read ; partly because of the special coefficient introduced by his astonishing and vivid personality ; partly, too, we are reminded, by the extraordinary difficulty of reporting his unequal but often very rapid delivery. Moreover, Father Maturin left much to the inspiration of the moment, and his perorations, or even the conclusion of a sermon's main parts, or subdivisions, are often not indicated in his notes. In view of all this it must be said that the sermons provide, even for those who never heard Father Maturin preach, solid and attractive spiritual reading, and form a really valuable addition to a "spiritual " shelf or library.

The "Preface " is, as a matter of fact, the article printed by Mr. Ward, after Maturin's death by drowning, in the DUBLIN REVIEW. We are grateful that it should not have been lost : its reminiscences are crisply given ; and its psychological analysis relies on that intuition and clear glance for what helps interpretation, to which we had learnt to trust. One characteristic Father Maturin seems to have shared with, we have been told, Mgr. Benson. He would begin his sermon with an exposition of the ordinary man's view, the natural, non-Catholic, immediate human reaction upon some great fact or problem, such as death. So sympathetic and truthful would this be, that even after he had stated what, in the light of revelation, condemned, corrected, or must supplement it, no one could ever feel that this preacher of dogma had failed to understand the human heart. Mr. Ward finds, too, that Father Maturin went straight, by preference, to the root of the difference between what is Catholic and all else ; that is, the existence and meaning of the supernatural. An old-fashioned error was, to treat

Father Maturin's Sermons

the supernatural almost as in essence alien to, antagonistic to, the natural. A Kempis seems, often, so to talk. The newer and—it may be—far more fatal error is to forget the distinction altogether. In fact, the Catholic Church to-day reveals herself as sole guardian and herald of the adequate traditional belief in the supernatural at all. Father Maturin undertook the supremely important and delicate task of dealing with that tract of religious life in which the two meet, interact, and do not nullify one another. He was assisted in doing this successfully by keeping his attention focussed on what is *positive*; psychologically, on the will especially; the negative leads nowhere.

In this selfless, yet highly-strung and most sensitive Irishman was always, to our feeling, an element of pathos. Leagues withdrawn from weakness of sentimentalizing, or resentment of anything which can be called “un-success,” he yet was in a measure lonely; the manner of his death, which a great crime involved in its sweep, brought to him, very likely, a keener happiness than ever he had dared to hope for. He rests in peace, and this book will enable us to live more bravely, and not forgetting him.

REVIEWS of works dealing with the subject of Prehistoric Man, from time to time appearing in these pages, must have made it evident that it is difficult for any but a specialist to keep in touch with the new literature relating thereto. Apart from the notices in various books, the separate papers relating to the subject of the Piltdown Skull alone form a pile something like a foot high. As the various controversies which have arisen in connection with these matters have long ago invaded the columns of the daily and weekly Press, it will be evident that there must be a number of persons belonging to the reading classes anxious to ascertain what science really is thinking about these problems. Professor Osborn's *Men of the Old Stone Age* (Bell & Sons) will afford them the information they desire. We are not surprised that four

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large editions have been called for in America, and we feel sure that its sale in these countries will also be extensive. It is well written ; it is admirably brought out ; it is copiously illustrated. It is furnished with numerous maps, plans and diagrams, all helping to make the author's meaning clear to his readers. At the moment it is curious to read of the Marne and of various places familiar to us from the war notices, as spots of importance in the history of Early Man. Professor Van Beneden, one of the glories of Louvain of other days, was led to write his important monographs on fossil whales by picking up numerous bones when digging trenches, as a volunteer, around Antwerp. Possibly some other soldier may have received such an incentive in trench digging in France, and, if so, let us hope that the fortune of war may spare him to make equally valuable use of his later years. The reader will find in this book an extremely complete account of the various races which, as it is now thought, have inhabited Europe during the Glacial Period, their implements, their mode of life, their art. In connection with this last, readers of this REVIEW will remember that two books on the subject have recently been noticed in these pages, and will be interested in knowing that Professor Osborn explains the riddle of the position of the cave drawings and sculptures in dark and often not easily accessible chambers by attributing to them a religious significance. The obvious plan of the author was to describe the objects with which he deals from his own observations and to attach to them the significance which they seemed to him to bear. One can well understand that he did not feel inclined to lengthen an already bulky work by a critical examination of the views of other writers who have taken up positions unlike his own in connection with some highly controversial points. The work wears, therefore, a perhaps necessary air of dogmatism.

It is as well that the general reader should be warned that great and even fundamental differences of opinion do exist. A few instances will explain our meaning. As

Men of the Old Stone Age

to the actual duration of the Glacial Period the author adopts the views of Penck, certainly a great authority, that 520,000 years have elapsed since its commencement. He calls this a conservative view, yet, as he shows in a table (p. 22), others think that 100,000 years will suffice, and others, not cited, have contented themselves with an even shorter period. Of this era he thinks that the Old Stone Age occupied no more than 125,000 years, which would have to be proportionately reduced were the smaller estimate for the whole adopted. Similarly wide differences of opinion exist as to the relations of the different early races to the subdivisions of the Glacial Period. For example, the author thinks that the former owner of the celebrated Heidelberg jaw lived during the Second Interglacial Period ; another authority attributes him to the First ; whilst yet another places races believed to have existed long subsequent to the Heidelberg in the First Interglacial Period. As the interval between these periods is believed to run to many thousand years, it will be noted that the discrepancy is by no means trivial. Again, a word as to the skulls and their restorations, and above all the attempted restorations of their former owners in their habits as they lived, as seen in this book : anatomists are only too well aware that the task of restoring even the bony skull, from the fragments which may have been picked up, is one of extreme difficulty. The echoes of the controversies on this point which have found their way into the daily papers will not fail to have been noticed by general readers. But, when it comes to restoring the soft parts as well, we must candidly admit that we have no real data to assist us in our task. For example, we have no real knowledge of the relations between the nasal bones and the actual shape of the nose in the living person. Yet what more characteristic feature than the nose ?

Now turn to p. 101 and examine the restoration of the Heidelberg Man, by a Belgian artist, and, when examining it, bear in mind that we only possess the lower jaw from which to build up the restoration.

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Or, again, turn to pp. 142 *seq.*, and when examining the various restorations of the Piltdown Man bear in mind that the lower jaw, which was utilized in making the restoration, is now stated not to have belonged to the skull, fragments of which were found with it, but to have been the property during life of a chimpanzee and merely in accidental collocation with the other bits of bone. With this view the author seems to agree (see p. 512). Of course it may fairly be claimed that these "restorations" lend a certain actuality to the narrative, but we think that the general reader will be glad to be warned that they are very largely works of imagination. Although we have felt it right to give this warning, we in no way depart from the opinion which we have already expressed, that anyone desirous of acquiring a knowledge of the entrancing speciality dealt with will not easily find a better book than this for his purpose.

A CATHOLIC and yet the Lord Chief Justice of Ireland—the conjunction in Peter O'Brien proclaims him a pioneer. His name is marked on the still extending map of Emancipation. Born in County Clare in 1842, the son of an O'Brien who sat for Limerick, Peter went to the Bar, and became in due course Peter the Packer by acclamation, Lord O'Brien of Kilfenora by favour of the Crown. *The Reminiscences of the Right Hon. Lord O'Brien* (Arnold, 8s. 6d. net) are edited by his daughter, Miss Georgina O'Brien, a dutiful task, one begun when, as her father's amanuensis, she took down at his dictation the matter which now forms one-hundred-and-thirty pages of this book. She it was who urged her father to the task—no, that is not her word, the "pastime"—of writing, to defeat the tedium of ill-health. He took to his pen reluctantly; and she, in the few chapters her hand here adds, speaks of a reluctance of her own. But a daughter's devotion to a father is an asset to biography; and we recur to it over and over again in reading these records of the ugly side of things, of riots, and murders, and channel-crossings, and of make-believe Parliamentary and other

Lord O'Brien

Commissions that were almost themselves the commissions of crimes, so purposeless did prejudice render them. Of course there are hunts other than those of criminals, for would an Irishman who was not a judge of horses and hounds be any sort of a judge at all? Wigs upon the green, yes ; but also an occasional cricket match. Still, like a more distinguished countryman, an English Lord Chief Justice, Lord O'Brien might be called a sportsman in the custody of a lawyer. His most vital interest centred in the Courts. Miss O'Brien says : " The last time my father discussed this book with me he said, ' See that my judgment in the Ussher case is fully included '—and twenty mortal pages of it appear. In 1913 the Chief resigned, and he lived on into the early days of the war, dying on September 7th, 1914.

Members of the legal profession are the most persistent of all self-praisers. They rarely meet together without telling each other how honourable they are, how disinterested, how unmoved by mere party passion or political prejudice. It is just a bad habit. Disraeli the Younger rallied them about it ; and was fined for contempt of Court. Even now a discreet silence gives immunity to a great lawyer at a Lord Mayor's banquet who says with what admiring emotion he sees Lords of Appeal discharging their duties without hope of " advertisement " or " popularity," when, if this were to be said of any other class of the community, the terms of the sacrifice to call for any unctuous reference would be a foregone salary, pension, peerage. The facts are all at issue with the afflatus of the sentence. Then a judge the other day declared—and emphasized the declaration by saying he really spoke with conviction—that the Legal Profession was the one marked by the most sacrifice. And this at the moment when the Army and the Navy are being depleted by death ; and when, let us add, there happen to be a trifle of thirty thousand celibate priests in the United Kingdom and the United States of America, to say nothing of Canada and the Colonies. It is difficult not to put down these *Reminiscences* without

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some allusion to this strange form of infatuation in a profession—this attribution of virtue to itself which, in a layman, would pass for vanity. On its good side, the judicial training may or may not go to the making of a statesman; it may, as Lord Milner says, produce a type of ingenious phrasers, less concerned with facts than with the specious presentation of them. But it is certain that in many cases even the judicial training fails to produce the judicial temper. This is absent in every line, for instance, of Lord O'Brien's account of the case—the first in which he appeared as Attorney-General—of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt. Mr. Blunt (whose very Christian name is here misspelled Wilfred) had spoken at a meeting proclaimed by Lord Londonderry and A. J. Balfour, in County Galway, in connection with those Clanrickarde evictions which Parliament itself, a little later, contrived to make impossible. These *Reminiscences* absurdly describe him as “an eccentric Englishman, who championed the Irish cause principally from motives of vanity and a love of notoriety.” A famous man does not need to become a notorious one; and, if he is minded to add notoriety to fame he need not go to Galway from the Sussex of Shelley to get it. “His espousal of the Nationalist cause,” the legend goes on, “was a surprise to most people, as he had no connection whatever with Ireland.” “Most people,” first cousins of the illusive “they” of rumour, are thus cited loosely by a lawyer—who, however, lived to see Mr. Asquith inscribe small nations on England's banner, though Mr. Asquith had no connection with Belgium!—not even the connection that Mr. Blunt had, by every rule of conscience, as an Englishman with the just government of a part of the United Kingdom. “He belonged” (says Lord O'Brien, whose rôle in life was the sifting of evidence) “to an old Catholic family.” He didn't; his mother was a convert of Cardinal Manning's, and she brought up her children accordingly. And he “had brains sufficient to render him intensely mischievous.”

Worse follows, where Lord O'Brien suggests that Mr.

Form and Function

Blunt played the hypocrite when he "assiduously cultivated those priests and bishops who were in sympathy with the Plan of Campaign." We must suppose that Lord O'Brien never read the most religious volume of prison poetry ever published—Mr. Blunt's *In Vinculis*; nor ever met, and kept in mind because he couldn't help it, this man of the world's confession that no other banquet pleased him half so well as the herring he shared with Bishop Duggan. No "good" company, in the common sense, ever gave him the happiness he says he had in the really good company he met in the peasant's hovel, in the presbytery, in the convent parlour.*

And yet—a quiet, refined, thoughtful, and even discerning expression dominates the beautiful O'Brien face of the *Reminiscences*' frontispiece.

IN his *Form and Function* (John Murray), Mr. E. S. Russell has produced a very erudite, interesting and timely addition to biological literature which no student of biology, professional or amateur, can afford to neglect. Mr. Russell very accurately points out that there are three main currents of morphological thought—namely, the functional or synthetic, the formal or transcendental, and the materialistic or disintegrative. No one who really thinks out the problem can fail to see that the functional is the true point from which to survey nature; for, although we have almost had it "drilled out of us," the main fact about living things is that they are alive—"that they are active, purposeful agents, not mere complicated aggregations of protein and other substances." In discussing his subject the author traces the current of biological study from Aristotle, who, with Cuvier and

*Of his visit to Archbishop Croke of Cashel at Thurles, Mr. Blunt writes in his Diary: "Heard the Archbishop's Mass in his private chapel, attended by his niece, who keeps house for him, and his dog . . . which, with a sandy cat, has the run of church and chapel. I like Dr. Croke better and better. He is kind to these creatures, and to his horse, of which he is very proud. I feel I could live the rest of my life in a quiet place of prayer like this. All my instincts, all my wishes, all my sympathies, are with religion and religious practices."—*The Land War in Ireland*.

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von Baer, represents the protagonists of the functional wing, through Etienne Geoffroy St. Hilaire, greatest of the transcendentalists, to the materialistic school, which derived from the Greek atomists, reached its zenith in the mid-Victorian period, and is now declining before the vitalistic movement of the day. Mr. Russell makes no secret of his sympathy with this last movement, and concludes his very valuable book with the prophecy that the present century "will see a return to a simpler and more humble attitude towards the great and unsolved problems of animal form. Dogmatic materialism and dogmatic theories of evolution have, in the past, tended to blind us to the complexity and mysteriousness of vital phenomena. We need to look at living things with new eyes and a truer sympathy. We shall then see them as active, living, passionate beings like ourselves, and we shall seek in our morphology to interpret as far as may be their form in terms of their activity."

THERE is a character of "cleverness" among novelists that suggests something "common" beyond the commonness of mere numbers. But all such cheapness disappears when the cleverness surpasses a certain mark. When the eye that has learnt to see so much and so quickly sees with yet more penetration; when the hold upon the precisely right word becomes a grasp upon the inmost of its meaning; when the study of character becomes something greater than detective's work—becomes insight—then the cleverness is talent, the invention is creation, the novel is literature. It is with some surprise, as at a coincidence that is not all chance, but has significance, that we find three novelists, women, and Americans, attaining this notable success. Mrs. Wharton, Mrs. Canfield, and Mrs. Gerould are contemporaries, and three new volumes of short stories from their pens have appeared almost together, compelling us to say that the art, or artifice, of the short story has had no more expert exemplars in France itself than it finds in America.

Mrs. Wharton

Mrs. Wharton, who comes with *Xingu and other Stories* (Macmillan), was the first and is the best and the greatest wit among these writers. Her satire, with its calm and unobtrusive indignation, has long been directed against rich New York for its two greatest social mischiefs—the indulgence bestowed upon selfish children and selfish women. It is a “spoiling” which much parental self-sacrifice and much masculine chivalry by no means excuse ; it remains a great national offence and the source of innumerable evils. The spoiling of children and of women—(it is indeed all one, for it is chiefly if not only the girl child who is spoilt)—has divorce for its most evil fruit. But is Mrs. Wharton true to life—even “smart” New York life—when she shows even the better kind of divorcing woman to be entirely unconscious of mere right and wrong and of the obligation of a vow ? The only thing this more decent woman defies when she goes what we rightly call “wrong” is “convention” ; and, when she does not go in that direction, the only thing for which she makes that sacrifice is the career of the man (not her husband) whom she cares for. She marries for luxury, and does not pay the price. Therefore she has no honour ; not any sophistication can persuade us to attribute honour to her conduct or her nature ; yet she is, under certain subtle circumstances, a woman Mrs. Wharton respects. As for the women Mrs. Wharton does not respect, she lays upon them the rod of her scorn, but by no means any rod of poetical justice. She leaves them triumphant. The women upon whom she brings retribution and humiliation are not the selfish but merely the foolish, if with foolishness they dare to mingle some venial pretentiousness. From these she cannot keep her lash. They are members, in one of her stories, of a provincial club in which “modern thought” and many things too hard for them are discussed after luncheon. In the narrative of their discomfiture Mrs. Wharton puts aside all the tolerance which we believe a whole throng of novelists now profess ; she does not tolerate them at all ; nay, she does not fear to commit

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farce itself in her revenge. For if she intends her unfortunate club to be taken as an example of women's clubs in provincial America, we must oppose to her American judgment an English judgment, and accuse her of injustice. Let us add that Mrs. Wharton, although she has often written in the person—that is, using the “I”—of a man, and with a man's differences from a woman, yet in one of these stories makes a decent man relate to another what, we submit, a decent man does not relate.

There is more moral sense, and therefore probably even more of complete realism, given to the study of the New York richling, in Mrs. Dorothy Canfield's work. Without many words about it, she seems to make reference to something that has authority. In her very memorable novel, *The Bent Twig*, authority seemed to be present, rather than the horrible solitude of wilful anarchy, private judgment in its ultimate mischief and cruelty. The short stories, *The Real Motive* (Constable), are more enigmatical. If our pain is to be relieved, as the conclusion seems to intend, after we have read the record, in *The Pragmatist*, of a minister of religion who has lived a false life, teaching a faith he had not and a hope he had not, and greatly afraid of seeing “his own face of agonized doubt” at the hour of death, why may we not be told what the author intends as his final “exceeding joy”? Was that dying happiness the discovery that what he had taught, out of charity or cowardice, was truth indeed? It could not be the full sight of his own duplicity, for that was the very horror he feared as the last agony. If the case were that of a real man, we might not expect to know; but this is a man of fiction, and Mrs. Canfield has made the fiction, and therefore she knew; yet her reader is not to know. Whatever we have first said of the American art of the short story, here is certainly a failure of art, because the short story is held to be complete and explicit in the author's mind (whereas real life is known to no man) and the reader has a right to know the author's mind. A serious and sensitive reader would perhaps do well to skip *The Pragmatist*,

Mrs. Canfield—Mrs. Gerould

and read the gayer stories farther on. It is only a trivial reader who could read that initial story without a pain not trivial. Mrs. Canfield has here confused the mystery of fiction with the secrets of real life. *The Conviction of Sin* is a noble and plain story, and has the humour with which Mrs. Wharton has in the past delighted us, but which she denies us in her tragedy and denies us still more in her farce. Mrs. Canfield's *Conviction of Sin* is, besides, straightforward, and straightforwardness is a quality little characteristic of this present fiction. *An April Masque* is joyous, and joy is as rare as forthrightness. *A Sleep and a Forgetting* is mysterious in a manner that rightly belongs to fiction, and it closes in a fine surprise. And among the other stories we get the constantly fresh surprise of certain American customs: the withdrawal of the father and the mother from the "parlour" in which the daughter receives the visits of young men, and—still stranger—the caste fiercely insisted upon in so unexpected a place as the country college settlement which is in America called a university—caste meaning nothing ultimately but money. The "snobbishness" which Thackeray could not keep out of the hearts of his people, or out of any page of most of his novels, and which we have no reason to believe ever really existed in an England so near our own as the England of *Pendennis*, rages in American life as these stories show it. Well, as we do not believe Thackeray, let us take the freedom of doubting also Mrs. Canfield.

Mrs. Katharine Gerould, the third of our Americans, is also, to borrow a word from the stage, word-perfect. And the thought and the story honoured with this art are generally less inhuman than we are used to; with two exceptions. The first story and the last are immoral—how pleasant it is to defy the customs of the time by using that word which represented so much the day before yesterday and will represent so much the day after to-morrow, but which a short-story writer to-day would rather wear a last year's dress than write down. An ignoring of the vow, a refusal to pay the

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price, on the part of a heroine, at which the author connives, is the offence of the title story, *The Great Tradition* (Methuen). Now, by making this accusation of connivance we certainly recognize the vitality of the heroine in question; one does not connive at the pranks of a mere puppet, and Mrs. Gerould believes in the creature of her imagination. The last story in the volume is through and through corrupt. The writer adroitly takes the word "honour" out of our mouth, when we would reproach a much worse than *complaisant* husband with the lack of it; Mrs. Gerould gives it to the selfish wife's speech and makes a mock of it. Most happily, however, the word holds, and the thing holds, and the very abominable man in this tale of *The Weaker Vessel* has no power to make a paradox of it. Let us justify the adjective we have given this person by quoting his words to a wife who is faithful to him, and by whom he has a daughter: "You are at liberty to arrange your life without reference to me. I don't mean that I want a scandal, but you can count on me to put no obstacle in your way." And again, as he proposes to leave her, "Your natural course will be to divorce me. I don't care a damn if you do. So why run away from Pierrot Pratt?" Pierrot Pratt is the man she is honestly enough afraid of falling in love with. And with this extraordinarily ignoble man also the author connives. In another story, *Wesendonck*, we have the astonishing "university" town again, and the hardly credible professors, and the anguish of the wife of one of these who has no new dress and whose house is in a quarter unfashionable. Mrs. Gerould repeats Mrs. Canfield. The lack of a modish gown is too much to bear, and rather than entertain at luncheon other professors who are richer, the wife in Mrs. Gerould's story takes her boy's money out of the savings bank and runs away. In *The Miracle*, however, we have a woman with a conscience—the "New England conscience" of which we heard much some years ago—and not a happy one; but any conscience is better than none. And Mrs. Gerould

Oxford Poets

should be encouraged to more humane ways by the greater artistic excellence of this story, and of another in which duty and tenderness are admitted as characters of the life of mankind. *The Miracle* is merely the story of a wife's success in conceiving love for a little stepson, notwithstanding her fear that she would fail to do so; and *The Bird in the Bush* goes so far on the saner ways as to tell a tale of the sacrifice of wealth for love of a child. Here, too, the author writes her best. Three women of talent, several kinds of slang, many individual anarchies of conduct—America has sent us, for some years, nothing more admirable in a rather narrow art, and in a sense nothing more discouraging.

OXFORD *Poets*, 1916 (Blackwell), edited by W. R. C., T. W. E. and A. L. H., cannot be said to be on as high a level as that of its predecessors—and no wonder; Oxford is to be congratulated on producing anything so good in the present state of the University, which, after all, is living its poetry elsewhere. Naturally, this little book has characteristics not equally amiable; buoyancy, and a curious inquisition of the epithet; honest melancholy, and the open-road-and-beer touch; colour-sense, and some metaphysics; freshness, and a good deal of half-conscious imitation; not much Christianity; but only one *pseuderoticon*, so to call it, by a young lady at St. Hugh's, who couldn't bear to think that a certain courtesan should die, so she stabbed her with a knife drawn from a "blood-stained sheath," "And so we passed, each to our separate hell." None of that matters much; still, anyone who talks about "limbs," nowadays, ought to be stopped. . . . Mr. Sherard Vines, we think, makes the best contribution; his *Song of the Elm* is as robust and living as you like. We will quote his *Epiphany*:

An hour of May of me
Is true Epiphany,
When the birds sing to us
"Creator Spiritus,"

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And in each little nest
The Lord is manifest ;
When thorn along the down
Is white with holy crown,
When plover scream and swerve,
Who their master serve,
And all the brilliant wood
Is breathing God,
Now, no man may not see
True Epiphany.

Is not that exquisite ? Mr. T. W. Earps has an admirable and mature little poem, *The Caliph Walks* ; in *The Glass of Water* he is too unsimple for inspiration. Mr. A. L. Huxley's work has dazzling qualities : *The Wheel* is a wonderful vision. Theosophists will love to quote it, if they can understand it ; even more, perhaps, if they can't. A similar homage to Oblivion, and a certain cruelty, are in his allegory of the *Mole*. We need name no more save Mr. Cecil Harwood, whose *February*, despite a lapse into complete bathos, is full of courage and movement ; Mr. W. R. Childe, always delicate and yet piercing in imagination, but infuriating for his cult of the impossible word—his *Geraniums* escapes this—and Mr. Leo Ward, whose voluminous “scholar gown” seems somehow not to muffle the spirit and passion which stir in his *Meditation*.

A QUARTERLY might seem nearly the last place in which a Daily periodical could be properly noticed. But the issue of the *Morning Post* (145th year, 45th thousand) for Tuesday, November 28th, 1916, must be made an exception to all rules. Colonel Sir Mark Sykes, sent to Parliament as a Unionist, has, on occasion, throughout the course of the war, given expression to the new and moving spirit in the joint life of the two peoples ; and the following letter of his to the Editor of the *Morning Post*, dated from 9, Buckingham Gate, is one which must survive the merely ephemeral life of a daily print :

“ I have just returned from the Requiem of the Irish Guards celebrated a few moments ago at Westminster Cathedral. On my table I find the issue of the *Morning*

Col. Sir Mark Sykes, M.P.

Post of to-day, with a leading article on Irish affairs. Between the ceremony and the article there appears to be a hiatus. I have just been standing amid some thousands of Irishmen, who came at once to pay tribute, to mourn, and to pray for the repose of the souls of those other thousands of their countrymen and faith who have died in Flanders under the banner of St. George. Those Irishmen surrendered their lives for the cause of European liberty; they died to save the lesser peoples from the tyranny of the Hammer of Thor. They died that nationalities small, weak, oppressed, and conquered might live their own life, speak their own tongue, and develop their own individual souls. They died in endeavouring to avenge the crimes committed against the lesser nations whose very existence is threatened by the savage power of the enemy.

“A Prince of our Royal House attended also,* and as I looked about me during the Requiem and saw the tears standing in the eyes of those thousands of Irishmen, each wearing the King’s coat, many scarred with honourable wounds gained in the King’s service, many bearing on their breasts distinctions granted them by the King’s will, I could not help wondering ‘Are there none here whose hearts are searched and sorely tried when they think of the relations which subsist between this country and Ireland?’ After reading your leading article, with its comparisons ’twixt the service of ‘Ulster’ and Ireland as though the two were two nations, with its deliberate confusion of Nationalism and rebellion, with its implied insults, its epithets of ‘sullen’ and ‘bribed,’ its scornful references to ‘fair share of obligations,’ and its request that ‘Ireland be governed with strength and justice,’ I do not think, but I know, that every line must lacerate the hearts of the men among whom I lately stood, with *saeva indignatio* such as Swift himself cannot have endured.

“We were told by a great leader but lately that we

* It is worth a record that, besides the ever welcome Duke of Connaught, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, whose son John was in the Irish Guards, assisted at this moving scene.

Col. Sir Mark Sykes, M.P.

must do the right thing at the right time to win. The political division in Ireland is an enemy asset, which the enemy has with the assistance of our own pre-war passions developed to his full advantage. The martial instinct and the intense enthusiasm of the Irish people are the two British assets, which by hesitation, prejudice, and folly we have succeeded in stifling and curbing until almost all that is left of them are the little crosses which mark the Irish graves in France and Flanders. Elsewhere in the Colonies, and in America, wherever the Irish are, we have checked enthusiasm, stimulated old grievances, and clouded men's minds with doubt. In Ireland itself the tragedy will not bear looking on ; the enemy sowed tares among the wheat, and we have done our best to burn the standing crop to mend matters.

"Yet there *is* such a thing as doing the right thing at the right time ; time and again right times have passed and wrong things have been done, and the reward has been reaped. The Australian Referendum, the backing of the peace move in the United States, are perhaps not unconnected with our errors. But though opportunities be missed, it is never too late to take fresh ones ; no men or women stood in Westminster Cathedral amidst that gallant Irish company, with the prayer for rest and peace in their hearts, and the dying notes of the British National Anthem falling on their ears, but must have felt that there was a way to Unity and Victory. Our enemy, base though be his aims and vile his ambitions, understands that concentration and unity of purpose is his only hope. Can we not realize even at this late hour that no sacrifice is too great to obtain the full moral and material effort which our Empire can put forth only if it is not distracted by dead and gone politics, prejudices, and hatreds ? "

A few days after this letter was printed, its writer was offered the post of Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the new Administration—an offer he did not accept, because he believed he was already more usefully employed on the Committee of Imperial Defence.





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BURNS AND OATES
28, ORCHARD STREET, LONDON, W. 1.

MY MEMORIES

I HAVE been asked to write my recollections for the DUBLIN REVIEW, and the only reason I can imagine for such a request is that I have lived a longer time than almost any man now in public life.

It must be very difficult for the present generation to reconstruct for themselves the world into which I was born, things are so completely changed. The Napoleonic Wars were still a living memory. Many people who were by no means old when I was a boy had seen General Washington; and, when I was ten years old, men who were as old then as I am now were fourteen years of age at the time of the Declaration of Independence. Slavery was in existence in the Southern States, and was to remain in existence until I was a grown man and a priest. Machinery was just coming into use, but nobody dreamed of the extent to which it would be employed later on. Electricity in all its uses was almost undreamed of. Men knew from the experiments of Benjamin Franklin that it might possibly be used, but the telegraph, telephone, and electric light had still to come. Railroads were a new invention. The Catholic Church, both in England and in this country, was a small and very depressed body. I was eleven years old when Newman became a Catholic. Those two great Movements which were to spread Catholicism so marvelously throughout the English-speaking world—I mean the exodus of the Irish people after the Famine, and the entrance of a large body of Anglicans into the Catholic Church—were still to come. In short, one may say that when I was a young man we were still living on the legacy of the eighteenth century.

The first really great man whom I can remember to have known intimately was the venerable and learned Archbishop of Baltimore, Dr. Francis Patrick Kenrick, who ordained me to the holy priesthood. He was the first great intellectual light of the American Church, and his *Moral Theology* remains to this day a monument of

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his erudition, although to my mind his greatest work has not yet received the full recognition which it deserves. I mean his version of the Sacred Scriptures; for to his translation of the sacred volume he brought the ripest learning of his age, combining the correctness of the Douay with the beautiful English style of the King James version. It is a pity that his translation is not better known among Catholics, especially here in America, where it was made our American Authorized Version by the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore. I do not think I exaggerate when I say that Dr. Kenrick was probably the most learned man of his time in the United States. But he was not only a very learned, he was a very holy man as well, and of the greatest simplicity of character. When he was appointed Archbishop of Baltimore and translated from Philadelphia, he arrived in Baltimore in a most characteristic fashion. I have often heard our old sacristan at the Cathedral tell how he went into the sacristy one morning at five o'clock and found a strange Bishop waiting to say Mass, who proved to be the new occupant of the Archiepiscopal See. He had come very quietly during the early hours of the morning; and, after his Mass at the Cathedral, in the same quiet and unostentatious way he entered his Episcopal residence and took up the duties of the principal diocese of America. It was marvellous how he combined study and writing with his duties as Archbishop. As I sit in my study, which was also his, I can call him vividly before me as he sat at his desk working busily over his translation of Holy Scripture, or over his *Moral Theology*; but ever ready to put down his pen to answer a knock at the door and to receive a visitor. Now it would be some important ecclesiastic, but just as frequently some little child of the parish who had come in to spend a few moments with one who was noted for his great love of little children. His door was ever open to visitors, and all classes of the community sought advice and comfort from him. He was of such simplicity of character that he could never refuse to anybody in trouble whatever financial aid was in his power. In fact so great was his beneficence that

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he was constantly in a state of absolute poverty, having given away everything he possessed.

He could never have accomplished what he did if he had not lived in most profound recollection. When it was time to go off on a visitation he would lay down his pen, go out and get into the carriage, often take a hard and difficult journey, and, returning, he would come to his desk and take up his work exactly where he left off. He was heart and soul for the preservation of the Union ; and there can be no doubt that what seemed to be the breaking-up of the Union in 1861 very much hastened his death. I can very well remember a painful experience which the Archbishop went through during the first year of the war. We have a prayer in America composed by Archbishop Carroll for all estates of men in the Church of God, and it was the Archbishop's custom to have this prayer read publicly before Mass, in the vernacular, especially in the Cathedral Church, where, by the way, it is still read every Sunday. In this prayer there is a petition that the Union of the American people may be preserved ; and, when the Southern States began to secede, so high did secession sentiment run in Baltimore that some of the clergy begged him to omit the prayer in which the objectionable petition found its place. At last, when all the clergy of the Cathedral had begged to be excused, the Archbishop determined to read it himself, and I suppose during the reading of that prayer he suffered more than one could well imagine ; for, when he mentioned the Union of the States, many people got up and publicly left the Cathedral, and those who remained expressed their dissent from the Archbishop's petition by a great rustling of papers and silks.

It was from His Grace that I imbibed a strong attachment to the Union. I had been born a Southerner and brought up a Southerner, and my heart was, of course, with the Southern States. Indeed, my brother was actually fighting in the Army of the Confederacy ; but I could never believe that secession would succeed, and

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even if it should succeed I could not help but see that it would be the destruction of what was already a growing, and what might become a very great, nation. Therefore my head was always with the Union. But the Union authorities were not always as considerate as they might have been in their treatment of those States which did not actually go out, but in which the secession sentiment was very strong. Baltimore was put under martial law, which was very strictly enforced; and this created a great deal of secession sentiment which did not exist before; and men like myself, who was then a priest and known to be of Union sympathies, were often treated rudely and harshly by the military authorities. I was myself at that time military chaplain at Fort McHenry, and I remember that on one occasion, after having heard the confession of a Southern prisoner, I tried to get him some much-needed nourishment which had not been provided for him by the doctor of the hospital; and for this act, by which I tried merely to help a suffering fellow-creature, irrespective of his politics, I was told that my services would no longer be acceptable at the fortress, and that I need not return. However, I did return, since I threatened to make known to the higher authorities what had taken place; and men who exercise martial law with little regard for the feelings of those below them are often very sensitive as to the feelings of those above them.

I sincerely hope that my countrymen may never again live through a period like that between 1860 and 1865, when the very foundations of our national existence seemed to be breaking up, and there were times when chaos seemed to stare us in the face. All war is terrible, but civil war is detestable, for it not only puts man against man, but it puts brother against brother, and children often against their own father. But if the Civil War was terrible, the after effects in the South were deplorable. The party in power after the war acted toward the South with what I can only describe as abominable perfidy. The war had been carried on by the Union on the

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supposition that the Southern States, being an integral part of the Union, could not leave it, and the Union Armies declared themselves to be fighting merely to maintain the Southern States in their former relations with the Federal Government. But after the war they treated the South as though it were a conquered country, and deprived the States of the inalienable right to local self-government. I can only attribute this to the death of that great and good man, Abraham Lincoln, who so thoroughly understood the temperament of the American people, and whose earnest desire was to do justice and to extend mercy. His murder was the greatest misfortune which ever came upon the South. It was, as many people may remember, on a Good Friday night ; and it was an extraordinary coincidence that at the very time of the murder I was preaching a sermon in one of the churches of Baltimore, on the ingratitude shown in the action of the Jews, and especially of Judas, toward Our Divine Lord. "Imagine," said I, "a great and good ruler, who had done everything to deserve the confidence and affection of his subjects, who had lived only for his country and had had no desire but for his country's good, imagine such a ruler struck down by the hand of an assassin ! Would you not feel, my brethren, a deep indignation at his murder ? "

Shortly after the Civil War I was made Vicar-Apostolic of North Carolina, where I had a chance to see all the horrors of reconstruction at their worst. I shall never forget my introduction to my Vicariate. The night I arrived in Wilmington, there was a torch-light procession of the emancipated slaves, many of them now holding office and domineering over their former masters. If one can imagine an enormous crowd of negroes, most of whom were intoxicated, all of whom were waving torches in the blackness of the night, one can very easily imagine the first impressions of a new and very young Bishop.

The next great event in which I had any part was the Vatican Council, of which I was the youngest Bishop, and

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of which I am now the only Father surviving. As it is very hard for Americans of these days to understand the bitterness which preceded our Civil War, so it is very hard for Catholics to realize the bitterness of controversy which existed before the Vatican Council. The controversy consisted not so much as to whether or not the Pope was or was not infallible. All of us had been brought up in the doctrine that he was the centre of unity ; that communion with him was communion with the Catholic Church ; that severance from him meant severance from the Visible Church of God, and therefore his infallibility seemed to be an inevitable conclusion. The controversy raged for the more part about the expediency of the definition. There was a large number of Bishops who thought it inexpedient to define the Infallibility of the Roman Pontiff at the time when the Church was not on the best of terms with many States of Europe ; even with Catholic States. They feared to exasperate the Governments of Europe and to throw back possible conversions. As a matter of fact neither of these things has taken place. The definition of Papal Infallibility did more to rescue the Church from the dominion of the State than anything in modern history. And those outside the Church who were willing to accept the doctrine of the Primacy, could not but see that in accepting it they had accepted Papal Infallibility as well. But it is much easier to look backwards than forwards ; and many prudent and holy men augured the worst possible effects from a definition which has proved to have been of the greatest benefit to Catholic Christianity.

I suppose that the thing which impressed me most at the Vatican Council was the absolute freedom of the Fathers in stating their opinions. Nobody could say that the definition was brought about in a hurry, or without true deliberation. I have heard difficulties stated against the definition outside the Council, but I never heard the difficulties against it put with more cogency or force than within the Council Chamber. Often when one of the Fathers was stating the difficulties in the way of a decision,

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I trembled for the definition itself. "These arguments," said I, "are so strong they surely can never be answered," and yet they always were answered, and answered triumphantly.

An Œcumenical Council is probably the greatest sight on earth. Bishops were there, not only from the countries of Europe and America, but from the depths of Asia, from darkest Africa, and from the Islands of the sea. There were Bishops of almost all rites recognized by the Catholic Church—Latins, Greeks, Greek Ruthenians, Armenians, Eastern and Western Syrians, Maronites; even the Copts or Christians of Egypt were represented, although the Coptic Patriarchate of Alexandria had not yet been restored. When one considers the difference of customs, of nationality, of points of view, of culture, and yet the unanimity of the decision, one can only adore the Omnipotence of God, Who alone can make men to be "of one mind in a house," and can make brethren, so vastly different in all worldly respects, yet dwell together in the unity of one Faith. There were Bishops there who had been Confessors for the Faith in prison, and there were Bishops there who afterwards died martyrs for the Faith of Jesus Christ. Whenever the Episcopate of the Church is together about the steps of the Throne of Peter, centuries are rolled back and the Church lives again with all the vigour of her pristine youth. If the Bishops of America and England were an example of how the Church could cope with modern problems, the Bishops of Spain were almost living in that wonderful civilization created by the Church in the Middle Ages; the Greek and Ruthenian Bishops were still living in a civilization impregnated with the spirit of Byzantium; and the Bishops from China, Japan, and especially Corea, were striving to make Christianity viable to a still older and still more conservative civilization. There can be no better proof of the contention that the Church is independent of time and place; that she lives in every civilization and can make herself understood by every age, and clime, and people; that she is, in short, the

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Universal and Catholic religion revealed by God for the salvation of all men.

The next great event in which it pleased Almighty God to give me a part was the triumphant struggle of the Labour organizations to be recognized as lawful by the Holy See. Ever since the Reformation the relations of Capital and Labour had become more and more contrary to the principles of the Gospel. I have said somewhere else that in the sixteenth century practically all Englishmen owned their own homes ; and now that support and buttress is wanting to all but about one-tenth of the population. And what is true of real property is equally true of the means of production. Machinery had gradually lowered the workman to the status almost of a slave ; and it was believed in the 'seventies and 'eighties of the last century that the rights of Capital were so sacred that no aid could be given to the people in asserting their rights without the danger of bringing about the Red Revolution. The excesses of Capitalists on one hand had brought about equal excesses of Socialism on the other—excesses which would be likewise destructive of human liberty and human happiness. For the Socialist State is nothing and can be nothing else than universal slavery, and it is for this reason that the Church has strenuously opposed it. She has ever been the protector of free institutions ; and as she changed the absolute monarchies of the old Roman Empire, and indeed the later monarchies of the Middle Ages, as she changed the Roman Insula generally with its hordes of slaves into the mediæval town, so now would she enfranchise the working classes, not handing them over, bound hand and foot, into the clutches of uncontrolled Capital, and far less sacrificing them to the servile state of the Socialist.

These principles are now taken for granted. Everybody knows where the Catholic Church stands. But it was not so in 1880. I had myself just received the Cardinal's hat when the question of the attitude of the Church toward the Knights of Labour, which was the

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principal Trades-union of those times, came up for decision; and I can never forget the anxiety and distress of mind of those days. If the Knights of Labour were not condemned by the Church, then the Church ran the risk of combining against herself every element of wealth and power; and at a time when the Pope, having lost his Temporal Sovereignty, was a prisoner in his own palace. But if the Church did not protect the working men she would have been false to her whole history; and this the Church can never be. My great friend and colleague, who fought with me shoulder to shoulder for the rights of the Christian Plebs, has long since gone to his reward; but I cannot speak of this subject without recalling the indomitable courage and perseverance of Cardinal Manning. This great Cardinal should ever dwell in the hearts of Englishmen as a companion figure to that other great ecclesiastic who fought for the liberty of the people so long ago, Cardinal Langton. What a marvellous thing it is to think that after three hundred years of oppression the Catholic Church in England should have been able to give to the English people so soon after the restoration of her Hierarchy such a striking reminder of her glorious past.

It is very difficult in writing Reminiscences of this sort to speak of individuals whom I have known; because, although most of them have passed out of this present life, many of their relations and friends are still living. But I cannot forbear to mention some of the great men whom it has been my privilege to know, as, for instance, the gallant General Sheridan, who was as good a Catholic Christian as he was a good soldier; and the great Mr. Cleveland—undoubtedly one of the foremost statesmen that the English-speaking world has produced in our time. But perhaps my most cherished memory is that of the greatest man whom I have ever known—Cardinal Newman. Many things have been written about this “most illustrious man,” as our late Holy Father, Pius X, called him; but no amount of writing can give the impression which personal contact with him gave. He was like a

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shining light in a dark place. He produced on one the impression of infinite refinement without any trace of weakness whatever. One felt in him an extraordinary sweetness of disposition, and yet one felt that in the things of God he could be absolutely inflexible. We who knew him were all persuaded, and I think our persuasion was not wrong, that it was he who was to make Catholic Christianity viable to the modern world, as St. Thomas had made it for the mediæval, and Clement of Alexandria for the Greek or Roman world. He had that marvellous gift which only a few historians possess, and which is rarely possessed by a great thinker—the gift of seeing the present in the past, and of judging what would be by what had been. He had a wonderful conception not only of the history of Christianity, but of the history of human opinion generally ; and he could tell to a nicety just where the same need of Catholicism would arise again.

Cardinal Newman saw all history as a great tradition wherein every age spoke for itself, and that is the true conception of history. Indeed, it is my excuse for writing this article and for the strong personal note which it cannot help but contain. One of the greatest uses of old age is that old men can speak from personal experience of that which younger men know only from books ; and so it is through those whom God has spared beyond the allotted span of human life that tradition really lives, and it is only by a living tradition that history can ever be understood.

JAMES, CARDINAL GIBBONS.

THE SANCTIONS OF PEACE

The City of God. By St. Augustine ; English translation by John Healey. Three vols. (Dent.)

The Problem of Human Peace, from the standpoint of a Scientific Catholicism. By Malcolm Quin. (Unwin.)

The German War Book. Translated, with Introduction, by J. H. Morgan. (Murray.)

Lay Down Your Arms. By the Baroness von Suttner. Translated by T. Holmes. (London : Longmans, 1913.)

Pacifist Pamphlets and Speeches. | |

“**H**E who proposes,” said Aristotle, beginning the Seventh Book of the *Politics*, “to make inquiry concerning what government is best, ought first to determine what manner of living is most eligible.” If the object of the State be that citizens shall lead this most desirable form of life, its constitution, including its rights and duties, may thence be deduced, according to the true idea of human nature. And, in general, as the Philosopher had already taught in his *Ethics*, the end of man’s endeavour is happiness, whether of the one or the many. But he now observes, “No one would say that a man was happy who had no fortitude, no temperance, no justice, no prudence.” How could any State, or a confederation of States, fulfil its true idea, were these virtues, on a scale commensurate with its magnitude, wanting to it ? For, as a greater than Aristotle shows in that strange and wonderful book, Plato’s *Republic*, the State is only man “writ large.” To speak in the language of the schools, jurisprudence cannot be divorced from ethics. Man is first a moral and then a social being ; but from first to last he is under a law that makes for righteousness ; and out of that domain, as Burke was never weary of teaching, he cannot stir.

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Aristotle may be deemed the father of all those who treat the social sciences on principles proper to them, whether like Cicero they take religion into account, or like Machiavelli prescind from it on the cynic maxim, *Deorum injuriæ, diis curæ*. In 1625 there came out at Paris a Latin volume, *De Jure Belli et Pacis*, written by Hugo Grotius the Dutchman, which has been commonly regarded as the first modern treatise on jurisprudence, handled to some extent on this purely natural method. I remember well how, when very young, I read an English translation of Grotius, and learnt in his eloquent pages that there was a "law of nature and of nations," distinct from Church and Bible. Not that so devout-minded a thinker as this man of genius would deny or overlook either. Still, the method was indicated, and the date was significant. Grotius had been meditating on the law of nations since the year 1600, with a view to its application in practice by sea and land. In that year, if I mistake not, the Roman Index recorded its last prohibition of a Protestant work in German, *nominatim*, before the Nineteenth Century. The opening stage of the Reformation was concluded. Europe was broken in twain, Christendom dissolved; the Empire had become mere Austria; and the mediæval or papal system of statecraft had fallen. By 1625, when the Thirty Years' War had been raging for eight seasons, it was clear that the European Powers would never more be subject to a General Council and its decisions, as they were to the Fourth Lateran in 1215. We can see now that, as Machiavelli, writing *The Prince* in 1513, studied the "political man" in the light of pure force, so Grotius, a full century later, desired to contemplate him as the subject of social legislation, especially in regard to his twofold condition of peace and war. While Christendom flourished, its principles embodied in the Canon Law, (which partly controlled and largely inspired the Common Law of the West), had set up a court of appeal over which the Pope presided, making inquiries into a so-called "Law of Nature" theoretical or superfluous. But now, what

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else could men fall back upon? The Treaty of Westphalia, signed in 1648, was a strictly secular pact; and though Grotius did not guide the belligerents who there laid down their arms, his publication is a landmark. It divides the lay science of international law from the Church's tradition.

Yet the Church remains a reality, in some sense wide as the world. Though Europe and America be rent by religious divisions, the human nature with which rulers have to deal shows in the concrete a mingling of Christian elements among its instincts. The Gospel is not entirely a dead letter. Something more must be said. Influences derived from the teaching of the New Testament, and often embodying its ideals in a sort of caricature, have created sects and currents of opinion which Aristotle could not have foreseen, nor Machiavelli smiled upon. Voluntary poverty, vows of celibacy, passive obedience, utter non-resistance, with innumerable other variations on Christian themes, are familiar as adopted, sometimes curiously perverted in the using, by individuals and even whole societies, beyond the Roman pale. When Grotius was dying in 1645, George Fox in England was moving rapidly towards Quakerism with all its fruitful consequences on both sides of the Atlantic. We have heard of the Moravian Brethren, of the Doukhobors in Russia, of L'Enfantin, Saint-Simon, Fourier; and the growing tendencies to secure by persuasion a perpetual peace have their origin, if not their justification, in the Gospels which not a few of these would-be peacemakers reject.

Catholics, with St. Thomas Aquinas, recognize an Eternal Law, founded on the nature of God Himself, a law in which there is no shadow of turning, which is true and righteous altogether. Revelation does not do away with it; the Church keeps it ever in view. But since man is a creature who, as Montaigne beheld him, is "*ondoyant et divers*," subject to endless change, the one law needs in this realm of mutability applications and, so to call them, adjustments, fitting each period of human history; whence comes the struggle between Jacob the

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wrestler and his good angel, who must prove him ere giving to the stubborn disciple a new and better name, as Israel, "The Prince of God." There is, indeed, a "law of War and Peace" held in commission by Rome, as its divinely appointed guardian. And of it we may say, as did Cardinal Nicholas of Cusa touching God's attributes, that it reconciles in itself perfections which outside it are opposed. It is not a doctrine of peace alone or of war alone. With magnificent assurance both, in the Church's firm grasp, are justified, nay consecrated, according as right requires and love of the brotherhood may claim. If any critic term this position a paradox, the answer is that facts have shown it to be real; that the Church in every age has acted upon it; and that whenever States and peoples follow the guidance of the Holy See before declaring war, and in its prosecution and ending, the hope of realizing ideals by an enduring world-peace will have drawn indefinitely nearer to accomplishment. To state my thesis, not without some audacity, the Church cannot bless any feat of arms which might not take place in a Holy War; and the Crusades were a demonstration of her mission; but she looks forward to the Kingdom of Peace, where the Beatitudes shall find their victory.

These contrasted points of view we light upon in St. Augustine, who was here as elsewhere, when carefully seen into, the great reconciler. To him the story of mankind is a "Tale of Two Cities." When the Roman Empire lay agonizing in the West, and Rome had opened its gates to the tremendous sound of the Gothic trumpet, he felt called upon to justify the ways of God to men. He did so by setting the city of God over against the city of Romulus. He gave to the Platonic idea of "a pattern laid up in Heaven," a name beloved and full of hope; it was Jerusalem, which is, being interpreted, "the Vision of Peace." What was every Christian but the pilgrim of eternity? What heathen Rome but Babylon, opposed in St. John's Revelation to the city coming down out of Heaven? Such are the master-thoughts in St. Augustine's classic and central work, which might have borne

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on its front as a title, "*The Christian Commonwealth*." He foresaw in germ the distinction between the Sacerdotium and the Imperium, that true foundation of liberty of conscience and all liberties. A discriminating editor has bidden us not to forget how "the Mediæval Church, whose theology is Augustinian, whose interest is 'other-worldly,' is yet in practice the supreme engine of civilization, culture, and development. All the movements towards intellectual or spiritual liberty arose from her, and found counterpart and encouragement within her midst; the disruption was due in the main to accidental causes."* This, again, is a paradox; but an "other-worldly" scope has, beyond question, created the power, as of some transcendent leverage, whereby the earth moves in a grander orbit of ideas. St. Augustine lifted the Roman Empire to the spheres by his very contrast of its vices and its violence with an ideal hovering in the sky above it. There began to be felt an irresistible attraction on both sides; and the Mediæval Papacy, from St. Leo to Innocent III, was the "great Sacrament" that answered it.

St. Augustine could not escape the problem of war and peace, though earlier writers, like Tertullian, might leave it with an epigram, "Were Cæsar to become a Christian, he would be no longer Cæsar." While the heathen ceremonies were bound up with public office, they made it impossible that a good Christian should be a magistrate or a prince, and not easy for him to be a soldier. Opinions such as Tertullian expressed and Origen favoured might bear affinities to modern views held, for example, by Tolstoy. But until Cæsar, in the person of Constantine, literally took the Cross for his standard (the *Labarum*) the real solution of the doubt whether a baptized man could lawfully bear arms or go to war lay beyond the range of inquiry. In concrete matters life is, and must be, the decisive test as giving the facts on which conscience passes judgment. Accordingly, St. Augustine, whose lot was cast under orthodox emperors, speaks with an eye upon

* Dr. Bussell, *City of God*, i, 255.

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the object ; and what he propounds is to this day, without alteration, what the Church teaches. But he considers himself also to be the spokesman of human nature, of the normal citizen, upon whose collective reason States are founded ; and thus the African Saint answers the question of the Greek philosopher, touching that life which is most to be desired by the pattern man and State.

For on the answer to it, in fine, our quarrel turns. The arrogant German dogma, loud sounding in our ears from voices of statesmen, strategists, and theorists—call to mind now Clausewitz, Moltke, Treitschke, Bernhardi, and the mad prophet of *Zarathustra*—has long been that war is necessary, that it should ever control policy, that mankind lives by it ; and that peace is a word for slaves, that is to say, for Christians. We have heard the cry raised by Teutons of “Odin against Jesus.” The storm-god is to be King. I fancy our cool English thinker, Hobbes, would have smiled at the Northern mythology, while accepting its message, the “War of all against all,” which he held to have been the “state of nature” before his Leviathan city had won its sovereign power. But to St. Augustine the primitive brute recorded in poets’ fables was a “half-man,” because of his “inhuman barbarism.” The Saint wrote under shadow of the coming anarchy, yet in virtue of a tradition the noble outlines of which were still close at hand. It was the “Pax Romana,” named first by Seneca (from whom so much that is modern has been quoted) ; and his spirit rejoiced with Pliny in the “*immensa Romanæ pacis majestate*.”* So widely and so long had the nations from Euphrates to Atlantic, and from the Libyan Desert to the Batavian Sea, dwelt in wealthy rest. For three centuries and more civilization had been synonymous with peace ; “peace,” Augustine tells his Roman readers, “the greatest wish of the world, as it is the most welcome,” and “the sweetness of which all men do love.” But he could never dissociate the tranquillities of time from the peace of God, man’s true end. Therefore, I will say that in

* Seneca, *De Clementia*, i, 8 ; Pliny, xxvii, 1.

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St. Augustine's vision the "Pax Romana" becomes transfigured as the "Pax Catholica," brought down to us by the perfect man, Christ Jesus. Theology all this, I grant; nevertheless, we may dimly perceive the lineaments in history of an unfolding plan, such as Augustine felt after in prophetic mood rather than saw.

He is absolute against the ideal of warring tribes, dear to barbarians, to the Germans of Tacitus, to Red Indians and other "half-men," who though baptized in Christ's name had but one conception of virtue, to kill and be killed. "War's aim," he declares, "is nought save glorious peace"; and "all men seek peace by war, not war by peace," to whose benefit we refer all things. Even among wild creatures we note the social instinct, but "far stronger are the bands that bind men unto society, and peace with all that are peaceable." In a dream this ancient Father might have caught a glimpse of Pan-Germanism; "the worst men of all," he says, "would (if it lay in their power) reduce all into a distinct form of state, drawn by themselves, whereof they would be the heads . . . herein is perverse pride, laying a yoke of obedience upon its fellows, under itself, instead of under God. Thus it hates His just peace, and builds for itself an unjust one." We cannot, however, describe St. Augustine as loving peace at any price. The school of George Fox or Richard Cobden would fail to win his adhesion. He knows, indeed, and deplures the fact that "*tantae molis erat Romanam condere gentem*." Foreign wars, civil wars, waged by the Western Babylon, have "troubled the souls of mankind." Be it so, "yea, but a wise man, say they, will wage none but just war." The Saint replies in words that furnish a preamble to the whole Catholic chapter on this heartrending theme, words to be given in full. Listen to our Christian Plato. "Wage none but a just war? He will not! As if the very remembrance that himself is man ought not to procure his greatest sorrow, in that he has cause of just war, and must needs wage them, which if they were not just were not for him to deal in; so that a wise man

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should never have war ; for that which he ought to lament is the other man's wickedness making the wise man's cause just, whether it produce wars or not. Wherefore, he that does but consider with compassion all those extremes of sorrow and bloodshed, must needs say that this is a mystery ; but he that endures them without a sorrowful emotion, or thought thereof, is far more wretched to imagine he has the bliss of a god, when he has lost the natural feeling of a man."*

There, surely, is the Doctor of Grace at his best, profound, humane, original. He discerns a mystery in war, and he is no more insensible than Tolstoy to the "passion of pity" ; what then shall he do to guide his way of thinking but look to sin as a cause, to justice as a standard, when the brotherhood of man has turned to the strife of Cain and Abel, of Romulus and Remus ? The walls of Rome were laid on foundations red with slaughter. That is, whatever be the explanation, our dismal story. Thousands of wars crimson those pages. If custom, as Pascal marks, be second nature, is not war natural ? Ay, but in a fallen creature. One may copy St. Augustine himself, as he read history, "*Vitium inolevit in naturam*" ; the race of Adam took its vices to be its very genius and art of living ; but that it should do so remains a dark depth not fathomable to any sounding line of ours. The plain lesson is to bear the mystery always in mind. De Quincey may be cited as expanding the pregnant thought of Augustine, much to our purpose :

War (he says) has a deeper and more ineffable relation to hidden grandeurs in man than has yet been deciphered. To execute judgments of retribution upon outrages offered to human rights or to human dignity, to vindicate the sanctities of the altar and the sanctities of the hearth ; these are functions of human greatness which war has many times assumed, and many times faithfully discharged. But behind all these there towers dimly a greater . . . the idea of mixed crusade and martyrdom, doing and suffering, that finds its realization in a battle fought for

* *City of God*, xv, 12 ; Eng. Tr., vol. iii, 142 ; other quotations, 139 *seq.*

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interests of the human race, felt even where they are not understood.*

Tertullian wrote in the chiefest of patristic Apologies, "For what war should not we [Christians] have been prepared and prompt, even with unequal forces, we who so willingly are butchered, were it not that according to our rule it is more lawful to be slain than to slay?"† Here is one-half of De Quincey's concept, martyrdom in a good cause. We have come upon the other half in St. Augustine's approval of a just war. Unite both, and the mediæval crusade rises up before us, cross and sword symbolizing holiness armed for battle with Satan's host. Legends taken to the heart of nations celebrate Santiago of Spain, St. George of the East, of Venice, Aquitaine, England, Russia; St. Theodore and St. Stephen, with many another down to St. Louis of France—soldier-saints, doing and suffering on behalf of the Christian folk. The hero, the knight, consecrated to the Holy War, is the Church's creation. We see his prototype in Charlemagne, defender of St. Peter's shrine and successor. The Holy Roman Empire was meant to be a peace which could, if necessary, grasp the shield and couch the lance. Carlyle describes Henry the Fowler, "in the grey dawn of modern history," as "the father of whatever good has since been in Germany"; and why? Because "his standard was St. Michael—whose sword is derived from a very high quarter." To Carlyle he is "a valiant son of Cosmos," one "warring right manfully all his days against chaos"; to Ruskin, still more pointedly, "a mighty soldier in the cause of peace."‡ The Christian paradox already noted by us returns and will return. But what does it amount to, sharply told? That peace, by nature's ordinance, is an end in itself, or rather, is *the* end—"our final good," says St. Augustine—and that the strivings of martial Saints have ever tended to the "victory of eternal peace" by much endurance of hardship, while they beat down

* *On War*, in works, viii, 392.

† *Apology*, ch. 37.

‡ *Frederick the Great*, i, 49, 51.

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wrong. After this philosophy, the Red Cross knight is a priest who offers his life in sacrifice, as a soldier dying with his Captain Christ—and for Him.

We cannot tear these illuminated pages from the chronicle—I had almost written the Missal—of the Ages of Faith. And what Catholic would dream of such defacement? The Broadstone of Honour, that castled height above the meeting of Rhine and Moselle, is a memorial of days most inspiring, when the Knight's quest was the Christian youth's adventure, seeking peril that he might make an end of injustice, cruelty, miscreancy, and heathendom. In his prayer, the Arthurian champion, Sir Bors, is heard calling on the "Lord Jesus Christ, whose liege man I am." His highest glory was to be "very Knight and Servant" of the Lord Jesu.* Hence the analogy, recognized at an early mediæval date, which undoubtedly exists between the soldier and the priest, with their reciprocal admiration and camaraderie, as of men under the like vows. Hence, too, the Orders of Chivalry, Hospitallers, Templars, Calatrava, Alcantara, the "warrior-castes of Christendom," whose members were no less monks than knights; and despite human frailties, they did in fact save our religion for us from Moor, Saracen, Kurd, and Turk. For some eleven centuries the outer sea of Mohammedan fury was flinging its waves upon our Christian bulwarks; and, if at last the waters have gone down, we owe it to the Popes who preached the Crusades, and to the enthusiasm of youth dedicated by creed and sacrament, which answered their call. Yet from Charlemagne to "Prince Eugene, the noble Ritter," always the monk's device was that of St. Benedict, "Pax"; and with St. Augustine the Church has hoped for "the final victory, to be crowned in perfection of peace." There is no contradiction here; but a mystery beyond question, over which the light cast by St. Michael's glittering sword is ever glancing.

Let us turn, reluctantly, to modern war and peace, both attaining in our own times proportions not

* Digby, *Broadstone of Honour*, ii, 61.

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hitherto imagined or imaginable. We leave behind "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war," with its Catholic emblazonments—the Knight's vigil under arms in the sanctuary, the quest of the Holy Graal, the Church's dedication of her "elect soldier" to be an anointed King, and the more august uncrowned "Baron of the Holy Sepulchre" who would not be "King in Jerusalem"—all these Crusaders that brought home the "gorgeous East" to the West. And we find ourselves in presence of a drab democracy, British, French, American, with over against it a sort of ghostly Teutonic Order, apostate, Catholic no more, still holding the Prussian lands won by those old chevaliers, and still known as the Junkertum—vowed Christian youths—their Grand Master become King and Kaiser, in the Pope's despite. It is a transition and a fall from grace; it is also the last stage of Feudalism or the caste military fronting the people—the confused, defenceless, industrial crowd, to a lamentable extent proletarian, without an acre to call their own, or any lodging but a tenement. There is never-ceasing strife between the Possidentes and the Non-Habentes; but politicians have agreed to dignify this blindman's buff by the name of peace. What then is war? Fifty years have passed since Ruskin gave its definition, hard and true as a photograph, in *The Crown of Wild Olive*. We read it now and marvel at its accuracy. The prophet asks this question of the powers that be:

If you have to take away masses of men from all industrial employment—to feed them by the labour of others—to provide them with destructive machines, varied daily in national rivalry of inventive cost; if you have to ravage the country which you attack—to destroy, for a score of future years, its roads, its woods, its cities and its harbours; and if, finally, having brought masses of men, counted by hundreds of thousands, face to face, you tear these masses to pieces with jagged shot, and leaving the living creatures, countless beyond all help of surgery, to starve and parch, through days of torture, down into clots of clay—what book of accounts shall record the cost of your work?—what book of judgment sentence the guilt of it?*

* *Collected Works*, xviii, 472.

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Ruskin concludes: "That, I say, is modern war, scientific war, chemical and mechanic war." To deny his charge would be to fly in the face of facts. Giving credit for the miracles of beneficent surgery which he did not anticipate, how appallingly must we add to the debtor column of "chemical and mechanic" war, with its flame-throwers, choking gases, torpedoes, explosive bullets, zeppelin raids on sleeping cities; then the deliberate murder of non-combatants in open places and on the high seas; the outrages done by order to women and children; the forced deportation in thousands of civilians from their homes to be worked as slaves in their enemy's country? A new term has been imported into official documents, and "frightfulness" becomes the policy by which a neutralized kingdom like Belgium is to be tamed, exploited, and ruined. But worse remains behind. The submarine blockade attempted in all waters does in effect threaten, and could it succeed would ensure a world-famine. It would end civilization. Trade and commerce have bound all States in such a close network of exchange that none can live apart. The "federation of the world," sung by Tennyson, already existed as a commercial union when war broke in upon the freedom of the seas in August, 1914. From that moment the black flag was run up with its piratical device, "Thou shalt want ere I want." Not, be it observed, by Britain, which was willing to exempt food for the civil population from contraband; but by Germany, which pitted nation against nation, instead of armies against armies and fleets against fleets. War had indeed become scientific and mechanic; but in last analysis economic. "What is there to devour, and who shall devour it?" That was the Kaiser's imperial German question, addressed immediately to the Allies, but in due course to Americans and all men.

We have brought our problem of peace and war down to its elementary terms. How astonishing that the march of mind, progress of the species, enlightened Nineteenth Century, and German Kultur, should have come to this! Democracy and Kaiserdom are at death-grips. Berlin is

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the modern Babylon, fulfilling by its pride and brute force the very description which St. Augustine gave of the Robber-City, heathen Rome, in whose annals, from its foundation until the reign of Augustus, the Saint tells us, "there is but one year reckoned, and that is held as wholly miraculous, which, falling after the first African War, gave the Romans just leave to shut up the gates of war's temple." Prussia, the head of Germany, is by make and history the great War-State, framed for no other purpose, and true to its idea from the beginning. Its Bible is the Book of its Wars. And what of Democracy? Let us count the British Empire, France, Italy, the United States, and South America, to be its leading powers. They live by industry, not rapine; they elect their working rulers; they rest upon the individual and his freedom, not on caste and its privileges. Their aim is self-development, their temper, with exceptions for Latin America, has long been peaceful. Britons, and still more the United States, if they make fresh conquests, do so under compulsion, neither people nor government desiring new burdens of empire. Thus a situation altogether without precedent meets our gaze. The Kaiserdom is a survival from ages when to be at war was the common state of man, but peace, in the words of St. Augustine, a thing wholly miraculous. Balance of power meant alliances, not so much to keep the world quiet as to be ready for the instant aggressor. In a system of trembling forces Louis XIV or Napoleon might be a portent, but neither of them was, so to speak, an anomaly. Place one or the other in London, transfer him to Washington, and how utterly antiquated he would appear, as if some primeval monster of the deep, where "they tare each other in their slime." It is the feeling of this historical incongruity which sets the Kaiser, to us Westerns and democrats, in a ridiculous, comico-terrific light. We cannot, even during the horrors of Armageddon, take him altogether seriously. His armour, his uniforms, his harangues, affect us like the feathers and paint and eloquence of a Cherokee brave on the war-path.

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A most welcome sign it is ; for when an institution seems in our eyes perfectly grotesque its strength and its sanctity are gone. Europe will not worship Odin any more ; and the Prussian Mumbo Jumbo, though he can rend his victim to shreds, touches no fibre of respect or awe in our composition. He is Attila out of date.

Old European States with dynasties and diplomacies left over from the military period show, no doubt, in their action contradictory strains ; for in none of them do the people yet completely control, even after they have appointed, their government. This notwithstanding, the drift of Liberal nations is manifestly towards a system of peace. In the United States, where yesterday is dead and buried, these entangling cords of the past cannot fetter the present. Yet the American Union has waged one war, admittedly just—a war of “martyrdom and crusade,” plainly in the interest of mankind—the war that abolished slavery. Was it defensive or offensive ? It was both. It conquered the South, and it preserved the Union by restoring it after the Secession. Democracy, then, has brought in a kind of war hitherto scarcely known ; we may call it the humanitarian. Lincoln was an angel of peace, if any man deserved that proud name. Could he, on such a ground, let the South go ? Was he to raise no troops when Fort Sumter fell ? He raised millions, and he said, “Our armies are ministers of good, not of evil.” The verdict of posterity approves. The South itself has no appeal from Lincoln to conscience. Government by the people set itself on everlasting foundations, *in montibus sanctis*, when it freed the slave. Here again the distinction shines out between Assyria-Prussia, making men serfs and women victims of foul desire, and the Voluntary State, which aims at securing to every soul within its borders, “life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.” More than one hundred millions, thanks to the genius of America, enjoy these rights and are at peace. They have not seen the shadow of war darkening their home skies during half a century of progress. Its name they have almost forgotten. They

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are the pioneers of a universal peace by example, and in a much less degree by effort. We may be sure that the United States will never make an attack on the freedom and independence of another people. And, notwithstanding the South African War, which historians will treat as an episode not a main design of Britain, there is a tendency more and more obvious on the part of our own statesmen to keep the Empire within its actual bounds ; while one Commonwealth after another rises to self-government, and peace becomes fixed as if in the course of nature among four hundred and fifty millions, dwelling in all continents, ruling the seas but leaving their pathways free. Moreover, these two spreading branches of a race endowed beyond others with political wisdom, have lived as friends without once recurring to arms over their disputes for a hundred years. The world of King Shakespeare has been, and is likely to be in the future, a world at peace.

No language, in my opinion, however sanguine, can adequately render the growing significance of these phenomena. Were they but accidents in the human story they would call forth our admiration. Accidents, however, they are not, any more than the discovery of America by Columbus or the double dominion by sea and land of the English Crown was an accident. They are chapters in what I have called "the unfolding plan." They answer to the idea of progress ; and, therefore, they tend towards the fulfilment of hopes cherished in every age by those obstinate dreamers, the prophets. To England has been committed the political education of mankind. Our training for the task laid upon us carries our mind far back, to King Alfred and Edward the Confessor, to Runnymede and the Barons of the thirteenth century, to Naseby and the Revolution of 1688. Catholics and Puritans, Whigs and Tories, have all contributed in building the Temple of Hope.

America learned from English ancestors the principles which it handed on to France, though France, thanks to its Latin and Renaissance tradition, has been overslow in

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learning, and still more in applying them, rightly. England, in short, has found the methods whereby to pass from the military to the industrial régime without annihilating order or making freedom impossible. And the outcome, as events declare, is a change in Western life from the love of war to a detestation of its waste and cruelty as the supreme unreason. War charms no longer ; it awakens in sentimental youth no ambition. It had ceased to be interesting to us when German passion for a world-empire flung it like flame on our busy peaceful folk. Americans have turned from the sight with loathing ; they have almost denied that such a mad welter and shower of blood were conceivable in the Twentieth Century. "As for war, I call it murder," sang Lowell's jesting-earnest Yankee, when the troubles of Mexico forced his generation to fight. That is to-day the American creed. And the American mother chants defiantly, "I did not raise my boy to be a soldier."

True to our genius for compromise, England pursues after peace by a balance of means cunningly opposed. Until 1914 she had a small professional army, but would not hear of universal military training. She kept her navy out of home waters. She passed, but only for a year at a time, the Mutiny Bill, except for which civilians who enlisted could not be put under martial law. Her "little wars," however frequent, were matters of police rather than of policy. When was the last battle fought in this Island ? Few could tell, and fewer have given it a thought. The poet of Imperialism sang with fierce delight of the "price of Admiralty" ; he won applause ; but his *Barrack-room Ballads* are witness in what disfavour with middle-class, nay with working-class too, the "thin red line of heroes" found itself when it was not in action. To the peerage, baronetage, and county families—may I define them as the circle of Debrett ?—the "Services" opened a field of fame ; to the great class of "lower middles" they figured as a disagreeable item in the annual "Estimates," to be cut down wherever possible ; to the "people," city and suburban, in the factory or on

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the farm, they showed as a margin of waste for wastrels, a last resource, a kind of workhouse-colony into which unmanageable youths drifted. Devotion to class and country was a heritage in the circle of Debrett. If anyone talked seriously of "patriotism," except on the music-hall stage, to the masses, he would have been thought a little brain-struck. We have seen Lord Roberts, most popular of soldiers since Wellington, yet mocked and flouted when he went about pleading with his countrymen to make England safe before the coming storm. He was in the right, and the nation with its government disastrously in the wrong. But such things go far to prove that where the United States stand now, almost infatuated with desire of peace, Great Britain stood four years ago. Not the peace inflicted, as on the France of 1871, after defeat, but the normal enduring condition of life, as though it were a law like the course of the seasons. To such a habit of mind had their insular or continental security and settled industries on an enormous scale brought these millions. War, beheld from so great a distance, what was it except a wholly superfluous combination of "battle, murder, and sudden death," enhanced by plague, famine, measureless desolation, and ruin on all sides? The very language of civilization is inventive, creative; war seems to have no grammar but that of destruction, no category bound by the moral law. It has been relegated from the human sphere, to play its part with earthquake and volcanic fires. Man, moving upward, leaves it behind him for ever.

Thus do the sovereign "Anglo-Saxon" Commonwealths declare, whose judgment in politics or statecraft must be final, if the stream of history is not to flow back towards primitive barbarism. Reason, at our present stage, condemns war; an evil custom alone defends it. War is no longer an ideal. We may have to endure its ravages; the faculty of admiring it is gone from us. The same causes—universal industry, world-wide exchange of commodities—and the English-American principles operating through democratic institutions,

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have led to similar consequences in France under the Third Republic, in Italy, the Netherlands, Belgium, and Scandinavia. No revolution of feeling has been more significant in our time than the French hatred and even contempt of military ambition, following upon so much glory linked with Napoleon's "eternity of fame." Even to win back their lost provinces the people would not go to war. They had ceased not only, as Gambetta counselled, to talk of *la revanche* but to think of it. The teachers in Government schools became pacifist by the thousand. The army was decried in writings, lectures, congresses of social workers; and a local militia found advocates among ministers. Peace on earth was to be combined with war against Heaven in the secularist programme. At all events, when the German thunderbolt fell, France, like England, was without any adequate defence, owing to her resolute distrust of the military spirit. As for the countries bordering on Kaiserdom, all they sought was to be let alone. Belgium, Norway, Switzerland, were neutralized by the common law of Europe. Italy, though entering under motives little comprehensible upon a campaign in Tripoli, had every reason, geographic no less than economic, to keep on terms with all the world. Had English principles made their way among Teutons, as they did among Latins, Low Dutch, and Norsemen, the League of Peace inaugurated by Nicholas II of Russia, when the Nineteenth Century was drawing to a close, would have won a complete victory. The natural course of things, as I have pretty nearly demonstrated, was visibly in its favour. On the other side Feudalism, or the Prussian system, represented the Old Guard, who would die, if they must, but not surrender.

War, then, is now reaction, when it is unjust; and when it is just, it is self-defence. The Kaiser is the ghost of the Holy Roman Empire turned Protestant; in shining armour, like Hamlet's deceased parent, he revisits the glimpses of the moon. He is neither Catholic nor humanitarian. I consider this to be the dominant fact

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on which the present and future of history depend. It will at once be perceived how exactly this view tallies with St. Augustine's distinction between the reign of force and the reign of justice ; while from another prospect we observe that the human is not to be set opposite the Christian height, but is less exalted and looks up to the Mount of Beatitudes as its crest and crown. I quoted at the beginning the Saint's anticipation of " the last victory, to be crowned in perfection of peace " ; doubtless an achievement beyond man's natural powers. But words like these betray the profound sympathy of the Church as Christ's Kingdom on earth with all true strivings after brotherhood among the sons of Adam.

Here we come in view of the Great Divide which we have always to consider since the philosophy known in Tractarian Oxford as " Liberalism " drew up its chart of progress. The question is, shall what is left of good in human nature be held as a preparation for the Gospel or set forth as an Evangel in its stead ? It is the question brilliantly stated by Comte, and by him resolved (I pass over his nomenclature) in favour of the new Evangel. A recent writer, Mr. Malcolm Quin, handles it once more with conviction in his volume on *The Problem of Human Peace*, which he undertakes to study " from the standpoint of a scientific Catholicism." We are thus brought back, it would appear, after winding ways of thought, to my early friend, Grotius, with his law of nature and of nations; but let us not overlook the difference. Grotius would have died rather than deny the supernatural Christian Revelation, on behalf of which he suffered grievously at the hands of Dutch Calvinists. Mr. Quin, if I do not entirely mistake him, is a disciple of Comte, in whose eyes the Supernatural was a defunct mythology. By " scientific Catholicism " we must understand a Pope, Hierarchy, Sacraments, Dogmas, all " trans-valued," as Nietzsche would say, into terms of the present world, their " other-world " equivalence being simply zero. Comte perceived, and has expressed with rare eloquence, the earthly grandeur of the Church during the Middle

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Ages. He dreamt of its restoration as furnishing the ideal elements and the motive force required to lift mankind out of the slough called "Materialism," into the air and light of a loving Humanity. These not unwinning strains we have heard from George Eliot and her "choir invisible." But their burden ever is, "No God, no Christ, no Heaven"; their message, "This world is all." Man, therefore, must be sufficient for himself; the "Kingdom of Christ" denotes a stage, the last and best, in his evolution. He will attain to peace from love of the ideal within him. He will transcend war, as he will one day have put aside the old religions, the abstract philosophies, in which he trusted. The Catholic Church, thus transfigured, will have been a forecast of human solidarity.

This was Comte's idea. Supposing it to be Mr. Malcolm Quin's, I distinguish in it the vast undeniable truth which exhibits the Catholic Church as the central history of mankind. A momentous truth, the neglect of which has cost Europe agonies of isolation and dislocation. For Catholic Rome, so Providence ordains, must ever be the one sure pivot of the balance of power. It has been thrust aside, and we watch our civilization staggering along until it is now heading for the General Overturn. But I detect a fallacy likewise in Comte and in Comte's disciple. Both imagine that there dwells at the heart of Humanity without God a force of right thinking and unselfish willing which is inexhaustible, capable in due time of making our human world perfect. This I call the delusion of "the perpetual motion" applied to man. An infinite source of power will exist in an infinite system; it lies not in us. Too well do we know our bounds; we faint and fail; our efforts to improve "*ce Grand-Etre*" come lamentably short of our hopes. The vague declamations in Mr. Quin's pages reveal his want of anything solid to offer his afflicted brethren; they can only serve to refute a science which has neither fulcrum nor lever whereby to move the universe. The potential energy we need must be sought elsewhere.

Assuredly, Catholicism means, "a continuous and

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organized attempt, individual and social, to realize in man an ideal or type of Perfection, considered as being given and symbolized in Christ." But were Christ only man, and His Father in Heaven a myth, how limited would be His power, and consequently ours, of realizing any ideal! For the ideal, as Plato saw, is eternal in essence and transcends the world of time, whence it can move all earthly aspirations to desire it, and can itself fulfil them. The Middle Ages were great because their vision reached unto Heaven, and they were not "time's fool," as of necessity those periods are which see "the human sky" one day to be rolled up, "like a scroll within a tomb, unread for ever." Monks and saints who fled from the world somehow built better "in the waste wilderness." Had the Church been a self-contained Idealism, not founded on "the powers of the world to come," her message would be nothing but the echo of her own voice, a faint reflection of man's desires and, at best, an amiable delusion. Such was Comte's Positivism; such it remains. What, indeed, is its project but a reversal of reason, that it may, in the stinging words of the *Dunciad*,

Make God man's image, man the Final Cause?

But, granting that "the good which was left" in Adam's children never could be a substitute for the "grace and truth" that "came by Jesus Christ," we have still to inquire in what sense it deserves to be held a preparation for the Gospel. That is the question, every day more pressing, which the leader of the Tractarians handled like a master from one point of view, the same, though not with any direct reference to Comte, which I have just taken. There is, however, when we have thus cleared the ground, another more promising, also familiar to Newman. We find it occupied by Clement of Alexandria, by St. Augustine, by St. Thomas Aquinas. Putting the matter plainly, I would term this principle the reconciliation of philosophy with religion, or of Plato and Aristotle with the Catholic Church. And I would go one step onward, humbly following in the wake of the

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Franciscan school led by Scotus, who drew from suchlike premises most comfortable words for days in store. What is the idea? Simply this: We should look upon the present order of Providence as one in design and execution from beginning to end. It is not the drama of mere human effort failing and abandoned, while the order of grace, leaving these rejected natural virtues behind, soars up to Heaven. No, the plan is single, all-embracing, without waste or remnant; whatever good has been or shall be anywhere belongs to the Kingdom, and Christ will claim it as His own. As men talk now with justice of the "unity of science," so may Christians extol the consistency of goodness. The Alexandrian Clement wrote that "to the Greeks philosophy was given as their peculiar covenant, being itself a footstool of the philosophy of Christ." Put "men of good will" for "Greeks," and the argument need not appear less cogent. In all strivings after goodness the "secret presence of God" is surely to be acknowledged. And can those good acts remain disconnected, as if in worlds not realized, mere links of a broken chain, having neither part nor lot in the divine scheme of redemption? It is hard to think so. History does not exhibit two parallel lines of Nature and Grace never meeting. If science is a whole, so is history; and Nature has at no time been left utterly to itself.

Considerations like these, if true of the old Greeks, will be relevant yet more to the many "movements," as we term them, of human kindness prompted by belief, however imperfect, in one or other Gospel teaching, so far as they did not, on the matter of their enthusiasm, contradict our creed. The touchstone, separating gold from alloy, will be ever in the hands of authority. Let me instance the crusades of modern times against the slave trade and slavery, against intemperance, the "social evil," corrupt literature, and now the Crusade of Peace, which we are dealing with. Dross, not sparingly, has been mingled with fine gold. The profound truth held by Aristotle, confirmed by Catholic wisdom, that virtue lies in a mean, fails to win the extremes of Right and Left;

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and Pacifist meets Militarist in battle array to the general confusion. One part of God's plan is dashed against another, until the whole would be wrecked, were His counsels not clearer than our short sight. Meanwhile, the Church weighs in her balance peace and war, according to the standard of equity. She knows which is the "most eligible life," individual and social. She does not exempt the State from the laws of ethics. Prudence, justice, fortitude, temperance, are not mere private virtues. In her judgment peace, not war, is the normal condition; for men are brethren. But she consecrates the sword of justice borne by the chief ruler, as she preaches obedience to the civil magistrate. "Ecclesia abhorret a sanguine" is the maxim of Canon law. The clergy did what in them lay to tame Feudalism by the "Truce of God," the right of sanctuary, and the crusades themselves, which lent to warfare, otherwise tribal or marauding, an ideal aim. Conclude once more with our philosopher-saint that "peace is war's purpose, the scope of all military discipline, and the limit at which all just contentions level."*

It is meeting the Peace movement on the heights if I now quote an American diplomatist and jurist, Dr. Van Dyke, addressing lately some of his fellow-citizens in London. I do not remember a more concise and happy drawing of its present platform. Dr. Van Dyke said :

Let us be loyal to our own American principles. Certain great ideals have created and guided the development of the United States—the consent of the governed as the foundation of government; the sacred right of the nations small and great to a sovereignty and independence which respect the rights of others; the freedom of the seas which necessitates the suppressing of piracy and the cleaning out of sea-wolves; the sanctity of scraps of paper to which honourable names are signed; finally, after a righteous peace has been restored to the world, a general and concerted reduction of armaments, which will change them from a perpetual menace to a common protection of order, under the

* *City of God*, xv, 12; Vol. iii, 140.

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moral guidance of a League of Nations, which will amount to an open alliance against aggressive war. . . . In that victorious peace may our country share with all who love it, and are willing to give their life to defend and uphold it.*

So far as my reading extends there is not a word in this declaration of the rights of peace and war which a General Council might not pass and the Pope approve. It expresses the very virtue in a mean that we were seeking. It gives point and edge to the saying of a renowned pacifist, driven by the logic of facts to grant that "the pieties of a peace movement which stops at sentiment delude the country during peace, and are swept away during a war."† It calls up a vision of the next Conference at The Hague (timed to meet in this year of crisis, 1917) with delegates of the victorious Allies, and of the United States, representing nine hundred millions of the world's inhabitants, some thirty million square miles of its territories, and the sovereignty of the seas; while the Central Empires defeated bring their guilt and shame to judgment. Never was there such a Great Assize. And who shall be the Chief Justice? For it is to be a day when "Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other." The Allied ambassadors will stand for the law of nature and of nations, vindicated by the sword, to be established by the potential energy of these millions and their wide dominions. Who will stand for the Law of Christ? There is one august figure—one, and one only—to be named on such a day, and in this Parliament of Man. Enemies point him out as clearly as his most devoted friends and loyal children. He is the bearer of the keys, "Servant of the servants of God," uniting in his own person the Rome of the Cæsars with the Rome of the Apostles; and as Leo XIII warned the Conference at The Hague, which would not give him a share in its deliberations, he is by divine appointment "the mediator of peace." The Church is the Christianity

* *The Morning Post*, Feb. 17th, 1917.

† *National Defence*, by J. R. Macdonald, p. 28.

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of past and present ; the Papacy controls a moral and supernatural influence capable of new-creating civilization. It is to be hoped that The Hague Conference, whenever it assembles, will think on these things and act on them.

WILLIAM BARRY.

THE CROSS AND THE SWORD

“YOU have seen there are carabinieri travelling by this train?” asked the Italian officer who, up to that moment, had not found me worth a remark, though he favoured me the more with looks of suspicion. We were in the train between Rapallo and Genoa, and were alone. I answered I *had* seen the carabinieri. Impossible to deny it, as they had just passed along the corridor. “Spies are arrested every day on this train,” continued the young officer. I saw what he was driving at, and showed my colours by handing him my card with my Italian address printed upon it. This led to conversation. The young lieutenant, who seemed to be about twenty-five years old, had travelled a good deal, and, like many of his generation, had studied in Germany. We compared notes on German cities and customs, and after a discussion on morals we arrived at the subject of religion.

“I am a Catholic, Cattolico Apostolico Romano,” said the dashing young officer, “but I must confess that before the war I had not much truck with religion. Then I went to the front, and there I learnt to pray. Mass in the trenches is different from Mass at home, when the priest rattles off his Latin, and a dirty altar-boy makes the responses, turning round between whiles to signal to his friends in the church. And the guns preach a better sermon than any Capuchin. When you have seen what I have seen—for instance, a shell falls amongst a group of four officers: when the smoke clears away, a heap of flesh remains, and from a tree hangs a newly-torn leg, still warm——” The young officer fell silent. He had spoken in a curt and almost brutal way. Then he looked out of the window. For a few minutes he could not go on.

The line runs along the shores of the Genoese Riviera. Fishermen are dragging in their boats on the russet beach that runs down to the bluish-green sea. The deep Nervi

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gardens are full of flowers. Women are standing on doorsteps in the sunshine with babies in their arms. Here peace is still a reality. But the train rushes, rushes, rushes to the other reality, the great blood-red reality of the war.

As railway-reading I have Ernest Psichari's *Le Voyage du Centurion*. Ernest Psichari!—one knows from whom he descended by nature. He has the same baptismal name as his grandfather, Renan, whose *Vie de Jésus* is read as a novel—the Ernest Renan who, with Hippolyte Taine, is the brilliant French twin-star on the spiritual horizon of the middle of the last century: Ernest Renan and the daughter of the devout painter, Ary Scheffer. The issue of the union between the renegade priest and the Calvinist woman was a daughter, who, by a Greek father, gave birth to another Ernest. Renan died; and the new Ernest, Ernest Psichari, grew up and became a smart officer—such another as he who is reading in a corner of the compartment the latest number of *Noi e il Mondo*.

But this young Frenchman did not wait for the guns to preach to him before he returned to the Church which his grandfather had left. When "Agathon" published, in 1913, his Report on *Les jeunes gens d'aujourd'hui*, one of the contributors was Lieutenant Ernest Psichari, "recently returned from Africa." This young officer, in the French Colonial Army, wrote the following answer to the questions put to him: "The young men of the present day have more moral backbone than those of the preceding generation. We are conscious of an appalling responsibility; we have an oppressive certainty, which never for a moment leaves us, of an overwhelming obligation. Our generation—I speak of those whose manhood began with the opening of the century—is full of significance. All hopes are centred in us, and we know it. On us depends the salvation of France, that is to say, of the world and civilization. Everything rests upon us." Written in 1912-13, the following lines read now like prophecy: "It seems to me that the young men are dimly conscious

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that they will see great things, and that great things will be done through them. It will not fall to their lot to become amateurs or sceptics. They will not go through life like tourists. They know what is expected of them."

A certain set of the new generation, Psichari felt, is too much interested in sport. The word "intellectual," he says, has almost become a term of abuse. But these young men, he predicts, will return to French traditions, "and Roosevelt's *strenuous* life will become a horror to them." For, with a Frenchman, intelligence holds the supreme place. Young men, returning to Christian traditions, remember that Catholic teaching accords with French thought. There was "our dear Jacques Maritain," for instance, who bears witness: "Supernatural understanding is the second of the gifts of the Holy Ghost. It is that for which the Psalmist pleads with such wondrous earnestness—*intellectum da mihi*. With the understanding shall we one day behold God. Our intelligence is just as valuable to God as our heart, and, in order to preserve it, he sends us nothing less than the peace that passes all understanding." This, say the young men of France, is the intelligence which the old "intellectuals" degraded. The young will watch over it as over their dearest.

The manhood of Ernest Psichari began, as he says, with the beginning of the century. He was born in Paris in 1883, and in 1902 he took his degree as a Licentiate in Philosophy from the Lycée Henri IV. While serving his time as a soldier he conceived the desire of becoming an officer and going to the Congo under Colonel Leufant, whence he returned home, in 1908, decorated with the Military Medal. At the same time he began to write; and, during that year, published a collection of impressions entitled *Terres de soleil et de sommeil*. He became an officer at the School of Artillery at Versailles, and spent three years (1909-12) in Mauritania, dividing his time between warlike exploits and philosophical meditations. The desert made him think, and "think things out." Returning to France he brought with him the manuscript of a book "begun in the ardour of a man's twenty-sixth

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year and completed in my tent in the Sahara." The novel, *L'appel des armes*, is dedicated "to our master, Charles Péguy," to him "whose spirit accompanied me in the loneliness of Africa, that other lonely one in whom the soul of France dwells now, and whose work has forced our young men on their knees for love." A dedication that is in itself a confession; for Charles Péguy (that strange spirit and completely peculiar poet, without whom the new France is inexplicable) is the great sign-post pointing from "Modern thought" back to the old Cathedrals and, as a kneeler, to the everlasting altar. Like Péguy, Ernest Psichari became a believing and practising Catholic.

At Cherbourg, where he was then stationed, Ernest completed, in the beginning of 1914, the book I am now reading, *Le Voyage du Centurion*. He wrote it (as he says himself in a letter to Paul Bourget) "in trembling, because he was face to face with the Most Holy Trinity." Before the book was printed the war broke out. On August 22nd, 1914, Lieutenant Psichari fell in the action at Roissignol, near Charleroi in Belgium, defending his battery to the last. He was thirty years old. The book came out after his death.

There has been no lack of conversions in France during the latest decades. From Verlaine and Huysmans, Coppée and Léon Bloy, the list of literary conversions is continued by Brunetière and Bourget to Paul Claudel, Francis Jammes, Charles Péguy, Henri Lavedan, Charles Morice. But the delightful distinction of the most recent converts of the Twentieth Century is their youth. There is a sadness in seeing the forty and fifty-year-olds gathering up the remnants of themselves, not always *les beaux restes*, and gravely surrendering them to God. The French persecution of the Church helped to change this. Youth, in its generous idealism, will always learn the lesson of the persecuted. While the *Ecole Normale*, only ten years ago, could hardly count three or four Catholics within its walls, immediately before the war no fewer than forty (a third of the pupils) were ardent

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Catholic Christians. Joseph Lotte (since then killed in action, like so many of the best young men in France) gathered about his *Bulletin des professeurs catholiques de l'Université* a staff of eighteen Professors at the University, and one hundred and ninety-six grammar-school masters. And these new Academic young men, who go to Mass, have created a new, young literature. To mention the most prominent names : André Lafon (also killed in action), François Mauriac, Robert Vallery-Radot, Armand Praviel, Charles Grolleau, André Delacour, Louis Pize, Jean Variot, Paul Bonté, and—in Belgium—Pierre Nothomb, Hugues Lecocq, Georges Virrès, Bruno Destrée.

Though not belonging to any group or any school, Ernest Psichari was closely related to these. He, in whose veins such different blood was mingled—Celtic, Greek, Teutonic—had, like his contemporaries, the pure consciousness of *being* French, and of feeling that he *ought to be* French. Péguy had taught him this ; and Maurice Barrès, I imagine, and Charles Maurras. The hero in *L'appel des Armes*, the officer Nangès, goes one Sunday morning in spring with a friend through Paris and meets the white-clad companies of little girls coming from church and their First Communion, led by Sisters, and hidden in veils like little brides. And the following words pass between friend and friend : “ That is the result of the campaign that France has conducted against the Church. Never, I think, have there been so many of those little girls as this year. I believe the Church is growing strong in her sufferings. And not only is the endurance of Catholicism admirable—it is the whole race that will not forsake its beautiful traditions.” Nangès is a son of tradition.

Nangès is also a soldier, and as such an enemy of *le bourgeois*, the smug middle-class citizen. Instinctively he loves that of which the Philistine is afraid. “ The *bourgeois*,” says Nangès, “ is afraid of that which he does not understand. He quakes when he hears talk about infinity—about the absolute. He is afraid of the Sahara

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as he is afraid of Wagner's music." In the desert, in solitude, beneath the immense blue and luminous star-lit night, the soldier meets another who, like himself, is not afraid of the absolute, that is, the priest. Both have understood—what average modern human beings do not understand—that *liberty is the ideal of slaves. He who belongs to the nobility desires to obey.* In *L'appel des Armes* there are a father and a son, Sébastien Vincent and Maurice Vincent. The father is a schoolmaster, of the old free-thinking type; the son wishes to be a soldier because he desires to serve. "Maurice," says Psichari, "was of the race of free men, and desired nothing but to surrender himself. Sébastien came of a race of thralls and proclaimed the independence of emancipated reason." He had the charcoal-burner's faith in "Progress"—common to all ignorant minds. How could the history of twenty centuries be compared to it? But history revenged itself, and confronted this man with a youth who obeyed only his heart and dared to listen to the voices of the past—a child in whom the refined culture, the courtesy, the earnestness and nobility of soul of twenty centuries arose to new life. "Sébastien would like to scorn the soldier, as he would like to scorn the saint and the poet." The warrior, the saint (namely, the priest), the poet! Baudelaire, too, once placed these three side by side. And Ernest Psichari, on his own account, takes up the liberal catchword about "the alliance between the sabre and the holy-water sprinkler" and gives his consent to it. By Sword and by Cross! "They are," he says, "two very good symbols of two dogmas; signs of two systems. Two metaphysics, mutually differing, by no means allied or in league against a common foe—on the contrary they are divided. And yet the two signs meet, and they stand together in the heavens, side by side, in a halo of supernatural radiance. For all mysticism has one common mark, and this mark is to seek an exalted passion that tears us out of ourselves and compels us to weep with love." The seeking for this passion, the longing to weep those tears, and how the seeker finds

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his way into port and his longing finds relief in tears—that is the theme of *The Centurion's Journey*.

Who is the centurion mentioned here? The reader, familiar with his Bible, has already guessed—it is the Centurion of the Eighth Chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, he who says to the Master: "Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof; say but the word and my servant shall be healed. For I also am a man under authority, having soldiers under me, and I say to one, Go, and he goeth, and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it." The hero in *Le Voyage du Centurion* is, then, one who obeys. We, who were young in the century of disobedience, and whose plebeian nature knew only one solution, "Emancipated!" should feel ashamed and edified at the sight of this new, young generation of nobility, whose ambition is to serve. Maxence, we are told of Psichari's other self, had been brought up far from religious influence, the son of a colonel of literary tastes, a disciple of Voltaire who translated Horace. But Maxence had a soul: "He was born to believe, to love, and to hope. And he could not endure that truth and purity should only be words, with no root in reality." This soul has one longing—to seek solitude. O all you, who suffer from an unknown pain, all you who have lost your way and are bewildered, do like Maxence, flee from the lies of cities, go out to those uncultivated regions that seem to come still warm from the hands of the Creator, stay there amidst the elements and try to find again the features in the calm and unchangeable countenance of truth. Africa, the Sahara, "the pale rose-coloured desert," becomes the home of his soul. He knew that Africa brings great things to pass; from Africa, therefore, he could demand everything, and, through Africa, from himself. From Africa, symbol of eternity, he could demand the true, the beautiful, the good, all eternity. "The rule of Africa's order is silence. As a monk observes silence in his cloister, so the desert observes silence in its white habit."

Maxence thus feels like a silent, industrious and con-

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scientious monk in the endless cloisters of his monastery. He leads his men, fights against rebellious tribes, administers justice between the Arabs who come to him in the cool of the evening. He talks with priests of Mahomet and dreamers of Islam, and feels that amongst them he is the ambassador of western civilization, the torch-bearer of Christianity. But when a Sheik or a Nabi questions him about his faith he answers evasively—he explains to them what *the others* believe—why? Maxence knows what it is to serve, to be the man on whom the chief relies, and the faithful servant who carries out an order accurately and obeys a command. Why, then, if he is a faithful soldier, so many falls to which he has consented, and so many denials of which he has been guilty? If he abhors progress, why does he reject Rome, the touchstone of all fidelity? And if he contemplates the unchangeable sword with eyes of love, why does he turn away from the unchangeable Cross?

In this way Maxence reaches the point at which he feels that a choice must be made. Either he must reject all authority, and with that, the army; or he must accept all authority, human and divine. In the world of order there is the priest and there is the soldier. The world of disorder has neither. But in the world of order all things are connected one with the other. Just as France cannot deny the Cross of Christ, so the army cannot deny France. And the priest can no more deny the soldier than the soldier can deny the priest. It is a case of being a recusant or an infidel—to be *with* those who rebel, or *against* them.

But Maxence—and with him Psichari—is no pragmatist, saying: “This is useful, therefore it is true.” On the contrary, he wishes passionately for Truth, he demands proof that Jesus Christ is really the Word of God, that the Church is really and truly the infallible guardian of Truth, and that Mary is indeed the Queen of Heaven: “Nothing is beautiful except that which is true. If Mary is not really Our Lady, then let Notre Dame be razed to the ground! If Christianity is a lie, then let France perish, and her twenty Christian centuries be

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blotted out of history—let this Christian France be accursed if it has been built up on error and wrong ! ” There are no useful lies, no profitable illusions, as so many believe : in the desert Maxence learns the true value of a mirage. “ A misty religious consolation fills him with loathing ; for him no other consolation exists but the clearness of noon-day and radiant certainty.” In this frame of mind he utters his first prayer :

O God in Heaven, if Thou existest, then behold my misery ! Behold the disorder in which I live. Behold, on one hand, I desire a law of life that will preserve me from sin, and on the other I demand that this law shall accord with the Truth and be raised above human needs. Behold my heart, Lord, which desires Thy peace ; and behold my thought, which will have none of this peace if it be built upon a lie. O Heavenly Father, Thou understandest that I have no need of a shadow, and that no dreams can comfort me in this great earthly battle in which I have to fight ! For I am a real man in a real world, and I am a soldier, struggling in the real conflict of life.

This is no sensuous æsthete, intoxicating himself with church incense, stained-glass windows, and Gregorian chants. This is no Modernist who doubtfully dares to believe, while he cherishes a lurking hope in his heart that at most dogma is a symbol, the sign of an incomprehensible reality—or perhaps merely a beautiful dream. This is no “ Broad ” Protestant distinguishing between the Resurrection as a truth of Faith and the Resurrection as a fact, accepting the one, rejecting the other. This is a man whose speech is “ Yea, yea,” and “ Nay, nay,” and whose sword cuts straight through all the beautiful silken wrappings in which his illustrious grandfather shrouded his denials. Did a Virgin bring forth, or did she not bring forth ? Did Jesus of Nazareth rise from His grave alive, or did He see corruption like all the seed of Adam ? Did He stand, risen, amongst His disciples on one of the hills of Galilee, did His feet mount slowly from the stone on which He stood, and did they see Him disappear slowly amongst the clouds—those who had known Him

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in His life-time, and who could not be mistaken in Him, the fishermen, Peter, Andrew and John ? These are the questions—the “confounded questions,” as Heine calls them ; and Psichari the soldier wants an answer to them, which shall be as clear as a command and as honest as an old officer’s blue eyes.

Thus thought Maxence towards the close of his first year in the Sahara. He felt his interior receptivity increase, and the circle of his spiritual capacity extend. In that boundless loneliness, during marches and in encounters by night with Arabs who attack the small French force, he holds his dialogue with a silent God : “Maxence dimly perceives that the highest to which mankind can attain is that state in which freedom and obedience, striving and impatience, melt into one, and this state is only attained in Jesus Christ.” Still Maxence hesitates to accept the invitation to the Great Supper. “Lord,” he exclaims, “whither shall we go ? Thou hast the words of eternal life. But our hearts are still too narrow. We have not yet deserved to know Thee. We do not yet give ourselves utterly to Thee.” “I long for regeneration,” he says ; “I long really to live at last.” Maxence says his yea at last, and has his reward : “What joy is mine ! Already I feel the new life streaming into me in all its freshness. The spirit within me is free, it rises to the surface like a float that is liberated from the mud. My spirit is free on the waters, on the everlasting waters that have been divided from the corruption of the earth. Oh, sweet freshness ! What joy, what peace !” All doubts are silenced, and Faith sings her hymn of praise. Ernest Psichari, flesh of Renan’s flesh and blood of Renan’s blood, kneels on the desert sand beneath the infinite blue dome and makes his confession of faith : “Man needs God ; Jesus gives God in giving Himself. Man needs holiness ; Jesus comes and it stands revealed. Jesus is the equipoise of the world ; He is the fulfilment of all that is human and all that is divine. He is the ring that was lacking, the marriage ring that joins the old covenant with the new. He is the meeting of man with

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God—the unique meeting, from which has sprung the spark of love.”

“God, soul, immortality—good, old, somewhat rough words, which we have no objection to retaining, but to which we give a new meaning,” wrote Ernest Renan once, and in all the haunts of Positivism and Free-thought heads were bowed in assent. The God Whom Ernest Psichari invokes in the Sahara is the old, plain-spoken God. “He is the Father Who loves us, Who desires that we should be free and happy. He is not a principle, or an idea, or a dogma. He is our Father and our Friend and our Brother. He is not a word or a chimera, He is One by Whom we are nourished. He is not ‘Goodness’ or ‘Reason’ or ‘The Ideal.’ He is a Person: He is Jesus Christ, the Mediator; the Second Person of the Trinity; true Man and true God; the unique proof of the existence of God, the source of all virtue, our Gate of Heaven and our Leader to eternal life.”

JOHANNES JÖRGENSEN.

[This chapter is in some sort a Prologue to the distinguished Danish author's record of his visit to “austere Paris” and to the Belgian Refugees in France. The English translation (by Miss Ingebord Lund) is promised under the title of *The War Pilgrim* by Messrs. Burns and Oates.]

FROM THE TRENCHES : A PLEA AND A CLAIM

WHEN War was declared by England the whole world turned to see what Ireland would do. That a certain number of Irishmen would fight bravely in the British Army was expected. That had always been the case, even in days when the spirit of Ireland was troubled and when disaffection for British Rule was most rife. But what the world wanted to know was what Ireland as a whole—that is, including Nationalist Ireland—would do. Would the Irish take the side of England and France, or would they, as the Germans hoped, either stand coldly neutral or else openly take up arms against their old hereditary enemy, England ?

It is true to say, that in the past Nationalist Ireland had never, since the destruction of the Irish Parliament at any rate, whole-heartedly identified itself with any of England's struggles. In the fateful days of August, 1914, people wondered what Ireland's attitude would be towards the great war which was about to begin. It was, then, with a sense of grateful relief, that the British people heard the pronouncement of the Leader of the Irish party in Parliament that Ireland's loyalty and co-operation in the coming struggle might be counted upon. In Germany there immediately broke out a manifestation of strong rage, and the Nationalist Leader became the object of the most bitter attacks in the German Press. And yet Germany had no claim whatever upon Irish consideration. With almost every country in Europe, Ireland had more sympathy than with Germany. With France, Irishmen had had, from time immemorial, historical and traditional connection. France, at any rate, had made some efforts to relieve Ireland from suffering and oppression, whilst Germany had never lifted a finger, or spoken a word, or exercised the slightest influence towards the

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mitigation of the conditions under which Irishmen were governed.

As between Germany and France, therefore, it caused no surprise to the student of history that Irishmen should prefer to fight upon the side of the French. What did cause surprise in some quarters was that Ireland, through her representatives, should take the side of England in the war, and that Irishmen should flock by tens of thousands into the Army. And yet this attitude of Ireland only made good and bore out the pledged word of Irishmen that, under certain circumstances, they would loyally take their part in the defence and maintenance of the great Empire, which Irishmen had helped largely to create. What were these circumstances ? They involved the granting to Ireland of Self-government or Home Rule. From the earliest days of the Home Rule movement down to the days of Parnell and Redmond, it had been always steadfastly proclaimed by Ireland that if she had her own Parliament restored, she would take her place frankly and fully in the Empire. In 1914, just before the Declaration of War, the British people, through the majority of their representatives, passed through Parliament the Bill establishing Home Rule. Shortly afterwards this Bill received the Royal Assent and passed to the Statute Book. It is true Home Rule did not come into operation, and the Irish people were disappointed when they were told that, pending the War, they would have to wait for the establishment of their Parliament. Still, the victory was won. Home Rule was the law of the land, and, in spite of their disappointment, the Irish people felt that the King and representatives of the British people had conceded their country's claim. Was it conceivable then that Ireland should refrain from carrying out her own pledged word to take her share in the defence of the Empire, having had her claim to her Parliament ratified by the British electorate and sealed with the Royal Assent ? Britain had kept her share of the compact as to Home Rule, and it was for Ireland to show that she was ready before the world to keep her

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share in the Home Rule compact as well. From every platform in Great Britain the Irish Members, with the assent of their constituents, declared that the granting of Home Rule would be the beginning of a new era of friendship and brotherhood between the peoples of the two Islands. Here and there may have been a voice of dissent, but no one can doubt that the Irish representatives spoke with the assent of the overwhelming mass of the Irish people. Had not the Boers kept their pledge to work loyally in the Empire, having been granted freedom in their own country? The Irish surely could do no less. The world-wide sympathy which had been instinctively given to Ireland in her struggles would have been withdrawn in amaze had the Irish people signalized the passing of Home Rule by placing themselves in alliance with the German and the Turk against England. Sympathy with France, horror at the unprovoked destruction of Belgium, these things undoubtedly affected Ireland's attitude in the war; but what affected and brought about that attitude more than all the rest was the feeling which prevailed, and still undoubtedly does prevail, that Home Rule, though in abeyance, is still the law of the land, and that, therefore, it is Ireland's duty to act as her representatives declared she would act, if her claims were conceded by the British people. In other words Ireland is overwhelmingly with England in this war on the faith of Home Rule—about which the Germans were so solicitous in a recent note, but about which they said not a word in times gone by.

Even had Home Rule not been passed, the sympathy of Ireland would still have been overwhelmingly for Belgium and for France, where the people are, after all, by race and by religion, closely akin to her own. In Australia and Canada, and all through the Empire, there are millions of the Irish race engaged in the war, and Ireland could never be indifferent to their struggle. For Germany, on the other hand, Ireland can have no natural sympathy, or for the iron sway of the great military machine which oppresses and darkens the lives of the

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masses of the working people. In times not long gone, German mercenaries, Hessians and others, were amongst the cruellest persecutors of Ireland. From a racial, religious or historical point of view, there is no affinity between Ireland and Germany. No Irishman can watch unmoved the heroic efforts of Frenchmen to defend the soil of their country. The Irish troops in France are glad when they find themselves fighting for the liberation of France. Lately there may have been prejudice against the French in Ireland, because French Governments foolishly and wickedly have persecuted the Catholic Church. The war, however, has changed all that. More than two thousand French priests have died upon the battle-field, and it is impossible to think of Irishmen ever being found amongst the enemies of France.

Ireland, too, has shared with all humanity the horror of those new methods of warfare inaugurated by Germany, which involve the destruction of the lives of defenceless women and children. There are few Irishmen who would not consider any advantage to Ireland too dearly bought if the price were alliance with the hordes who have been guilty of the infamies and atrocities perpetrated by Germany in the course of the war.

There may be differences of opinion as to whether the number of recruits from Ireland is or is not proportionately adequate. It cannot be denied, however, that Ireland's response deserved the description of it given by Lord Kitchener, when he declared it to be "magnificent." Even with the Irish Parliament in abeyance Ireland's response has been that. If the doors of the Irish Parliament were in fact open, the response of Ireland would be more "magnificent" still, and this it is which statesmen of all parties should realize. Had the Irish Parliament been open it is inconceivable that the tragedy of Easter, 1916, could have taken place in Dublin—it was the postponement of Home Rule which made that tragedy possible. In the course of the war the Irish troops have behaved with their accustomed valour. They have rendered a splendid service which should never be lost

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sight of by Englishmen, who may from time to time be inclined to question the real attitude of Ireland. On the fields of France and Flanders the Orange troops from the north and the Catholics from the south have alike maintained the honour of their country. These men in the field have worked and fought side by side in brotherhood and amity. One may ask, in all seriousness, if this is not a sign that, under a fair and free system of government, the men of the north and south may not be trusted to work out in friendship the salvation of their common country.

The old system of government in Ireland is dead—no sane man believes it can ever be revived. Let it be the task of statesmen of all sections to devise a new system founded on freedom and possessing every reasonable safeguard for minorities. Let old prejudices be cast aside ; let the hands which have been grasped upon the field of battle be grasped upon the fields of peace in Ireland also ; let England trust fully and freely the people who have given so many brave soldiers to the common cause. In this way, and in this way alone, can Ireland, consistently with her national existence, become a loyal and true partner, ready to take her full place in peace and war with England and Scotland and all the great young nations of the Empire, so many of them her own children.

The reflections here set down are the very reflections which course through the minds of many thousands of Irish soldiers in Trench and Camp to-day ; and of these things many and many an Irish soldier thought who will never think again in this world.

WILLIAM REDMOND.

THE BÉGUINES:

A STUDY IN THE VOCATIONS OF UNCLOISTERED WOMEN

THE Middle Ages, the Ages of Liberty, saw the people of Europe emerge from the shadow of Feudalism. Kings and feudal lords might still replenish their coffers by means of the great prices that merchants and traders were willing to pay for the charters of their towns; but within the chartered towns grew up the Trade Guilds; and in them the voice of the man who wrought grew ever more persistent until it gained freedom and power for workman and merchant alike.

Particularly was this so in the Netherlands, whence woollens and silks, woven and dyed by craftsmen who had learnt their trade in the East, found their way to all the markets of Europe. The Merchant Princes were at first supreme. Merchant Guilds, not Craft Guilds, ruled commercial life and established trade conditions. But by degrees the craftsman, originally unrepresented, then included in the guild as a silent member, then as an acclamative voice, finally stood forth with right to deliberate and to vote. No Trades-union of our own day is more democratic than those mediæval Trade Guilds, which, moreover, possessed a moral and religious force that no modern Trades-union can attain. For the Trade Guild was not an association, offensive and defensive, against the merchant; it was an association for the promotion of good workmanship and the encouragement and protection of good workmen, and it was caught up into that larger spirit of idealism which had burst the bonds of sloth and impiety and conventional religion, and was standing forth in the liberty wherewith the Workman of Nazareth had made all men free. The religious movement was itself democratic. It had originated with the people. Ecclesiastical authority was not responsible for it, and, indeed, scarcely knew how to deal with it, until

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Pope Innocent III set forth to the world its significance in his famous sermon preached before the Fourth Lateran Council.

The Papacy had been engrossed in the battle for the Temporal Power against the Emperor. The Religious Orders were taken up with their internal affairs, the building of abbeys, the resistance to aggression, or their own spiritual and intellectual development. The Secular Canons had little connection with the people, and the Secular Clergy were so few that at Antwerp, in the time of the heretic Tanchelin, only two priests were to be found.* Therefore it is not primarily to official leaders that we must look for the origin of that great religious revival which the Pope was ready to recognize, and of which the Mendicant Orders and the Lay Associations are the visible and permanent sign and seal. It was coincident with the spread of mystical theology and the practical mysticism which it is difficult not to connect with Eastern influences, especially when we remember the Eastern monks with whom the Saracen Invasions had peopled Southern Italy, and under whose descendants Joachim of Flore had received his spiritual training. The Crusades, too, had brought the ordinary European into contact with the ascetic contemplatives and with the Basilian Monasteries of the Syrian desert ; so that the militant West looked for a moment at God through the eyes of the mystic East. Indeed, the whole of Europe seemed to fall as it were suddenly under every kind of Eastern influence. Aristotle was read with the comment of the Spanish Moor ; the mystical school of St. Victor of Paris was founded on the teaching of the pseudo-Dionysius and Plotinus, and not only the followers of St. Francis but people as far away from Southern Italy as Mechtilde of Magdeburg felt the spell of Joachim of Flore.

The people of Europe were in that receptive condition of soul that misfortune brings to states as well as to individuals. The Second and Third Crusades, one of

* *Annales de l'Académie Archéologique de Belgique*, xxiii, p. 374. Gens : *Histoire d'Anvers*, p. 36.

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which had been preached and the other led by a Saint, had resulted in disaster. Europe was robbed of her manhood and her wealth. The weak were unprotected and oppressed ; disease, unchained by want, stalked through the land. The whole of society was disintegrated by long war, and called aloud, as we in England may yet call aloud, for reconstruction. But in the Netherlands, where the trouble pressed hardest, it brought the means for its own cure. There the Crusades had left thousands of women unprovided for—"the land teemed with desolate women, the raw material for a host of neophytes"—with apparently no prospect but that of starvation or prostitution ; for the houses of Secular Canonesses were only for women of noble birth ; and, of the ordinary Religious Houses for women, Belgium had very few, nor would these receive dowerless maidens. But out of this decay came the principle of renewal ; and what might have threatened a national disaster became a source of signal blessing.

For it was just at this crisis that a society of women arose who, while developing to the full the religious and mystical spirit of their age, took hold at the same time of the new industrial life of the country, and established for themselves and thousands of their sisters a position of economic independence hitherto unknown to the women of mediæval Europe. The birthplace of the new society was the city of Liège. That famous creation of the great Prince-Bishop Notger, "*Que Liège devait à Christ et à qui elle devait tout le reste*," stood proudly in a valley intersected by the canals which were the highways of her commerce, a monument of commercial and ecclesiastical aristocracy. On one side of the town lay the great houses of the merchant princes ; on the other the streets still bear the names of the different crafts there practised, and round the cathedral and collegiate churches were the *domus claustrales* where lived the Secular Canons. Over the water-ways sounded the bells of the abbeys, and as the traveller approached the town from the hills the spires of seven collegiate and thirty parish churches met his eyes.

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Among them, the great tower of St. Mary and St. Lambert rose so high that it seemed to the citizens to attract the snow from the peak of Mount St. Walburge, which it exceeded in height by at least twenty feet. Under its shadow slept St. Lambert, the patron of the diocese, guarding in death the city he had ruled in life, over whose chair in the chapel of the Holy Trinity hung the banner that Charlemagne was said to have given to the Liégeois.*

But Liége, though she rivalled the Eternal City herself in the many Masses that were said daily at her altars, was not free from the vices of her time. "In the days of Alberic," writes Jacques de Vitry,† "fervour began to decline. There were venal prebends; there were priests who laid aside the fear of God and reverence for their Order and, for avarice, did not fear to say Mass twice in the day. Citizens gave their daughters equally to clerics and laymen, and even thought they had more liberty espoused to clergy than to laymen." When Radulph succeeded Alberic, things grew even worse. He "not only permitted the error of his predecessor, but increased it. He caused the prebends to be sold in the market by a certain butcher called Udelinus, and all who wished to buy prebends came to him." Such was the city on which, in the middle of the Twelfth Century, a quickening wind stirred the living into more vigorous life. Far and wide the news spread, and was regarded with wonder by those best qualified to judge of its value. "For you found," says Jacques de Vitry to his friend Foulques, the Bishop of Toulouse, "in the lily-gardens of the Lord, many bands of virgins who for the love of Christ, spurning the snares of the flesh and despising the wealth of the world, for desire of the Kingdom of Heaven, in poverty and humility cleaving to their immortal Spouse, earned by the labours of their hands a frugal livelihood, and, though their parents had abundance, yet forgetting 'their own people and their father's house' preferred to bear the restraints

* Kurth: *Cité de Liège au Moyen Age*, ii, 243 seq.

† *Vita B. Odill.*, *Analect.*, Bolland, xiii, 206.

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of poverty than to abound in ill-gotten wealth and to remain, at the risk of losing their salvation, amongst the proud and pompous of the world. . . . You saw with exultation holy matrons serving God, and watching and guarding with zeal the purity of girls and confirming them in the way set before them. You saw widows serving God in fasts and prayers and watches, in tears and the labours of their hands. You saw, and rejoiced to see, holy women serving God in the married state, bringing up their children in the fear of God, keeping the marriage-bond, and having time for prayer. You saw many, with their husbands' consent, abstaining from lawful pleasure, living in continence, and leading an angelic life.”*

With this outburst of religious fervour was very closely connected Lambert le Bêgue, a certain priest of the city, whose nickname points to some defect in his speech, not, however, sufficiently serious to interfere with his power as a preacher. Lambert was a reformer. He attacked the evils of the town and the desecration of the Sunday feast by drinking and dicing; the low mimes and dancing women; the expiation of sins by long pilgrimages instead of by restitution and alms-giving; the vices of his brethren, their simony, lust and neglect of duty.† Lambert seems to have been an especial friend of the craftsmen, for his enemies were fond of declaring that he preached to “tanners and weavers,” and that “none of the chief men of the city” were to be found in his little church of St. Christopher in the suburb of Avroy; “as though, forsooth,” he remarks, “it were a crime to practise the arts necessary for human life.”

The writer of the *Fasti Ordinis Cisterciiani* says that by the side of his church Lambert built a house for himself and for some Order of men, and that round about there grew up other little houses, where “many noble virgins and honourable widows” established themselves, to be near the church whence they drew courage and inspiration for their great venture. At first these noble

* Bolland, *A.S.S.*, June, iv, 630. † *Analect.*, Bolland, xiii, p. 201 seq.

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virgins and honourable widows were known to their friends as *mulieres devotæ* or *virgines continentes*; but their enemies in the city of Liége, who were also the enemies of Lambert le Bêgue, soon found for them a nickname: "Béguines, the followers of the Stammerer." The name caught the popular fancy. At first, while a cloud still hung over their master, the name, if it was used by their friends, bore a qualification: "*Beguines ut dicuntur*" we constantly read. But when Lambert's enemies had done their worst, when all their charges had been refuted at Rome, and the name of Le Bêgue had become a glory to Liége, his followers shared in his fame as they had shared in his disgrace. The *ut dicuntur* disappears, and the *mulieres devotæ* are boldly called Béguines. Lambert died in 1187, on his way back from Rome, after his vindication by the Pope from the accusations of his enemies. Very soon after his death there were four other Béguinages in Liége, those of St. Madeleine, St. Martin, St. Adalbert and St. Abraham.

Though we first hear of the Béguines at Liége, they arose almost simultaneously in all the important towns of the Netherlands, notably at Nivelles, where the Dominican Thomas of Cantimpré speaks of a house of "the devout women called Béguines, who are spread over all the world." They were not "nuns," they took no vows, they retained any property they might possess, or, lacking property, negotiated their labour within or without their cabins, and could merge into a world they had not really renounced and marry at discretion. Nivelles was the birthplace of one of the earliest of the Béguines, Marie d'Oignies. She had been attracted when but a child to the idea of a life of Religion by the Cistercian monks who used to visit her father's house. There was, from the first, a very strong sympathy between the Cistercians and the Béguines, probably because both had realized the same truth and were trying to translate it into the terms of everyday life: that prayer must be made real by work and work made holy by prayer. Marie, however, was not allowed to be a nun. Her

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parents had other views for her ; and, soon after her fourteenth year, she was married. But it was not long before she and her husband agreed to separate ; and Marie, after some months spent in nursing the lepers, went to live as a Béguine in the city of Liége, where (though she and her husband had abundant means) she earned her living by the labours of her hands. She lived a life of high contemplation. The Saints were her dear and familiar friends. She walked and talked with them, and there was between her and them the sympathy of mutual understanding. One evening, in the church of a little town where she was a stranger, she became aware of the company of one of her saintly friends. No notice had been given of a Feast, nor were the bells ringing as was the custom on the eve of a Saint's Day. But Marie was so sure that some Saint had come to keep festival that she went and rang the bells herself, greatly to the surprise of the priest, who came hurrying to see what was happening. "Pardon me, Father," said Marie, "I ring because to-morrow is some Saint's Day. I do not know what Saint, but I feel the church all filled with joy." And the priest, looking at his Breviary, saw that the next day was a feast of St. Gertrude, the Gertrude of revealings. When Marie's death drew near, her joy knew no bounds. It seemed to her that one of the Seraphs had his wing stretched over her breast. She began to sing, and ceased not for three days and nights. At last, towards the morning of the third day, her voice failed for weariness, whereat the Prior of the Convent church, to which she had been carried and where she lay awaiting her summons, rejoiced ; for he feared that the people coming to the church in the morning might think her mad. But on the next morning she began again. Then the Prior locked the church door, so that he and she were there alone. She sang of the ineffable nature of God, of the Most Blessed Trinity in Unity, of all the Saints, of Angels and Archangels and Apostles. She had the gift of prophecy also, and sang of what should be hereafter in the Church, and especially she rejoiced because the

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Holy Spirit was about to spread abroad His work, by the Order of Preachers still to be founded. And in great joy she died.

Less than sixty years after the death of Lambert we find Béguinages at Ghent, Brussels, Ypres, Lille, Ardenbourg, Ardenne, Courtrai, Chistelle, Aloest and Termonde. By the middle of the Thirteenth Century there was scarcely a town in the Netherlands without one. They soon spread to France and Germany. St. Louis founded at least one near Paris, and Philip de Montmorail established in various places "as many as five thousand Béguines." In 1243 Matthew Paris writes: "The people called Béguines have increased to thousands and thousands. These women profess chastity and support themselves by the labours of their hands." And in 1250 he says again: "At this time a great multitude, chiefly of women, arose in Germany, and assuming the dress and habits of Religious called themselves Béguins or Béguines. The number of them increased so rapidly that in Cologne alone many thousands were found." This mighty growth had taken place in various ways. Sometimes, as at Liége or Nivelles, the women, uplifted by a great tide of fervour, had grouped themselves around some priest like Lambert, or the shrine of some Saint like St. Gertrude, and the Béguinage had developed almost spontaneously without outside interference. More often, though the Béguines existed, the Béguinage had to be founded. At Diest, for instance, there was "for a long time a small band of Béguines in divers parishes." But as from this arrangement "they suffered divers inconveniences and much damage to their souls, Arnold Lord of Diest in 1250 bought a certain parcel of ground from the Abbot and Chapter of St. Trudo with the consent of Henry of Liége, and granted the Béguines the faculty of building a church there."* At Bruges, Johanna and Margaret, Countesses of Flanders, founded the Béguinage, and Johanna lived there for a time. It still stands, a quadrangle of stiff little houses around a central green; on one side is the

* Cf. Miræus Op., *Diplom. Hist.*, i, 768.

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chapel that Margaret of Flanders transferred thither from the Castle of Bruges, with the ornaments and books thereto belonging. At Valenciennes, the Béguines "lived in divers places" until, in 1239, Guido, Bishop of Cambrai, besought Radulph, Prior of the Dominican House of St. Salvius by Valenciennes, to give them some place in the parish of St. Nicholas, which was in his patronage, "in which they might build themselves a House with a Chapel and a Cloister." The Béguines were not at this time all expected to live in the "Cloister," for the Bishop orders that the Chaplain who serves the House "shall minister the Sacraments to all other Religious Women called Béguines living in their own houses."

These were the early days of liberty, enthusiasm and development. It was then that St. Juliana, persecuted for righteousness' sake, went forth from her Convent with a little company of Béguines. In the years of toil and privation that followed, the vision that had filled her cell at Mount Corneillon spread through the world. It fired the soul of the great Dominican and drew from his lips the song whose strains still fill the Church on the Feast of Corpus Christi. It reached the Eternal City and called forth from the Vicar of Christ the decree which completed the circle of the Church's festivals. We owe the *Pange Lingua Gloriosi* to St. Thomas, but to that little company of persecuted Béguines we owe the very Feast itself.

Another Béguine helped, most probably, to shape the dreams of the great Poet of vision himself. Mechtild of Magdeburg was born about 1212. While she was yet a child God claimed her for His own, by what she calls the "Salutation of the Holy Ghost." At twenty-three, desiring to serve God in poverty and loneliness and "reproach which she had not earned by her sins," she went to Magdeburg. Without dowry or recommendation no Religious Order would take her, and she became a Béguine. Her life of toil (for she earned a hard, poor livelihood, and yet found time to nurse the sick and to be gay with them, and "to smile when she felt least inclined")

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was crowned after fifteen years of prayer and penance by a state of mystic union with God, in which she saw as in a mirror the secrets of His dealings with His Church and with her own soul. Mechtild was by nature a poetess, and even when she does not actually write in verse, her words are the winged words of a mistress of vision. Dante, if Mechtild was indeed the Lady whom he saw gathering flowers in the Earthly Paradise, must have read her treatise, the *Flowing Light of the Godhead*, in the Latin version made by Henry of Halle, her Dominican director.* The last fifteen years of her life were spent in the famous Benedictine Cloister of Helfta. There she would live in intimate friendship with the younger Mechtild of Hackeborn and the Abbess Gertrude, and would watch and foster the spiritual growth of the great St. Gertrude, then a child of but nine years.

To the example and inspiration of the Béguines during this time the Beghards owed their existence. During the Sixteenth Century an attempt was made to connect their foundation with Bega, the daughter of Pippin ; but the earliest Community of Beghards of which there is any authentic record is that of Louvain, which was founded in 1220. The Rules of the Beghards were identical with those of the Béguines. The Beghards were at first weavers for the most part, afterwards copyists of manuscripts. They were practically a Religious Community of craftsmen, living a common life, bound by no vows and, like the Béguines, free to leave at will. Many of them were weak or sickly, says Gramaye, and found the common life and common work a great strength and protection. Their existence was more precarious than that of their sisters, for they excited the jealousy of the Trade Guilds by their exemption from imposts, and fell rightly or wrongly under suspicion from ecclesiastical authority. For one reason and another they were never received so unreservedly into favour as the Béguines, who, though they came into being without

* *Revelationes Gertrudianæ et Mechtilidianæ*. Solesmes, Ed. Vol. ii ; cf. Edmund Gardner, *Dante and Mysticism*, and Dante, *Purg.*, xxviii, 34 seq.

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sanction formally asked or given by the Holy See, had no lack of Papal recognition and ecclesiastical patronage. In 1261 Pope Urban IV took the Béguines of Liége under his special protection, and Innocent IV did the same for those of Diest, Malines and Brussels.* Indulgences were granted by Popes and Papal Legates to those who gave them help or showed them kindness. The civil power followed the example of the spiritual leaders. Emperors, kings and nobles granted them charters and lands, freedom from taxation, and the privileges of Religious. All this was, however, to their undoing. So long as the Béguines remained Lay Associations, so long they retained their freedom ; but when they began to be recognized as Religious, and were perforce treated as such, their freedom and individuality dwindled away. The reason is obvious. The Béguine Rule was something that had grown out of the Béguine life. The Béguines could no more develop the Benedictine Rule than the lark can put on the colours of the jay.

Every religious effort is the result of some living idea. The idea of the Béguine life was of a social life lived in common with the struggling mass of humanity united to a spiritual life lived on the mountain-tops of prayer and contemplation. It was the life of the Galilean Carpenter, whose days of earthly toil were crowned by hours of communion with His Father on the flower-strewn slopes of the hills above Nazareth. This characteristic liberty of the Béguines was lost by slow degrees. First they must all live within the Béguinage. Then they must all wear the Béguine dress. Then they must not go out without a companion. Thus gradually the bonds were drawn tighter till the Béguine was as closely confined in her Béguinage as a nun in her cloister ; always, however, with this difference—the Béguinage was a convent with an ever-open door. Any Béguine was free to leave it when she chose, “ free to love and free to wander,” free to enter a Religious Order. While she remained in the Béguinage she was not only allowed, but expected, to work for her

* Miræus, *Hist. Diplom.*, i, 429.

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living, or to engage in good works outside its walls. Within, the Béguines spun and wove. In some cases, as at Ghent, they baked bread for the townsfolk. They tended lepers and nursed the sick, and they did the last offices for the dying and the dead. Had they lived to-day they must have had opened to their charity a round of duty as domestic helpers in homes—a duty which Cardinal Manning, in his dreams, saw even the priest of the future fulfil.

In appearance the Béguinage was like a compact village surrounded by a wall. Generally there was only one gate, and sometimes the whole settlement was protected by a ditch and a drawbridge. In earlier times it was usually built just outside the city walls. The larger ones consisted of streets laid out in straight lines; in smaller ones the houses were often built around a central green. Beside the small houses there were convents for the younger Béguines and for the pupils, at least one church and a few cells for recluses. One of the largest Béguinages was that called the Great Béguinage, close to the Brugger Gate at Ghent; it contained two churches, eighteen convents and four hundred small houses. Unfortunately this Béguinage was closed in the Eighteenth Century, by the municipal authorities, in order that a road might be made through it. The existing great Béguinage, in Mont St. Amand, is a modern construction after the model of the old one.

In the Cartulary of St. Elizabeth of Ghent is a document which gives an interesting description of the organization and mode of life and work at that particular Béguinage :

Among these establishments (the Béguinages) they founded one called the Curia of St. Elizabeth, which is surrounded on all sides by walls and ditches. In the midst is the church, and beside it the hospital. . . . There are in it many houses which are arranged for the habitation of the said women, of which each is separated from the other by walls and ditches, and has its own entrance. There are two chaplains maintained by them. In those houses many are so poor that they have nothing but their bed and chest

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of clothes, but they are burdensome to none, but by working with their hands . . . they earn every day so much that they not only earn a modest livelihood but they obey the law of the Church and from that little they give alms. In the Convent one is called the Mistress of Works, whose business it is to superintend works and workers so that all is done faithfully according to the Will of God. In working they have a certain rule that rising early they meet at the church, each in her own place, so that the absence of any can be detected ; and when they have heard Mass and each has said her own prayers, they return to their own houses and work in silence all day so that they never cease from prayer ; or they say the psalms, the Miserere or other psalms which they know. Late in the evening after Vespers, when they have leisure for prayer and meditation, they go again to the church and thereafter go to rest. They frequently fast on bread and water, they use no linen next their skin, and sleep on beds laid on the floor. And with all this they are so circumspect in their manners and so learned in household things, that great and honourable people send their daughters to them to be brought up, hoping that to whatever state of life they are afterwards called, whether of religion or of marriage, they would be found better prepared than others. . . . Their habit is of grey, simple in make with nothing remarkable in any of its details.*

With this description of Béguinage life in the Fourteenth Century it is interesting to compare an account we have of the Béguinage of Tournai in 1520. The Béguines of Tournai had, it seems, refused lawful obedience to their Grand Mistress, owing to the evil influence of a certain sister, Jacque de Gand, who had hoped to be elected Grand Mistress herself. After many exhortations, none of which had any effect, Jacque de Gand was expelled from the Béguinage by the parish priest, who had been appointed by the Bishop of Tournai to represent him in spiritualities. Thereupon she brought an action against him before the Provost of the town. The opening words of the case for the defendant are as follows :

There is in the town of Tournai a very fair place called the Grand Béguinage, which is closed and shut by gates as well as

* Published by P. Fredericq in *Corpus Documentorum Inquisitionis Neerlandæ*, i, 176.

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walls, like a Cloister of Canons. In this place there is a very fair church where the canonical hours are sung and divine service celebrated by Chaplains appointed of great antiquity. And there is moreover a fair hospital and fitting to receive poor Béguines, weak, impotent, and sick. Also there are in the said Béguinage many Béguines good and honourable, living there in all honour, wearing the habit of the Béguines, having for headdress a great white kerchief with which they are well covered. . . . Also in the said Cloister there are particular mansions where the Béguines have their dwelling and habitation, with little gardens for their recreation. Also in the said Béguinage there is a Mistress who is elected by all the said Béguines . . . and whose election is confirmed by Monseigneur the Bishop of Tournai, who is their sovereign and superintendent in all that concerns their spirituality. To the said Mistress thus elected and confirmed owe the aforesaid Béguines honour and obedience, and none should go out of the Cloister of the said Béguinage without the leave of the Mistress nor without the companion which the said Mistress orders her. The Béguines in the Béguinage have neither vows nor promises of Religion except so far and so long as they wish to dwell in the Béguinage, and to take there the benefits ordained by the founders they will keep the enclosure, live an honourable life and obey the Mistress.*

The rest of the story is sad. In the Béguinage of Tournai, which had been "so filled with holy maidens that there was no other place where so peaceful and gracious a life was lived," where every one wished "to place their young daughters that they might be taught and educated," great scandal arose, and many pages are filled with the story of its disputes. Perhaps an example of the evil effects of enclosure and chaperonage grafted on the original simplicity of the Béguine Rule.

But the Béguine spirit showed itself not only in individual and corporate freedom, but also in freedom of association with other religious communities. It is the tendency of Religious Orders to stand in close companies, distinct from each other. But the Béguines are in contact with all the other Lay Associations in which the

* *Compte-rendu des Séances de la Commission Royale d'Histoire*. Bruxelles, 1888.

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democratic spirit of the Middle Ages expressed itself. Known all over Europe by their devotion to works of penance, they were constantly identified with the orders of Penitents ; the more so as their Directors were chiefly Franciscan and Dominican Friars. Béguinages were often established near Dominican Convents, as at Strasburg, Cologne and Valenciennes.

Very close, too, was their connection with the Göttesfreunde, that remarkable association comprised of priests and laymen, in which an Echhart, or a Suso, or a Ruysbroeck was on equal terms with merchants, bankers and tradesmen ; in which only holiness counted, and rank, either ecclesiastical or civil, went for nothing. The Friends of God included in their fellowship all who strove after righteousness, and among them many Beguines. It was a Béguine, Sister Lutgarde, who, as a result of many visions, founded for the Friends of God the Franciscan Convent of Wittichen near Schillach in the Black Forest. In the Béguine community of the Waldschwester in Switzerland were to be found Göttesfreunde. One of them, Margaret of the Golden Ring, gave to the Library *The Flowing Light of the Godhead*, given her by her friend and Director, Henry of Nördlingen the Dominican, also one of the Göttesfreunde. The first house established by the Brethren of Common Life was a Béguinage. After his conversion Gerard Groote gave up his house " for the use of those poor who wish to devote themselves to the service of Christ." [He kept one room for himself, where he lived.

" My intention is," he said, " not in any way to found a new Religious Order or a new Religion, but simply to offer hospitality to women who seek a place of retreat to worship God in humility and penitence. These women shall be bound by no vows, nor attached to any order, nor distinguished by any ecclesiastical habit, but they shall remain and be called lay-folk and shall be clothed in a dark colour like other honest women of the city. If any of the Sisters (or Béguines) begs outside or brings money into her house she shall be at once expelled, for it is by the work of their hands that they must all provide what is necessary to the common life."

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So closely were Beghards and Béguines joined with the many Religious Lay Associations of Europe that their name became a synonym for men and women living a holy life in the world. Franciscan and Dominican Tertiaries, Alexians, Humiliati, Göttesfreunde, were all popularly known as Béguines. But they were pre-eminently associations of mystics. The mystical life is a great adventure, full of romance. Like their Brethren in all time these Béguine mystics roamed through a world more full of awe and wonder than any poet imagined in his rapturous dreaming. They heard sounds and saw sights and knew pleasures beside which the sights and sounds and pleasures of earth are faint and cold. And for adventure they cast themselves from the edge of the world of sense into illimitable space, knowing that underneath them were the Everlasting Arms.

And these knights of high adventure, these voluptuaries of heavenly delights, who were they? German tradesmen and bankers, Flemish weavers, Dutch serving-maids, nuns driven forth from their convents for desiring more holiness than their fellows found convenient, Mendicant Friars, and pale students bowed and blind with bending over their books. Not only children of the Romance nations; they came also of the slow German stock, and of the same race as those Flanders merchants whose practicality made their trade the most prosperous in Europe. But all had seen the vision of the King in His Beauty in the Land of Far Distances. All were one in a common secret. All had left the safe green pastures where the sheep were feeding, and climbed the steep mountain-sides towards the shining peaks where lay the Land of their vision.

Some, indeed, had been happier had they been content with the green pastures. For the mountain heights were slippery, and their senses were intoxicated with the mountain air. Then one would slip, and the mystic became the heretic. Some, like Nicholas of Basle and Margaret Porrette, paid for their lapses with their lives. Others climbed again to safe paths with hands and feet torn by the rocks, and eyes blinded with tears. But

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between the false and the true, men had often neither the wit nor the knowledge to distinguish. Hence all Béguines became identified with the heresies into which some had fallen. This was the more possible because members of heretical sects and persons of evil life adopted the dress and the name of Beghards and Béguines to enable them to propagate more easily their teaching or to indulge their baseness without arousing suspicion.* Such was a common device of the Cathari and the Brethren of the Free Spirit. Others, too, calling themselves Béguines, went about begging; and the cry, "Bread, bread, for God's sake!"† brought popular discredit on an Order whose rule of working with their hands no true Béguine ever broke. And not only did this parasitic growth rouse the populace against the Béguines, but it also embroiled them with the ecclesiastical authorities; and the state of affairs grew so serious that, after many letters, proclamations and prohibitions, Clement V, at the Council of Vienne, issued a Bull suppressing the Beghards and Béguines.‡

For the Beghards, though they survived till the close of the century, this was the beginning of the end; but the Béguines, even after the edict, lived on in spite of repressions which deprived them of home and property, and placed their very lives in jeopardy. But John XXII, to whose hearing it had come "that there were many women called Béguines who, pursuing the way of virtue, act honourably, obey the Bishop, do not entangle themselves in dispute and error, but live in holy simplicity, some in their own houses, others in the houses of their relations, and others in the common houses of the said Béguinage for the better observance of chastity," commanded the Bishops to observe that such should be excluded from his predecessor's edict and protected from further persecution. Under Pope Urban V trouble again broke out, and not until the pontificate of Eugenius IV had the Béguines rest. Henceforth the reins of authority

* See *Vita B. Odill., Analect*, Bolland, xxii, *supra*.

† *Mansi*, xxiii, p. 998. Cf. Giesler, *Hist.*, iv, 220 *seq.* ‡ *Mansi*, xxv, 418 *seq.*

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were drawn tighter, rules of dress and residence in the Béguinages were applied more strictly, and pressure was put on the Béguines to observe the rules of the Franciscan Tertiaries. The greater number, however, continued to live according to their own Rules. They survived the Reformation and the French Revolution, with its secularization of Religious Houses, and have persisted to our own days, some of their buildings serving as hospitals or charitable institutions.

The story of the Béguinage of Mons is interesting. Founded in the Thirteenth Century, it was placed under the control of the Chapter of St. Waldetrude, which consisted of Canonesses as well as Canons. In 1356 one of the Béguines left her house as a Hostel for the training of nine poor girls as nursing nuns. But the Canonesses of St. Waldetrude, thinking this an infringement of their rights in the Béguinage, suppressed the will until 1378. Then the bequest was carried out on condition that if the supply of nursing nuns failed the Hostel should revert to the Béguinage. But the supply was constantly maintained. The nuns lived under a rule of poverty and obedience, and nursed the hospital of Cantimpré, a suburb of Mons, where the Béguinage was situated. They continued until the Revolution, when the hospital was suppressed for a few weeks, but revived again as a public institution. The Béguines of Mons, in 1488, adopted the Rule of St. Augustine; but the Canonesses, again thinking their rights infringed, turned them out of the Béguinage, whereupon they went in procession with great pomp to another dwelling. As to the Béguinage, it eventually became an almshouse for the servants of the Grand Mistress, the only Béguine left. She kept four maids; and, when they grew past work, placed them in the infirmary as pensioners; for according to the Rule only old or sick Béguines could be received into the infirmary of a Béguinage. It is as an almshouse that the Béguinage of Mons exists to-day.*

* Cf. F. Hachez, *Le Béguinage de Mons*: Le Messager des Sciences Historiques de Belgique, 1849.

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The essential element of all renewal and of all reconstruction is the vision of Truth. Vision is the soul of a community ; out of the Vision grows the life, as a man's soul shapes his body ; and the life is the source of all construction and reconstruction. To attempt to reconstruct the social order of a nation that has lost the Vision would be to make a rule of life for a corpse. But for the nation or society that has still the Vision there is no death. The Pope might bid the Company of Jesus lie down and die ; but no Papal mandate could suppress the living soul which animated it. The rivers of blood which deluged France at the Revolution could not drown the living spirit of the Religious Orders.

The unholy rites wherewith the three Great Powers celebrated the "Sacrament of Evil" over what they deemed to be the lifeless body of Poland have left her still a nation. "Fear not those that kill the body," has been written over the official tombs of many a slaughtered nation and persecuted society—whose souls still live with God. For, sooner or later, they step forth from the grave-clothes, and the stone is rolled away, and they come forth in the power of a more vigorous life.

The Vision must come first. But history can point to the ways in which, after great upheavals, such as ours to-day, renewal has followed close. In Belgium, after the Crusades, it grew out of the visions of mystics crystallized into prayer and work—prayer which strengthened their hold on Truth, and work which made it real to the people. For many of our countrymen prayer is a lost art, and the gospel of work, often as it has been preached, remains in the letter. Men have lost the knowledge that it is the highest vocation of men—partnership with God in creation. Our forefathers of the mediæval Trade Guilds had this knowledge, and expressed it, not only in Abbeys and Cathedrals, but in houses and furniture and in the common things of daily life. With the Reformation in England came all that we now connect with labour troubles—the factory system, conscienceless Capitalism, and equally conscienceless Trades-unionism. There is

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no Vision : all is darkness and confusion. The Catholic Church alone can restore it to the blind and struggling world. She can tell it of the life of the Béguines, who, toiling among the multitudes at the foot of the Mount, soared in spirit to the Glory on its summit. She can remind it of One who toiled in a carpenter's shop at Nazareth or walked the hills of Galilee alike in the light of the Beatific Vision.

There is an Order of Women living almost in secret amongst us the hidden life of Nazareth, the active life of those who follow Him Who went about doing good. They know London in the west and in the south ; they know, but, except as doers of good, they are not known. That is well to understand. But what we need now, and shall need more than ever when the war is over and valiant women are released from their devoted labours, are Societies who will make the hidden life manifest by living it amongst the people—working and praying by their side. So might the world of Labour see with the Catholic Church the Blessed Vision which is her own light and glory.

GERTRUDE ROBINSON.

THE COUNCIL *of* TRENT AND ATTENDANCE AT ANGLICAN SERVICE

THE earliest Catholic legislation against Elizabeth's religious changes was the "Declaration" or "Resolution" issued by a Congregation of the Council of Trent. Some records thereon have of late been found and published by Mr. C. G. Bayne, in his *Anglo-Roman Relations, 1558-1565*.^{*} Good as his commentary is, it has its shortcomings; and in any case the story should be told somewhere with a Catholic perspective. The change of religion in England had been effected, so far as Parliament was concerned, mainly by two Acts (1559). The *Act of Supremacy* established a State Church, with Elizabeth as its Supreme Governess, while the *Act of Uniformity* authorised the Anglican service, broadly speaking as we now know it; its chief prayers taken from the old Missal, and its defects consisting rather in omissions than in commissions. Nevertheless, those who attended this service, the prayers of which were not explicitly heretical, rarely came away without having to listen to a sermon, which might be, and generally was, a strong attack on the Old Faith. In any case they were at service with Protestants to whom the omissions from the Catholic rite were intentional and significant. Indeed, if excisions in Catholic Liturgy are tolerated, the rite can be made to support almost any error.

The Protestantizing of the country was caused by coercing the people to attend this ensnaring service. Many in those days were extraordinarily submissive, and demoralized "by the false persuasion that it was enough to hold the Faith interiorly, while obeying the Sovereign

^{*} This is the second volume of *Oxford Historical and Literary Studies*. I should also refer to the late Dr. Maitland, on the same subject, in the *English Historical Review* (Vol. XV) or in his *Collected Papers*.

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in externals.”* On the other hand the Tudor tyranny was extraordinarily effective. The Bishops, Convocation, the Universities and the Church at large, made strong protests, while free. But these were immediately followed (in the summer and autumn of 1559) by ignoble submissions, as soon as force was applied. The Bishops indeed stood firm; but the clergy collapsed in a general apostacy. According to the most favourable of modern Catholic critics, three-quarters of the clergy not only fell at once, but were actually forced to carry on the war against the Church by reciting the new service to their flocks on Sundays! This is perhaps the worst defection that ever befell the Catholic Church. It was to provide remedies for calamities such as these that the Council of Trent reopened its sessions on January 18th, 1562: and by the June following some Catholic gentlemen had resolved to lay before the Council their troubles under the new laws.†

So grave was the peril of the petitioners that they did not dare to write openly. In its present state their letter bears no address, no name of writer, or place of writing, or date. Our Roman text indeed proves that it reached the hands of the Legates at Trent on August 2nd, 1562, having been given to them by Fernando Martinez Mascarenas, the Ambassador of Portugal at the Council, in which he played an important part.‡ Mascarenas had made his name in the Portuguese colonies, and had then been Ambassador at Rome. It is therefore possible that his name was known in England, and that the English Catholics already mentioned applied to him directly. If,

* So Dr. Allen in 1578 (*Letters*, p. 56; translation in *Douay Diaries*). The whole passage is important.

† A copy of this *Petition to Trent* was sent to Rome, August 2nd, 1562, by the Legates. See Susta, *Die Roemische Curie und das Concil von Trient unter Pius IV*, 1909. The Vatican reference is Concil. Trid. v. 151, fol. 123. Father Garnet, *see below*, printed the petition with the answer in 1600. Mr. Bayne prints from the Roman Transcripts at the Record Office.

‡ Mascarenas. The name is sometimes found as Marescenas, with variant spellings, Mascharenas, Mascareynhas, etc. Don Pedro de Mascarenas was ambassador at Rome twenty-five years earlier, and figures much in the lives of the first Jesuits.

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however, there was a Portuguese Ambassador or agent in England (but this is not yet certain), the communication may well have been made through him. Those who handed in the letter to the Council are indicated in the answer as "N—— and C——" A late tradition gives the honour of being bearer to Father Thomas Darbishire, afterwards a Jesuit; but we have no contemporary evidence to test further or to explain these apparently diverging statements.*

We must next study with care the case sent from England. The writer says that a punishment was inflicted for non-attendance at church on Sundays; but he does not say what the penalty was, though he wishes to represent the circumstances of Catholics as grave. In point of fact, however, the fine was not grave, only one of a shilling each Sunday. Still this does not justify Dr. Maitland in making light of the penalty. The sum was not a small one for the poor and for servants; and there was also (surviving from the time of Edward VI, it is said) the penalty of excommunication, which somehow put the sufferer outside the protection of the law. The effect of these annoying punishments was extremely displeasing to the Catholics, the high conservatives of that day;† for they were thereby brought into conflict with the Crown, while the despised new men acquired power to humble and harry them. The Catholic party was

* Thomas Darbishire, once Chancellor of the Diocese of London, and Dean of St. Paul's, having gone into exile, went on to Trent in 1563, where he was received for the Society by Laynez, and being sent on to Rome entered the novitiate, May 1st, 1563. The question is, did he make a previous journey to Trent in June-September, 1562, bringing the letter of the English and returning with the answer. This is affirmed by Father Matthias Tanner in his *Societas Jesu Apostolorum Imitatrix* (1694); but I cannot find any contemporary authority for it. I can find no reference to his visit in the published correspondence of Laynez, of Salmeron, or of Canisius (the correspondence of the two first are in the *Monumenta Historica Soc. Jesu*; the latter is edited by Braunsberger), who were all at Trent. No mention in Darbishire's eulogy in the *Annual Letters* for 1604 (under Pontàmusson), nor in More's History, 1660, nor in Sotvellus, *Catalogus Primorum Patrum*, 1640.

† "If it is allowed, without danger to the soul or offence of God, to obey the public law of the Kingdom, they would like to do so. . . . This question exercises and disturbs many pious and religious consciences."—*Petition to Trent.*

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depressed and incapable of action. The misery of their position was by no means to be measured by punishments legally in force against them. The Tudor tyrants were always *finding treason*, even in quite innocent actions—and much more if those acts were forbidden (though not as treason) by one of their new-fangled laws. This had been shown by Cecil during the excitement which had followed the mission of Martinengo (April, 1561). A nervous priest, John Devon or Coxe, had been arrested, and, scared by his misfortune, had confessed the names of those for whom he had said Mass. They, being arrested, were in turn constrained to charge others, until in July over a hundred Catholics were in the persecutor's hands, and at their head Sir Thomas Wharton, one of the late Queen's Councillors. The number being large, Cecil persuaded Elizabeth "to believe that there must be a conspiracy":* and thereupon all the procedure was changed for that against treason. Heavy fines were now exacted, some were in prison for many months, many forced to take the oath of Supremacy; one, at least, the future martyr Wodehouse, once chaplain to Queen Mary, was never freed again. If such proceedings were *legitimate*, then the severest measures, including the death penalty, were already in force under the new government, though they were not yet actually on the statute book.

It was high-handed measures such as these, which brought home to the unfortunate Catholics what the real nature was of the tyranny under which they lived; and if we seek to discover the occasion of the letter sent to Trent in June, we shall probably be near the true cause, when we note from the Spanish Ambassador's dispatch of June 6th of that year, 1562, that Mr. George Chamberlain, a Catholic and a friend of Lord Montague, had just then been imprisoned in the Tower. Did this portend a recrudescence of persecution?

Such being the fears and uncertainties of the Catholic gentry, in June, they turn to Mascarenas, at Trent, and

* De Quadra to Granville, April 21st, 1561: "La Reyna cree que sea conjura y conspiracion contra ella."—Lettenhove, *Relations Politiques*.

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speaking (§ 4) of the "great brightness of hope," expected through his help. What can that mean? Of course the phrase is too short and vague to be explained with certainty now. The probability, however, seems to be that it arose out of the "balance" policy of Catharine of Medici. In order to keep the decisive power in her own hands, she was then raising up the Huguenots in France, to depress the Catholics; and her courtiers were encouraging talk of adopting through a national council (or perhaps even through the Council of Trent) the formula of the Anglican Church for the French Church Service, instead of that of Rome. Even the Cardinal of Lorraine was rumoured to be in favour of this. Such talk went on until the outbreak of a new war of religion in France, April till July, 1562.* Cool and well-informed persons ought never to have been misled into believing such rumours: but we cannot wonder if prisoners and sufferers caught at such hopes of freedom and relief as the reports held out. If, as was represented, a great Catholic power had a chance of obtaining the Anglican formulary from the Council, why might not English prisoners try to free themselves from grievous persecution by obtaining some sort of compromise on the same subject? Might they not perhaps go to Service, under protest that they only went as a sign of their obedience to the Queen? No question is raised about receiving the Anglican Sacrament: it is only a question of bare external presence, to avoid consequences which might be most severe. They do not ask for this directly, they know that there will be difficulty, they have refused to go to Service before, and they will refuse again, if the Council thinks that obedience to these laws cannot be licit.

Such was the petition put into the hands of the Legates on August 2nd. They at once sent up a copy (our copy) to the Pope; and, after this, nothing more is heard about the matter in their official correspondence. Nor was there any reason why it should be mentioned again there. A public discussion or decree had been deprecated; and

* *Foreign Calendar*, 1561, 1562.

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the busy *conciliarii* were doubtless quite glad to be free from the duty. What had been asked for was the opinion of "the most pious and learned theologians," and it seems most likely that the Legates engaged or allowed Mascarenas to get the necessary men together. At all events, a fair-sized "congregation" was assembled, containing several of the most respected names at Trent, while at the same time Portugal had a preponderance. Cardinal Hosius became President, and this was the more appropriate, because he acted as representative of the North Europe Catholics; moreover he had Bishop Goldwell and Nicholas Sander in his suite. The Vice-President was the Venerable Bartolomeo de los Martyres, the well-known Archbishop of Braga, a Dominican, whose reputation both for sanctity and learning is still so high that the cause of his Beatification was introduced under Pope Pius IX.

Then there was yet another Archbishop, an Italian, whose see was Lanciano; and there were two more Bishops, both Portuguese, of Coimbra and of Leria respectively. There was also Father Laynez, General of the Jesuits, and the first two among the theologians of the Pope—Peter de Soto, O.P., and Alphonso Salmeron, S.J.; finally there were all the four Theologians sent by Portugal. Out of the total of twelve,* seven were Portuguese, Spaniards three, one Italian, one a German Pole, namely, the presiding Cardinal. Four were Dominicans, two Jesuits, two Augustinians; while the President and three doctors represented the secular clergy. The remark made about Friar Peter de Soto, that he was known in England both by name and face, shows that the principle was not forgotten, that some intimate friend of England should be on the board. Otherwise one would have expected Bishop Goldwell or Dr. Sander to have been on it. Perhaps there were special reasons

* Garnet, in his preface, mentions: "The president and eleven other Prelates and Fathers." But by an evident mispunctuation the number is raised to fourteen in a quotation printed by Bayne, where we read of "Hosius, Soto and the other twelve divines, etc.," instead of "Hosius, Soto, and the others, twelve learned divines, etc."

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against this, such as fear of offending the English Government. In any case, as Hosius was President, Sander his follower was sure to have had a good deal of work at the meetings; Bishop Goldwell also is believed to have lived on the Cardinal's hospitality.* Father Persons said it was "notorious" that Sander was at Trent, and spoke about Anglican services. If this had stood alone, one might have distrusted Father Persons' memory, for it was not infallible, and he was speaking forty-five years after the event. His statement is, however, at least very probable.

Thus constituted, the Congregation had several sessions, and considered various principles and institutions of the Saints and the Fathers bearing on the matter, and arrived at their conclusion with common consent. The document conveying this conclusion† closely corresponds with the letter from England. It is not a decree, or scientific disquisition, but gives—what was asked for—a plain, prompt, and practical answer to the English question. It says, "One cannot go to Protestant services and sermons in the circumstances mentioned, without the anger of God. As the services had been sanctioned by law in order to overthrow Catholicism, such a law cannot be obeyed by any, without their becoming partakers in its wickedness." Then the Congregation continues to exhort the petitioners at some length to have courage, for they had shown in their letter that, if they were clear in their principles, they would resist with constancy. In the conclusion they ask, "Where in the world has the Faith, when bitterly persecuted and pursued with violence, been sheltered and defended by religious and pious men with more constancy, courage and vigour, than in England?"

Whilst the Congregation was at work at Trent in August, a party of English gentry approached Don Alvaro de la Quadra, Bishop of Aquila in the Abruzzi, and Philip II's

* See Seb. Merkle, *Concilium Tridentinum II, Diariorum Collectio*.

† Printed by Garnet, about 1600, as *below*. Reprinted by H. More, *Historia Provinciæ Anglicanæ*, S.J., 1660, and by James Mendham (Eupator) in 1850. Bayne prints quotations only.

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Ambassador in London, with a request apparently identical with that sent to Mascarenas. So we may presume that the petitioners were the same persons as before, and that they had for some reason become unnecessarily anxious about the result of the first application. Though "the cases" about attending Anglican service, which were drawn from the two petitions, were perhaps identical, the petition given to de la Quadra concluded with a further request on the subject of faculties for confession. This supplementary petition, however, will be here passed over. Writing, on August 7th, to Vargas, Spanish Ambassador at Rome,* the Bishop told him of the petition given him for Trent; but, then, availing himself of one of its last clauses, "to do freely what he thought best," he decides to send the case to Rome instead, because he considers that it will be considered there with greater sympathy and knowledge than perhaps might be its fate in the more miscellaneous assembly of the Council. Then he goes on to give Vargas many further details about the case, which he declares to be very difficult, indeed a quite different one from that generally discussed by canonists when treating of *Communicatio in sacris*. And here he draws a picture of the general situation, differing materially from that proposed before. During the two months which had passed, since June, the situation had deteriorated. The strange hopes then entertained, probably due to the rumoured action of France, had passed away, and de Quadra was very gloomy. He speaks as though a death penalty was constantly hanging over the heads of the Catholics unless they attended the new services; though there was as yet, in strict law, no statute which enforced such severity. But we have already heard of Cecil's cunning in manufacturing charges of treason out of hearing Mass, and the relations between France and England were decidedly worse. The French Huguenots, with Elizabeth at their back, were beginning a religious revolt. This would greatly excite Protestant

* Printed by Bayne from a Spanish copy at Simancas. There is a less correct copy in Froude's MSS., British Museum

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animosity in England, and exclude any chance of French assistance to the Catholics. Taking these, as well as previous circumstances, into consideration, the Bishop's mind was clear on one point, that absolute intimidation or coercion was really used, in order to enforce attendance at church. Mr. Bayne and Mr. Maitland do not at all agree here ; perhaps because they have not yet adequately studied the sufferings of Sir Thomas Wharton and his companions. I quite allow, however, that there was, as a rule, little strong coercion used at this early period of Elizabeth's reign, except towards leaders, such as the Bishops, or at the time of a crisis.

De Quadra of course did not ask for one answer rather than another ; but he seems perhaps to hope that the Pope would not lay down any new law or general regulation, but leave each case to be settled on its merits. He had himself, he says, acted in that way. With those who had been at services he was wont "to extenuate the sin," in order to avert downheartedness. But he was careful not to minimize with those who had resisted bravely ; for he feared that, if he did so, they would make altogether light of the offence, and actually "communicate" with little scruple. He also notes that the obligation of avoiding scandal was more binding on some than on others.*

* Dr. Maitland, and still more Mr. Bayne, have convinced themselves that de Quadra thought or hoped that the Pope would allow attendance at service. To this they are inclined by de Quadra's account of the pressure put upon the Catholics to make them go to Church, which they think is very exaggerated. But then they do not take into consideration the example of cruelty used against recusants at the time of Martinengo's projected visit. Mr. Bayne even thinks that I am unjust to Cecil on that occasion, in charging him with "infamous hypocrisy," when he "took God to record" that he "meant no evil" to the many innocent victims whom he had imprisoned, fined and disgraced (*The Month*, Vol. XCIX) for doing that which he himself had done four years earlier. Mr. Bayne even insists on Cecil's "honesty," and thinks that his words, just quoted, were "not hypocritical, but merely a protest that he served no private ends." That cannot be. Cruelty such as his could only be inspired by hatred of the religion which he had himself more than once professed. Macaulay (thinking of the year 1580 or so, when the death penalty was freely enforced) says : "The great stain upon (Cecil's) memory is that for differences of opinion for which he would risk nothing himself, in the day of his power, he took away without scruple the lives of others." As that cannot be called "honest," so neither can his "want of scruple" in 1561.

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A phrase, often found in these papers, about going to Anglican services, needs a word of explanation. It is this—that Elizabeth forced her Catholic subjects “to live the life of Protestants.” For Italians and Spaniards of the sixteenth century the hereditary enemy to their faith was the Turk. But bitter though the Turk’s persecution was, he did not as a rule make the conquered Christians “live the life of the Turk”: and so the Tudor tyranny was in this respect even more barbarous than the Turkish. The Turks did not hunt their subjects into mosques, while Elizabeth constrained Catholic Englishmen to her reformed services against their consciences, because she wished them “to live the life of Protestants.” Moreover her formulas by law established pressed on the people not only in church on Sundays, but also at christenings, and at graves, in prayers morning and evening, in fine everywhere. To resist such tyranny was a prime duty of a man and of a Christian, as well as of a Catholic. It was exactly at morning service on Sundays that the heads of the submissive were counted, and that blind obedience was made into gospel. The compulsory Sunday service was therefore especially to be resisted, because it was the chief means of enforcing “the life of Protestants.”

We now come to the fortune of de Quadra’s application at Rome.* It was handed into the Holy Office, and was consigned to a congregation of three men of high standing, two of them Dominicans, the third a Minorite, the future Pope Sixtus V. By them the application of the English gentlemen, with its remarkable vein of hope, and de Quadra’s rather depressing letter, were reduced to a “case,” which was extremely simple.

CASE. Prince X. has forbidden, under pain of death, any of his subjects to be Catholics, but all must “live the life of heretics.” He also orders them to be present while Psalms are sung in the vulgar tongue; while lessons are recited from the Bible, also in the vulgar tongue; also (as a rule) while sermons

* *The Opinion of the Inquisitors at Rome*, printed in Spanish by Bayne, from Simancas.

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are preached in support of such doctrines. *Query.* Can a Catholic subject attend without danger to Salvation?

It is interesting to note some of the omissions. Elizabeth's name is not here. It does not affect the substance of the case. Her religion also has no name. No fault is found with the text of the new liturgy. It was not taken from any heresiarch, but from the Bible. The language, however, was "the vulgar tongue," a circumstance which was, in those days, extremely suspicious, to say the least of it. The frequency of Protestant sermons is not forgotten, and de Quadra's strong insistence that there was always "absolute coercion," is simplified into the phrase "under the pain of death."

The answer turned chiefly on this—that the Act of Uniformity was intended "to promote the life of heretics." There were three illicit acts in the case: "(1) To give up living as a Catholic; (2) to adopt the life of heretics; (3) to be present at their services." It was further explained that *participatio in sacris*, with heretics and excommunicated persons, was not so great an obstacle here as "the profession of their life and errors." For why else did these Catholic petitioners wish to go to Anglican church service, except to evade the punishments imposed on Catholics, *by being reputed heretics*? The rest of the answer is taken up with the faculties for giving absolution to those who have fallen into heresy. This we are for the present omitting.

If we compare this answer of the Roman inquisitors with that given by the Divines at Trent we shall find that the differences correspond closely with the differences between the persons who make the two petitions. The Council was questioned by laymen, actually under the penalties of the English laws, who confess that they are swayed now by fears, now by deceptive hopes. The object of the answer made to them was, therefore, after stating the doctrine clearly, to exhort to courage and perseverance. In the second case the inquirer was a bishop, in no immediate danger, who confesses that he had not been quite clear and consistent in his answers. No exhortations

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were sent to him, but an answer, which enforces several principles useful for the occasion, and above all insists that this liturgy is in reality an act of submission to an heretical creed.

The answer reached the Bishop of Aquila, and was reported by him to Spain on November 8th, 1562.* This reporting was necessary because of the clauses annexed about absolution from heresy. De Quadra knew how irritated the English Government would have been if it discovered that he had intervened in that matter. He had, therefore, to ask his own government for further directions, and he died in August, 1563, perhaps before an answer from Madrid arrived; at all events none is now known. This makes it probable that the answer from Rome, about going to Protestant Church, was in this way also lost on the journey; it was never published in this country. No contemporary or subsequent writer is known to allude to it; and it has only lately been recovered from the archives at Simancas.

The answer from Trent on the other hand passed into the literature of the subject. It is strange that we do not seem to have any reference to it in the extant letters of Cardinal Allen, especially as he was, at that very moment, the protagonist of Catholic resistance in this matter. The historian Dodd, however (a well-read man indeed, but not noted for accuracy), asserts that Allen used to "quote the ruling" when working in Lancashire, in 1562-5.† So we may very well hope that a confirmation of this will yet be recognized. The earliest explicit reference to *The Decision of Trent*, found by Mr. Bayne, is made by Gregory Martin, and must refer to the year 1570 or thereabouts. He also quotes Father Persons' *Brief Discours*, which mentions it in the year 1580. He also quotes one of the Oscott MSS., entitled, *An Answer to a Comfortable Advertisement*, written about the year 1588. This is important because it gives the title in an

* A translation of this letter will be found in the *Spanish Calendar*. It recapitulates the story in brief.

† Dodd's *History*, Bayne, p. 166, note.

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earlier form than has yet been known, *The Resolution of Cardinal Hosius, Soto, and others, Twelve learned Divines at the Council of Trent, concerning going to Church with Protestants in England.** The hortatory letter is here called "The Epistle to the Nobility of England."

About the year 1600 the *Resolution of Trent* was printed by Father Henry Garnet, with an English translation, as an appendix to his *Treatise of Christian Renunciation*.† It is through him that the text is still preserved. We hear some details of this edition through his letter to Father Persons of June 2nd, 1601.‡ Their correspondence had grown out of a custom of that day among Catholics, of calling those who went to Anglican service "Schismatics." So long as the word was only used rhetorically, it was well enough; for going-to-church under Elizabethan circumstances was the most deadly of all preludes to schism. Yet it was not formally Schism, and the Council never said it was. Father Garnet, however, had done this, and Father Persons had blamed his inaccuracy. Garnet thereupon answered: "I wrote a book of collections out of the Holy Fathers, intitulated, *Of Christian Renunciation*, to which I added *The Declaration of the Council of Trent*, which I think confirmeth all our opinion." In his translation (not in his Latin text) Garnet made the mistake of adding marginal notes, which refer to the circumstances of his own day. It is just possible that these notes have proved a stumbling-block to Mr. Bayne, who has suggested that the letter of Hosius is a later "conflation," and "not an historical document." But Mr. Bayne's reason for this suggestion is feeble. The style, he notes, is quite unlike the precise didactic forms used in the decrees and canons of the Council. But this proves nothing, because the letter to the Council called for a homily rather than for a decree;

* Bayne, p. 292. See previous note.

† Secretly printed, only three copies now known: at Oscott, Cambridge University Library, and the Incorporated Law Society's Library.

‡ Garnet to Persons, June, 1601. Stonyhurst MSS. Grene, *Collectanea P*, printed by Gerard, *The Month*, Vol. XCI.

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so that the circumstance noted rather confirms than weakens the credit of the text.*

I conclude with two quotations. The first is from Queen Elizabeth. We do not know how much of the above story came to her ears, nor with what glosses, but she made use of it in 1571, and as usual, deceitfully. She was then engaged in an attempt to wheedle the Duke of Anjou into a marriage with Anglican services. So she wrote in her instructions, "In our services there is no part that hath not been, nay that is not at this day used in the Church of Rome, *as of late the same hath been allowed by the last Council of Trent.*"† How sweetly characteristic of Elizabeth! To whom else would it have occurred to seize upon one sentence from *the case* sent to Trent, in order to misrepresent the whole of the Tridentine decision against her!‡ Nevertheless she confesses by implication that she knew about the transactions, which the historians of the Council have hitherto always passed over in silence.

We have above quoted Cardinal Allen's frank words about the worldly-wise Catholic temporizers of 1562. This was his conclusion in 1578: "By persevering diligence we so completely overcame this difficulty that no one is any longer regarded as a genuine Catholic, capable of absolution, who does not altogether refrain from every appearance of evil in regard to communication with heretics. And whereas in the judgment of many

* Garnet says, in his preface, that he had never seen another copy besides the one he was using. Again, there was so little circulation of texts among the Catholics of that day, that the conflation of texts is practically unheard of amongst them.

† Sir Dudley Digges, *The Compleat Ambassador*.

‡ At the beginning of the petition sent to Trent (*Doc. I*) through Mascarenas, we read of the Anglican services: "Psalms are recited and lessons read from both Testaments in the vulgar tongue." In Bishop Quadra's letter to Rome (*Doc. II*), which is a sort of amplification of this, we read: "Common prayers contain no false doctrine whatever, nor anything impious. It is all Scripture, or prayers taken from the Catholic Church, though they have omitted, etc." The true inference from these statements is that, the more favourable they are to the Anglican Service, the more emphatic the condemnations of Trent and of Rome.

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worldly-wise men this strict enforcement of ecclesiastical discipline seemed likely to lessen greatly the number of Catholics, the Lord God has shown by experience the contrary to be true. For we have now more confessors and genuine Catholics than, with all our indulgence and connivance, we then had concealed Christians."

J. H. POLLEN, S.J.

ONE ODD MAN : AND ANOTHER

The Odd Man in Malta. By John Wignacourt. (Chapman and Hall.)

Mrs. Maxon Protests. By Anthony Hope. (Methuen.)

I

IT is quite ridiculously hard for educated Catholics to realize the liberal ignorance of their otherwise intelligent and understanding neighbours about the Catholic religion. Yet of this ignorance there are constant rude reminders. In the ordinary talk that goes on amongst men, sooner or later the conversation is likely to drift towards religion. If anyone present is known to be a Catholic, his opinion may be asked as that of an expert on some subject, concerning which a Catholic elementary-school child could answer with precision. I remember once being requested by a little group of medical men to tell them what was an Indulgence. They explained that they had been visiting a Maltese church, and saw that an Indulgence was there offered them, and wanted to know what exactly it meant. I obtained breathing space by explaining with a smile that they were mistaken in imagining that the Indulgence had been "offered" to *them*. But after the smile on both sides had passed away, how was I to explain what is meant by an Indulgence to men who had no idea of the real meaning of sin, who had never heard of the distinction between the guilt of sin and its punishment, who knew nothing of the difference in their effects between the Sacrament of Baptism and the Sacrament of Penance, who had never been to Confession in their lives, who had never so much as heard of the Canonical Penances in the Early Church, or of the Pardons therefrom granted at the Prayer of the Martyrs? I did not know where to begin. Obviously, it was neither the place nor the time to deliver a lecture,

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and I felt much at the same disadvantage as my friends the doctors would have felt, had I suddenly asked them to explain to me the meaning of a highly technical term, of which the true meaning could not possibly be grasped without the knowledge of many other medical terms and principles altogether outside my ken. But in the one case—my ignorance of medicine—the ignorance is acknowledged on both sides ; in the other case—their ignorance of ordinary Catholic doctrine—the doctors acknowledge it not, and would be offended if it were insisted upon. In the current literature of the day, whether novels or books of travel and adventure, or biographies of famous men, or what purports to be serious history, everywhere one finds references to Catholicism (this is in itself a very significant fact), but everywhere a lack of suspicion of ignorance combined with ignorance the most complete.

It is no longer hatred, or even positive dislike, or wilful misinterpretation. Almost everyone wishes nowadays to be respectful and appreciative and polite and understanding towards what is often called our “venerable,” or our “beautiful,” or our “fascinating” religion. It is ignorance pure and simple, ignorance of our technical terms, ignorance of our ways and habits of thought, ignorance of our principles. In illustration, I will take two books (almost any others would have served my purpose as well)—two books as unlike one another as books can be, both with much to recommend them in different ways, both kindly in tone, and both free from any suspicion of wilful prejudice.

One shall be a costly illustrated work—descriptive of a country in which its writer has lived, evidently in the esteem of all men, a happy life of many generous appreciations of his surroundings. The other shall be a cheap and thoroughly English novel by one of the best-known of our popular writers. The first book is *The Odd Man in Malta*, and the author calls himself John Wignacourt.*

* This is evidently a pseudonym. John Wignacourt was a famous Grand Master of the Knights of St. John in Malta. For convenience' sake we will, however, call the author of the book before us Mr. Wignacourt.

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On its cover we read the Publisher's appreciation :

This book is an account of an odd island by the Odd Man, for such is the position of the civilian in Malta. Although this volume is written throughout in the lighter vein, and overflows with amusing anecdotes, it is the work of one who has personally delved among the prehistoric shrines of the island and knows the people from their earliest origins. Economic problems, traditions of dress, language and race are discussed, while the whole book is bathed in the warm sunlight and dazzling colours of the Mediterranean.

All this is, I think, very true. The chapter, for example, on a Maltese Johnson is delightfully clever and well written. Yet on one subject, the religion of the Maltese people, its author unconsciously conveys a totally false impression to his readers. No doubt he has "personally delved among the prehistoric shrines of the island"; but most certainly he has not visited its existing shrines, at least with any comprehension of the real inwardness of the devotion of the worshippers who throng those shrines to-day.

Mr. Wignacourt starts with the assumption, shared, as we are often reminded, by so many merely superficial observers of the Catholic Religion, that Catholicism has, at least in Latin countries, "taken over" many features of Paganism. By this it is meant not merely that Catholicism has assimilated all that is true in every religion, just as supernatural religion is built upon natural religion which it presupposes, but that Catholic worship of our Lady and the Saints is not in any way essentially different from the old worship of Greek and Roman gods and goddesses—the same worship under different names. Mr. Wignacourt is not ashamed to state this extravagant opinion with startling frankness. Thus he writes : "The ancient folk from whom the Maltese are descended were essentially religious, and had probably developed an advanced form of worship while the Aryans were still floundering in magic rites. The Catholic Church has known how to mould this good material to the glory of God, and so *the old religion prevails, but directed into*

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different channels. As mother-worshippers they must worship a woman, and so instead of Astarte they worship the Virgin." By way of proof, we are gravely assured that "it is curious to observe, when the streets are decorated for a religious *festa*, the number of emblems which pertain more properly to Venus and her Southern predecessor." I have questioned both priests and educated laymen in Malta who have been acquainted with Maltese religious *feste* all their lives, but I have found no one who has the slightest conception of what Mr. Wignacourt can mean. He is simply the victim of a preconceived theory. He looked for "emblems of Venus and her Southern predecessor"—and found what he looked for in some simple natural token of joy and festivity. Further on we read: "The *festas* are numerous, and mark not only the days of Saints, but appear to embrace also several pagan festivals. The worship of Osiris and Isis has thus merged into that of John the Baptist and the Virgin Mary." We are gravely informed that "in Sliema Mary is *Stella Maris*." What would Mr. Wignacourt think of anyone who, as evidence that "in Greenwich and in North Devon the worship of Isis is merged into that of the Virgin Mary," should adduce the fact that "in both Greenwich and Ilfracombe the Virgin Mary is *Stella Maris*, the Star of the Sea"? Yet there is as much, or as little, reason for making the statement about Greenwich and North Devonshire as there is about Malta. The Catholic Church at Greenwich, as well as that at Ilfracombe, are dedicated, like the parish church at Sliema, to "Our Lady, Star of the Sea." If this fact proves anything wonderful about the Catholics of Sliema, it must of necessity prove the same wonderful thing about the Catholics of Greenwich and Ilfracombe. Mr. Wignacourt has no idea that Catholicism is essentially the same in England, and in Malta, and in Sicily, and in Brittany, and in the Tyrol, all the world over. In another place he writes:

Religion in Brittany and Malta is of the same character; there is the same reverence for saints and relics; the same love of

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ceremony and of ritual ; the same predilection for the Virgin ; the same processions ; the same offerings are hung in the churches. It is essentially objective ; the religion of a sensuous people. When you cross from Italy to Austria the images of the Virgin give place to those of Christ. The long-headed Hamites could never have evolved monotheism, nor probably a supreme male deity.

But no one, neither Hamite nor author, has ever "evolved" monotheism. Belief in one God is not a development evolved from first principles : it is an essential part of natural religion and can be attained by the human reason from a consideration of the universe, which is open to all men. It is itself the first principle of Judaism and Mohammedanism, as well as of Christianity. Now, the "long-headed Hamites" in Malta are emphatically Christians, though Mr. Wignacourt implies that they are polytheists, like their Pagan ancestors. Furthermore, he tells us that "probably" the long-headed Hamites could not have evolved "a supreme male Deity." We are here on very sacred ground indeed, and must walk with reverence. Does Mr. Wignacourt really think that any Christians believe "in a supreme male Deity" ? Surely he must know that we believe that God is a Spirit ? It is so clear to every Catholic—one would have thought that it ought to have been clear to every Christian—that the idea of sex does not enter into our idea of the Divinity. It is true, no doubt, that the Eternal Father is represented in Holy Scripture as the Ancient of Days, and that the Holy Ghost appeared as a Dove, but the Father is not a Man any more than the Holy Spirit is actually a Dove. The Eternal Son—this is the central Christian Mystery, distinguishing it from all non-Christian, monotheistic religions—took in time the Nature of Man, "born under the Law, born of a Woman." But the doctrine of the Incarnation in no way justifies Mr. Wignacourt's language. His suggestion that the southerners worship the Woman Mary rather than the Man Christ Jesus is preceded by the observation that "in the mountains of the Tyrol the women wear bowler hats

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and take them off to a man ” ; and so “ when you cross from Italy to Austria the images of the Virgin give place to those of Christ.” Here is theory run mad. It may, or may not be the case—I do not know—that there are more crucifixes to be seen in Austria than in Malta or Italy. What I do know is that in Austria there is as much devotion to our Lady as in any other Catholic country. (Strange though it may be to Mr. Wignacourt, *all* Catholic countries and all practising Catholics in every country have, to use his quaint expression, “ the same predilection for the Virgin.”) I know also that in Malta and Italy, and in every part of the world, love of the Mother leads to supreme love of her Divine Son. Moreover, everyone who knows Catholic churches in Malta knows that they are singularly profuse in crucifixes, to which there is much popular devotion. This is the case, for example, in the parish church in Sliema (dedicated, we remember, to the Star of the Sea), in the Dominican church close by, as well as in the Franciscan church in Valetta. Love of the Mother and the Son are never sundered in Malta or anywhere else ; in every Catholic country they are found and bound together.

When we are told that the religion of the Maltese and Bretons is “ essentially objective,” we can only understand that the religion of the Maltese and Bretons has an Object. In other words, they worship God, whom they believe to have revealed Himself to men in the religion of the Incarnation. We read also that their religion is “ the religion of a sensuous people.” By this Mr. Wignacourt cannot mean that the Maltese are a *sensual* people, for he writes elsewhere : “ I never knew women more moral ” ; and again that he would, if he had a plantation in the Colonies, wish to have Maltese to work it, for “ I know that they would work as hard as anybody in the world and as cheaply, and that they would keep free from vice.” By *sensuous*, then, we should not understand *sensual* ; so when we learn that “ the religion of the Maltese is the religion of a sensuous people,” we can only understand that their religion is the religion of a

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people alive to impressions made upon the senses. But it is matter of common knowledge that one aspect of Catholic worship appeals to the senses of everybody. This is justified, amongst other reasons, by the fact that we are not angels, but men and women with senses given us by our Maker. What Mr. Wignacourt calls "the religion of a sensuous people" is not peculiar to Malta and Brittany any more than is "reverence for saints and relics, processions and votive offerings hung in churches."

Though Processions and Votive Offerings (not essential to the Catholic religion anywhere) are to be found in Catholic countries everywhere—in Liverpool and in London and in New York as in Valetta, or Sliema or Citta Vecchia—I am not suggesting that national characteristics and temperament and history are without effect upon the accidental and external aspect of Catholicism in various countries. But I am stating a truism when I say that, *essentially*, Catholicism is quite independent of any climatic or variable conditions. Moreover, whatever differences in custom really exist are surprisingly few and of no significance. It is somewhat curious that Mr. Wignacourt has failed to observe many of these (such as they are), whilst laying stress upon differences that have no existence save in his imagination. For example, it is not only the Maltese clergy, but Catholic priests all over the world, who on every Feast of our Lady recite the *Ave Maris Stella*. But many English-speaking Catholics, lay and clerical, visiting Malta, profess themselves much disturbed by the Maltese custom of saying prayers aloud in the churches. The resulting hum is at first undoubtedly distracting. Again, for those who are not used to it, there is something odd in watching (as I have often watched) a worshipper, as an act of voluntary penance, crawling on the knees from the entrance of a large church right up to the High Altar. This is thought nothing of in Malta : it is merely an act of humility recognized by long-established local custom. Still, edifying though it be, it would create very unedifying astonishment were it to be attempted at the

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Brompton Oratory or in the Westminster Cathedral, or even in any ordinary church in Italy. The Maltese, of course, understand this, and would never think of taking their purely local ways out of their own island. They are the least self-conscious of beings, and in church never look at other people, or fancy that anyone is looking at them, whilst they take their chairs about, so that they may face now one altar and now another.

So far as there are special characteristics of Maltese religion which go deeper than these mere externals, I think that Mr. Wignacourt has failed signally to apprehend them. For instance, he writes: "I have never known a people so devout, and the women are pious to a degree." Now, in very many Catholic countries, "*the women* are pious to a degree." That which is especially remarkable in Malta is the piety of the *men*. I shall never forget the first day I arrived in Malta some years ago. It was a Sunday and just twelve o'clock. I got on shore as soon as I could, and found my way to the nearest church—one near to the Custom House, in a poor quarter of the town. It was crowded with men, not a woman to be seen—all labourers and all in their shirt-sleeves, perfectly at home, and saying their prayers aloud. I had never seen or heard anything like it anywhere. Everything observed since has borne out that first experience. In Valetta the churches are all crowded with men every day, from the first Mass at five o'clock—often four—to the last (in most churches) at ten, whilst in the country the male population mostly goes to Mass every morning at four before proceeding to their work at five. I am certain that the interior subjective side of religion (the essence of all true religion) is extraordinarily developed in Malta. The Maltese may "love ceremony and ritual"; but little ceremonial is to be observed in their ordinary religious practices. In Valetta and Sliema (this is if possible more true of the country districts) you cannot go into any church in the evening, about the time of the *Ave Maria* at sunset, without finding in it a crowd—more of men probably than women—praying at the end of

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the day's work—staying in the church for a considerable time, adoring their Lord, present in the Tabernacle. In Valetta, out of a total population of twenty-two thousand people, there are more than a thousand communions *every* day, and more than a hundred every day in practically all the village churches.

Nor, I repeat with emphasis and satisfaction, do the people at any time feel any special need of ceremonial. The last Sunday that I had the happiness to be in Malta, I heard Mass at the Englishman's sacred hour of eleven in the beautiful Cathedral church of St. John. It was crowded to the doors. There were hardly any women present (they had, of course, heard Mass early, and were about their household duties), but men (not in their shirt-sleeves here) of all classes, all of them saying their prayers most devoutly. In an English Protestant church some accompaniment would be desired in the way of hymn-singing, or chanting, or leading of the congregation by the recitation of prayers or preaching. Here there was no such support, nor did anybody need it. There was simply a priest at the distant altar saying Mass in what I, an Englishman, regretted to notice (no Maltese would have noticed it!) looked to be a very shabby vestment. Everybody in the church (excepting myself) was minding his own business. The quality and age of the vestment was, I imagine, the business of the sacristan—certainly it was not that of the worshippers. It occurred to me that many a High Church Anglican would have been terribly disappointed at such a service in such a church on Sunday at eleven o'clock. He would certainly have been accustomed to something far more elaborate at home. Yet the religion of the Maltese is set down as "the religion of a sensuous people." It most certainly is the religion of a prayerful people.

But Mr. Wignacourt may say, if he happens to read this article, that I am trying to prove too much, and that it is ridiculous to maintain that the generality of the Maltese are not superstitious and even ignorant about their religion. Well, if he were to say this, I should

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simply not agree with him. I have talked to many Maltese about their religion, whilst I do not believe, from the evidence afforded by his book, that he has done the same. It was not necessary for him—he knew already, without talking to them at all, that their religion was only that of Isis and Osiris, of Ceres, or of Venus, or of Astarte under another form! So why trouble to investigate? But experience is better than theory always, and my experience is that the poor Maltese know their religion extraordinarily well. Mr. Wignacourt has informed us that “the worship of Osiris and Isis has merged into that of St. John the Baptist and the Virgin Mary.” Now here is a challenge for him. I challenge him to find any uneducated Maltese who has ever heard even the name either of Osiris or of Isis, and also I challenge him to find any Maltese, educated or uneducated, who is ignorant of the fact that the honour which he pays to St. John the Baptist is paid to the great forerunner of Christ. Above all I challenge him to find me any Maltese who does not know perfectly well why he honours the Blessed Mother of his Lord. That honour is, as every Maltese knows, due to her because of her relation to her Son and to those whom her Divine Son redeemed by shedding His Precious Blood. The Maltese devotion to our Lady and to the Saints is essentially Christian—for the sake of Christ.

Let me record a conversation I had one day in a hair-dresser's shop in Valetta. It is not a large shop, and the proprietor (who, by the way, casually informed me that, as is common in Malta, he was the proud parent of twelve children) is assisted by his son, a youth of about eighteen summers. This lad his father addressed by the pet name of Cenz (the Maltese are most Christianly affectionate in their family relations), whereupon I asked whether he had been named after St. Vincent of Paul, in whose honour there had just been a charity-collection in all the streets. I was told at once, *No*—the boy had been christened after St. Vincent Ferrer. It was then volubly explained to me that St. Vincent de Paul was indeed a great Saint, but that St. Vincent Ferrer was a

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greater. For St. Vincent de Paul had practised charity in an heroic degree, whereas St. Vincent Ferrer had been full of charity, but, besides, had been a wonderful preacher and a *taumaturgo*, or wonder worker. And then the good man spoke enthusiastically of the great Saints much venerated in Malta. "San Vincenzo, *taumaturgo*, Sant' Antonio, *taumaturgo*!" with much emphasis. As he then paused, I ventured to add "San Gerardo, *taumaturgo*." Here he hesitated; St. Gerard is unfortunately not well known in Malta, but my friend remembered suddenly the devotion to him in the Conventual Church, and said "*Si*," and then went on with his own list. "San Nicolao Tolentino, *taumaturgo*," he cited, and another Augustinian Saint, unknown to me, but evidently much honoured in Malta, with another *taumaturgo*. His son was listening to him all the time with flashing eyes. Again, a boatman once told me, with much animation, the story of St. Publius, whose statue, with the lion of his martyrdom at his feet, catches one's eye just before one lands in the harbour.* The Maltese will tell you that they have always guarded their religion most jealously as they first received it from their Apostle, the Apostle who converted Publius, the mighty Apostle of the Gentiles himself. Their affection for St. Paul is something very touching. I have often asked them if they loved St. Paul, always to receive the same answer: "Surely, he is our father." I was told by a venerable priest, attached to the parochial church of St. Paul in Valetta, that when the great image of the Apostle of the Gentiles is carried from that church into the streets on his Feast day, the people often have tears in their eyes. I naturally asked *Why*, and was told: "Because they love him so much." To use Mr. Wignacourt's own words: Whose mythological worship has been "fused" into that of St. Paul?

* I was once looking at the large pictures which adorn the beautiful Church of St. Publius in Floriana. Quite a poor man joined me and pointed out the meaning of the various scenes which illustrate St. Paul's landing in the island. Wherever he identified for my benefit St. Publius in a picture, he would add with much pride, "And he was a Prince of Malta!"

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Two minor examples of Mr. Wignacourt's carelessness I have marked on my margins. The first shall be a very trifling inaccuracy. As a sign that Maltese women are "pious to a degree," Mr. Wignacourt informs us that : "We had a servant who asked for leave one evening for devotional purposes as she *had* to pray in seven churches." If Mr. Wignacourt had inquired of this servant, he would have found that this request was in no way a sign of extraordinary piety, as it would have been made on only one day of the year. He would also have discovered that it most certainly was inaccurate to state that she "*had*" to pray in seven churches—for this was in no way a requirement of her religion, but was purely an act of private devotion. It is the custom of the Maltese (of course the custom of men as well as of women) to visit the Sepulchre in seven churches on Maundy-Thursday. This custom exists also throughout Italy, but I do not think that it is general anywhere else in Catholic Christendom ; though in Irish towns the approximate custom is to visit three churches on that day. Here, then, is a local custom, on which an author might well have had something interesting to say, had he made inquiries. But he makes no inquiries, and puts it down, quite wrongly, as an obligation laid upon a specially pious female.

My second instance concerns the building of churches. Mr. Wignacourt writes : ". . . the continual building of large and costly churches amid the wretched hovels of a populace which can barely live. Money and labour are freely given for this purpose, which, whatever may be said in its favour, here shows itself to be the reverse of utilitarian. But it is of no use to run counter to the nature of a people." And again : "The Maltese show considerable practical zeal in church building, and the laying of stones is not confined to a local big-wig and a formal function. All are willing to build up for themselves a portion of salvation in hard stone and seal it with a hod of mortar. On the other hand, as in the Middle Ages, some churches are in the nature of final lump-sum insurances paid from the wealth accumulated by selling

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curiosities to the English and other simple folk.” And once more : “Malta is crowded with churches, and in spite of the present economic crisis, they are still being built on every hand and on a magnificent scale.” These categorical statements are entirely devoid of foundation. Far from churches “still built on every hand and on a magnificent scale,” in Valetta only one church (and that a Convent chapel) has been built in the last twenty-five years ; whilst only two churches—one the Church of the Nazarene, and the other an oratory in connection with the Salesian Charitable Institution—have been built during the same period in Sliema. Nor is much church building necessary in Malta, for, as Mr. Wignacourt himself writes, “Malta is crowded with churches” ; there are over fifty in the little town of Valetta, and there is one in every village. I do not myself believe that any “hovels of the populace” in Malta are nearly as “wretched” as those to be found in the shameful slums of our own towns.

However this may be, the Maltese population already possess “large and costly churches,” which, thank God, unlike the English poor (robbed of their ancient inheritance), they not only love, but also use. Many a magnificent House of God is their house too. If other churches were needed they would certainly sacrifice themselves, even go hungry, to build them ; but needed they are not, except perhaps in a few cases quite in the depths of the country. But our author, presumably because this sort of writing pleases him, tells us about “all” the Maltese contributing “a hod of mortar” to the new churches, and the rich shopkeepers effecting “final lump-sum insurances” and the rest of it, when the simple fact is that no Maltese labourer has—at least for the last quarter of a century—given a hod of mortar, and no Maltese shopkeeper any lump-sum, small or great, towards the building of a church in Valetta, for the simple reason that no new church has been needed. “Meantime” (that is what time the churches are being built) “the steed starves.” I do not quite know what Mr.

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Wignacourt wishes to convey by the metaphor of "the steed," but it is certain that no starvation, either of horse or man, is due in Malta to the building of churches. In a Catholic country such as Malta, death from starvation—alas! so common in many Protestant countries—is absolutely unknown. The charity of the people makes it impossible.* The faithful Catholics of Ireland have had in our generation to do over again the church-building work done by their fathers in the days of old; but in Malta no churches have been razed to the ground by fanatical enemies of the Catholic Name. Here are no Catholic shrines in alien hands, as are the two Cathedrals in Dublin, once Catholic now Protestant, and the Cathedral Church of the City of the Violated Treaty.

II

In *Mrs. Maxon Protests*, Mr. Anthony Hope has given us a popular story—how popular may be gathered from the fact that three more expensive editions, published in one year, have given place to a shilling issue, notwithstanding the dearness of materials in this third year of the war. This very large circulation in many ways it deserves. It is eminently readable, yet is marked by thought and has its clever observations on matters of vital interest to us all. The central theme is marriage, and the plan (there is no plot) is to show how a certain theory of marriage works out in practice. Mrs. Maxon is a true protestant. She protests against many things, especially against "institutions"—against the tiresome conduct of her husband—a rising barrister, hoping soon to be a judge—and (at first I think only incidentally, as a result of that primary protest) against the whole Christian conception of marriage, as represented to her by her husband and his friend Mr. Attlebury, a High-Church

*A Protestant soldier told me recently that the first thing which turned his mind towards the Catholic religion was the charity which he saw the very poor Maltese observe to their brethren. He said that it seemed to him that in Malta "everyone was ready to share his crust with his neighbour."

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clergyman. She then protests against respectability, and what Mr. Hope calls its "code" as represented by a middle-class family in Woburn Square who induce her lover to leave her—a lover with whom she is living, after leaving her husband, in a new kind of "marriage" devised by herself. She next protests against devotion to duty, when, after her husband has divorced her, a soldier will not marry her (on learning her story) because of the harm it would do the subalterns in the regiment which he expects soon to command. Finally she protests against the Catholic Church, when it stands in the way of Dick Dennehy's marrying her after Major Merrian has thrown her over. Excepting in the last case, she is worsted—worsted by the Institution of Marriage (which, strive as she may, casts her ashore as a derelict), worsted by "the Code" (which leaves her abandoned and alone), worsted by the Regiment, of which she is deemed unworthy even by a typical man of the world, "without much religion."

Only against the Catholic Church does she come off victorious—the Catholic Church represented by the conscience of Dick Dennehy. For Dick, after a great struggle, succumbs to her charms. But here it would be unfair to blame Mrs. Maxon's creator. For the defeat of the Catholic Church is obviously not really a defeat of the Church, but only a defeat of poor Dennehy. True, there are Catholics who are not proof against strong temptation; but never yet has there been a Catholic to yield to temptation *in the way* in which Dick Dennehy yielded. But first let me say that I think Anthony Hope is quite fair in the manner in which he puts the ethical aspects of the case. The free-love view is given by a clever, freethinking, literary man, and by his still more clever and more freethinking wife, and by Mrs. Maxon herself; the orthodox view, feebly enough, by Cyril Maxon (the husband), by Attlebury his adviser, by Dennehy, but very forcibly indeed by the logic of events. Perhaps I am quite wrong in thinking that Anthony Hope himself sympathizes with the view that, at least in

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extreme cases, and after process of law, a wife is justified (and also a husband) in breaking the marriage bond and making fresh ties in the lifetime of the former partner. In any case he does not obtrude his views—he holds the scales even.

It is not his fault perhaps, but his misfortune, that he forces us to realize how far we have travelled in ethics not only from the days of Jane Austen, but even from those of Anthony Trollope. No young women have less in common between them than Winnie Maxon, and (say) Lily Dale. Trollope could never have even imagined Winnie Maxon, selfish, self-centred, out only for what she considered happiness, with no regard for the feelings or convictions of others, craving for what she called love, passing lightly from one lover to another, yet all the while eminently satisfied with herself. Had Trollope contemplated such a creature, he would have regarded her with loathing, and as utterly impossible in that England of gentlefolk which he knew and described so faithfully. I may be wrong, but I do not think that Anthony Hope could have created Lily Dale. I wonder whether he even likes Lily Dale. Her reticence, her modesty, her gentleness, her faithfulness, her deep affection, he cannot help liking. But does he, I wonder, like Lily Dale herself? Whether or not, he would say that she is "Victorian," and has passed away from his sphere. In saying this, I think that he would be wrong. I believe that, allowing for the disappearance of utterly unessential things and the innocuous change of manners, England is still compact of Lily Dales, and that Winnie Maxons are still the exceptions. If no one can blame an author for writing of people as he sees them now, rather than as his great predecessors saw them, or as we ourselves may still see them, we have every right to find fault with him if he fails to present truly that which he claims to describe. And this is precisely my quarrel with Anthony Hope. His picture of Dick Dennehy is in no way convincing to those who know the Dick Dennehy of the world as they really are. He, too, in this alone resembling the

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civilian in Malta, is "an Odd Man." If this is true, Anthony Hope has so far failed as an artist; he has so far failed in his own profession. My complaint is two-fold. Dennehy does not speak as a Catholic Irishman, or as any other Catholic, would speak, and—this is of course far more important—the account of the conflict he undergoes is psychologically all astray. He arrives at a mental state at which no Catholic—remaining a Catholic, and we are expressly told that Dennehy remains a convinced Catholic—could possibly arrive.

First, with regard to the way in which he talks—this little dialogue: "'Theory against practice—that's the way of it always,' said Stephen. 'Well, in a sense ye're right there,' Dennehy conceded. 'It needs a priest to tell you what to do, and a man to do it.'"

I need not say how inconceivable it is that an educated Catholic, talking to another educated man who is an Agnostic, should utter such twaddle as this. All Catholics know perfectly well what to do in the broad issues of life. Their difficulty—our difficulty—concerns very little the theory, though often it very much touches the practice, of our religion. No doubt occasionally there may arise a difficulty about the theory, and in such difficulty it is natural to consult a priest, who has to preach officially the observance of the moral law, and is something of an expert in the matter, having, in exceptional cases, theological text-books, to which he may refer—just as lawyers and medical men have their own medical and legal text-books to consult. But all that is out of the ordinary. Ordinarily a priest is concerned not with laying down the well-known Law, with "telling men what they have to do," but rather with granting God's forgiveness to those who repent, and with striving, by means of the supernatural mysteries entrusted to his care, to help his fellow-sinners to observe that Law more faithfully for the time to come. And if a Catholic would never thus bring "the priest" into such a conversation, still less would he be a party to other improbable remarks. "'Ye're an atheist,' observed Dennehy. 'I'm not an atheist, Dick.' 'The

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Pope'd call you one, and that's enough for a good Catholic like me.'” This is hopeless. To begin with, the Pope would never call a man an atheist who disclaimed atheism. Were the Pope to do so, it would *not* “be enough” for us ; it would simply remain an abuse of language. The meaning of words depends upon etymology ; and, above all, upon ordinary convention, to which Popes conform, like anyone else. Were the Holy Father, for example, to learn English, he might for a long time remain in ignorance of our conventional distinction between the word *Theist* and the word *Deist*. If he made a mistake in this matter, anyone who might be teaching him English, or anyone who knew him sufficiently well, would of course point out to him his mistake ; and no doubt he would afterwards conform his manner of speech to our ordinary usage. The Pope in these matters would not vie with the King of France, who, having made a conversational slip in the gender of a substantive, caused that gender thereafter to be conformed to his own fallibility.

And imagine Dick Dennehy's calling himself “a good Catholic” ! Catholics, let Anthony Hope know, are always only too ready to confess themselves to be bad ones. A Catholic might say on some inquiry that called for the avowal, “Well, I am not what I ought to be, but thank God I practise my religion” ; or, “You know, I have the Faith” ; or more simply, “I am a Catholic.” But “I am a good Catholic”—no, never. We all, from the Pope downwards, know and openly confess that this is exactly what we are not. Not one of us is what he ought to be as a Catholic. We feel this especially when we reflect upon all that our religion does for us. I venture to hope that, in the many books which I trust that Anthony Hope may yet live to write, he will never again get into fellowship with Arthur Orton, when (“Holy Maria !”) he was trying to impose upon people that he was a Catholic. Again, Dick Dennehy is made to say, “As for the principle of the thing, if you can turn up your nose at the Church Catholic, I should think you could turn it up at

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the Ledstone family.” A Catholic who talked ordinarily about “the Church Catholic,” would, I think, as soon think of talking about the Club Carlton, or the Fusiliers Irish. In Latin, of course, we write *Ecclesia Catholica* and *Catholica Ecclesia* indifferently ; but Anthony Hope writes in English. It is a small smudge, but Anthony Hope ought to be careful to have no smudge, small or great, of this kind when he, a Protestant, paints Catholics, when he, an Englishman, takes an Irishman, willy-nilly, as his sitter.

On a Christmas Day, after Dick has walked five miles to Mass, he waits on his way back for Mrs. Maxon, who has taken the innocent and delightful child of their free-thinking friends to the Protestant church. When they come out he addresses them thus : “It is a concession for me to come as far as the door of this place.” Catholic men of the world do not make such silly jokes. However, I forgive Mr. Hope this little *gaucherie* for the sake of the words that follow : “The child (the poor little child of unbelieving parents) was thinking of the story of the Child, and finding it most strange and beautiful, the greatest of all her beloved fairy-stories—and yet true. Dennehy gently patted Alice’s shoulder. ‘In God’s good time !’ he murmured. ‘What do you mean ?’ Winnie asked in a low voice. ‘True people will find truth, and sweet people do sweet things,’ he answered.” At last we get words showing recognizable Catholic feeling on the lips of his typical Irish Catholic layman !

And when Mr. Hope comes to an Irish Catholic in another sphere of life, again we cry “Hands off !” When Mrs. Maxon found that three English servants deserted her because she, a divorced woman, was living with Godfrey Ledstone, Dennehy found her “an old Irish woman,” to whom he explained the situation—a Mrs. O’Leary—who was “entirely charitable.” Soon there was a fresh desertion. It was not this time the servant, but her lover, who deserted Mrs. Maxon. Then it was that Mrs. O’Leary came to the rescue with her remark, “ ‘Cheer up, Mum ! There’s as good fish ’—— !

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And the old woman shuffled out.” It is just what an Irish woman would never say. Her charity, and other considerations, might lead her to live with, and be good to, a poor sinful fellow-creature ; nothing would ever induce her thus to wish her a succession of sinful unions. Be sure that when Godfrey Ledstone left Winnie Maxon, any Mrs. O’Leary in real life would have said : “ Thank God ! Thank God—whatever the pain of the moment—for both their sakes ! ” Anthony Hope may not understand or sympathize with this attitude. None the less let him realize that it is the attitude of every Irish Catholic, rich and poor, on the face of God’s globe.

To return (since we must, to complete this record of our protest against much that is current in the English presentation of Irish character) to Dick Dennehy. It is represented to us that he was much in love with Mrs. Maxon, that for a long period he struggled unsuccessfully against this passion, but in the end gave way, persuading himself that the case was exceptional, and that he could “ throw himself on the mercy of his supreme authority [the Church] in a very difficult case.” Now this is, merely artistically, all wrong. It shows no knowledge of the way a practising Catholic would *act*, in the beginning at any rate ; and would always *think*, however he might act in the end. Under no conceivable circumstances can the bond of valid marriage between Christians be relaxed by any authority whatsoever. It is, therefore, a matter that in no way concerns “ the mercy of the Church,” since it is part of the Law of God, which the Church is bound merely to administer. There is no dispensing power. We know full well that very hard cases are to be found. When such cases arise we believe that God gives grace to all who seek it in His appointed ways, wherewith they may overcome temptation, however fierce. But the first thing we observe about Dennehy is that he does not seem to know his religion on the practical side. We read that after his long walk to hear Mass on Christmas Day, he returned “ spiritually and physically fortified,” but there is no hint that he ever sought the

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even greater fortitude, without which there was no hope for him in his struggle, the fortitude which he might have derived from Holy Communion. Even when the final catastrophe was impending, when he was "impelled by love, yet racked by conscience," he sought no such help. Nor is there any suggestion that, before handing himself over to what his conscience told him was evil, he went to Confession and sought there the support which he must have known perfectly well that his religion offered him in his hour of need. On the contrary, "when he had to settle this question one way or the other, his decision"—the decision on which so much of vital spiritual import depended—"was one which only the man who came to it himself could judge"—the same man who, a short time before, had said "it needs a priest to tell you what to do"—the same man who, even at the last moment, "was confronted with a straight, rigid, unbending prohibition from an authority which he had always respected as final and infallible." Moreover, he actually thinks it out by himself, in the immediate neighbourhood of the woman of whom he was passionately enamoured. He says: "I must do what I must do, and leave it to the Mercy of God." And so he went to his doom; and when Winnie Maxon herself hesitates, thinking of his conscience, he is able to assure her: "I give you my honour, in my soul I am at peace." At peace, when he knew he was cutting himself off from the sacraments of "the Church that was to him still creed, conscience and half-motherland." To anyone who knows Irish Catholics, the thing is impossible. In real life Dick Dennehy would never have called a very ugly thing by pretty names. A novelist may be an adept at this sort of work. To Dick Dennehy it would have meant exasperating futility. Even if he had tried—and he would never have tried—he could never have deceived himself thus for an instant.

Many of us, when we were young, learned in the lesson-books then provided for English children that Popery had passed away from England and been succeeded by Protestantism as irrevocably as Paganism had passed

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away from Europe and been succeeded by Christianity. Indeed we used to read that between Paganism and Popery there was but little to choose. For example, when Dean Swift pleaded for the emancipation of the handful of downtrodden Catholics who still lingered here and there in out-of-the-way spots of English soil, he said it was safe to free these serfs, for they could have no baneful influence over their Protestant neighbours, since those neighbours would worship the gods of heathen mythology as soon as they would revert to their fathers' faith. No man will use this sort of language now. Despite the astounding ignorance that prevails as to the real meaning and teaching and practice of our religion, men seem more disposed to-day than at any period since the Reformation to try and find out what Catholicism really means ; and it is the proud privilege of Catholics to speak of what they know. May it be ours in this generation to do something to correct the portraits of Catholics supplied by alien hands in all good faith but in all bad drawing ! In an age of realism, the typical Catholic man and woman must not, alone among their fellows, be left at the mercy of mishandlers.

Dust we may be—but not sawdust. Let the dummy figures of Catholics in current fiction give place to Catholics as we know them in the flesh and in the spirit !

O. R. VASSALL-PHILLIPS, C.SS.R.

THE CELT, THE SAXON, AND THE NEW SCENE

I

“CELT and Saxon” is the most convenient yet most elusive of contrasts ever coined into a phrase. It is the blank cheque which covers any deficit in sympathy or failure in politics between the different peoples in the British Isles. “Celt and Saxon” is a deep-rooted theme of national psychology as well as the most superficial axiom in political currency. Based on it is the plea for Irish Nationality—and the demand for its extinction. Centuries of close conflict and slow unison have left the problem unsolved and formidable in one part only of the British Isles—Ireland, the Sorrowful Mystery of the Empire. Few things indeed are more difficult to detect than the real ratio of Celt and Saxon in the Isles named from the Brythonic branch of the Celt. To some they are as oil and water together, yet apart, within the one bucket. Others think of them as merged beyond recovery. The makers of ethnological paradox say East Anglia is more Celtic than many parts of Ireland. Lovers of the phrase “Celtic France” are informed by Professor Ripley that the North-East third of France is “more Teutonic than the South of Germany”; and by Jubainville that “there is probably in Germany more Gaulish blood than in France.” On these grounds an optimist once discovered that it was the Germans who, unknown to themselves, were defeated in the Franco-Prussian War.

It is not necessary to believe in a “Celtic race” to perceive that Huxley is wrong in asserting that “the arguments about the difference between Anglo-Saxons and Celts are a mere sham and a delusion.” If there is no ideal Celt existing, there is at least a Celtic temperament. If there is no Irish nation, there is certainly an Irish problem. The racial causes may be uncertain, but the political product of the causes is with us. And it is time to

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wonder, if not to discover, why there is an Irish problem in varying degree in every daughter dominion and every colonial offspring that England has borne, not excluding her prodigious prodigal the United States. The strife between Celt and Saxon was originally racial, but became religious and fell finally with traces of both previous phases into politics. The Nationalism of offence became the weapon of the Saxon, the Nationalism of defence the shield of the Celt. Nationalism is the result of outer as well as of inner forces. Small nations are anvils and strong nations, if they know their business, are hammers. "If you go into other peoples' countries at all, you should eat them clean up, as we did the Bretons here," wrote the strong minded Freeman. English Nationalism shaped if it did not create Irish Nationalism. Polish Nationalism dates from the partition of Poland. France and Germany seem to have alternatively hammered out each other's Nationalism. Franco-German rivalry sprang from a Celto-Teuton base, or, to put it technically, from the old war between the Deutsch and the Walsch, the Dutch and the Welsh, "the people" (presumably of God) and "the foreigners" (for whom God had less exalted uses). This is the original feud of West Europe. "Welsh" was the name the Teuton always gave to the peoples he conceived he had a mission to drive westward. It is the word the Anglo-Saxons gave to the British Celts they drove into Wales. It is the same word the modern Germans give to the French in Lorraine and Burgundy, the latter being regarded as a kind of *Deutschtum irredenta*. The Celt is the literary symbol for the unknown quantity in Western Europe, which has so often eluded and defied the systems of European civilization, before being finally merged in Teutonic States. Nevertheless British history is haunted by the Celt. The groans of the Britons recorded by Gildas, the Welsh Bards, who sang defiance and evil of the newcomers from Germany, the Cornish Giants, who still frighten Saxon children with their "Fee fo fum (probably Celtic), I smell the blood of an Englishman," Scotch Jacobites and Irish Rebels have all been transmutations of the same old enemy. The Celt is the long laid

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ghost appearing and reappearing in History who under considerate treatment can be made a quiet domestic figure, but who cannot be exorcised by fire or iron. If history shows that the Celt cannot escape the Saxon, the Saxon cannot divest his dominions of the Celt, but must eventually come to terms with him.

The Celtic souvenir pervades England herself. Place-names as well as family-names constantly hark back to Celtic roots. Celtic deities leap from the names of Lyddgate and the Isle of Man. Boadicea, the warrior Queen of the British, was literally a Celtic "Victoria," for "Boo" is the Anglicized Irish war cry of Victory. The Harp of the Druids has crept into the Royal Arms, and the Lia Fail or Stone of Destiny, as heathen a block as was ever tucked into a Christian fane, lurks to-day under the Coronation Chair. The Maypoles and Fairies of Merry England were Celtic remnant. Half the folklore and the only Epic of England is Celtic. Many chapters of English history, like St. Paul's Epistle to the *Galatians* or Cæsar's *Gallic War*, acquire a new interest when read in the light of the Celtic question. A twin race culture, such as that in the British Isles, must entail either a twofold energy and health or a double dose of social sickness. In England proper the Celtic element has long been absorbed. In Scotland it has been romanticized. In Wales it has been gratified. In Cornwall it has been "methodized." In the Isle of Man it has been novelized. Only in Ireland has it been consistently antagonized, with occasional lapses into tantalizing conciliation.

For a thousand years the Celtic question was an underlying current of British domestic history. The conflict between invader and aboriginal, which is canonized in the Arthurian legend, was transferred to Wales and to Scotland under the Plantagenet and extended over Ireland under the Tudor. Stuart and Hanoverian have since faced the Celtic question, whether disguised in the strife of tenure or of religion, of dynasty or of party. Ireland suffers still from the last-mentioned

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to a serious extent. In dynastic matters O'Connell proclaimed the "golden link of the Crown," and there are probably more Scotch Jacobites to-day than Irish Nationalists who cherish a sentimental opposition to the Guelphs. In the matter of land tenure Irishmen are now far more Conservative than Englishmen. Religious feeling is strong, but it requires galvanizing to become active. Party politics alone are perennial, and with their imperial and transatlantic connections can cause widespread disorder. The Anglo-Saxon legislator can only sigh that the Celt, like the poor, is ever with him. There seem to be only two methods of dealing with the Celt. Either to recognize him as an element, untransformable and inconvertible indeed, but acceptable on his own merits into the national life; or else to adopt the good old German way of reckoning him the enemy, untransformable into German shape, inconvertible to the "good old German God," whether it be Thor or Luther for the moment, and therefore to be treated as Welsh-trash!

The conflict of Celtic and Teutonic folk runs through the submerged history of the Continent as well as of the British Isles. Lord Acton wrote pregnantly that the Celts supplied the material and the Teutons the impress of history. The story of every Celtic country is the story of opposition and reaction to the Teuton driving-power. Frank upon Gaul produced the French, as Saxon upon Brython produced the English, in each case after Romanization had smoothed the way. In later times Gaelic Highlander coalesced with Lowland Teuton to form the modern Scotch. The Celt fought a rearguard action seaward before he was absorbed in the plains or crannied in the hills. Like some dreamful *Athanasius*, and as deathless as the name implies, the Celt stood at bay against the world (*contra mundum*). King Arthur by Severn Sea, Owen Glendower and Cadwallader on the marches of the Wye, and later the clan chieftains of Scotland and Ireland, fought the same stubborn fight, and as each passed from the hopeless field an imaginative following canonized them and their memory and looked to their

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Second Coming. Disaster has proven a surer halo than success to the Celtic hero, and his cause is never really lost, for it always remains a cause. A cause is only lost when engulfed in the achievement of its own success. The determination of the Celt to cling to his cause accounts for the resistance to the Roman Empire and to the Teutonic system no less, for intractability to Norman feudalism and to Anglo-Saxon constitutionalism. He only asked leave to hold his own. He adopted natural rather than political boundaries. He set rivers and at last the sea between him and his enemy. He piled his bourne with mountains like the broken-hearted Titan that he was, and became the "mountainy man" of Western Europe. The rivers he had named knew him no more. Once he had kept watch upon the Rhine, the divider of German and Gaul. He crept behind the Tamar in Cornwall and the Wye in Wales. He slipped beyond Barrow and behind Shannon in Ireland. The Shannon was the last ditch between the Celt and the Saxon. The famous phrase used in the *Times*, during the Famine, to the effect that the Celt was going with a vengeance and would soon be as scarce on the banks of the Shannon as the Redskin on the banks of the Mississippi, was one that burnt itself into Irish memory. It was an expensive trope of Macaulayese, for hardly a week or month passes that it is not cited in some Irish paper in some part of the world. With great bitterness of heart the Celt saw his rivers taken from him as he betook himself to the hills. He was not the original aggressor, but he became everywhere the Highland harrier of the Lowlands he believed to be rightfully his. There are Ulster counties where to this day the racial and agricultural strata exactly coincide.

When the Celt refused to become subjected to the Saxon he fell under his opprobrium. The master race sought every plea to defend itself from the unforgetfulness of the dispossessed. The old catch, "Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief," was the Teutonic song of contempt, adding insult to injury. The Celt was perpetually arraigned for trying to recover, by lawless ways

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indeed, what had been his own. The Irish Land War was perhaps the final historical instance. But in the war of words as well as as of deeds the Celt was at the disadvantage. It was not until the Celt had learnt the tongue of the Saxon that he could begin his advance to equality.

In the British Isles the Anglo-Saxon invaded not only the territory but the imagination of the Celt, with happy result in literature at least. Even the continuous Border scuffles bred the English ballad, while the Norman troubadour collected the material of Romance in the guard-fortresses of Wales. Out of this the Teutonic impulse wrought the legends of King Arthur and Sir Percival. Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* and Wagner's *Parsifal* must always remain supreme examples of the power of the dominant race to build with Celtic material. The Celt had fancy but no architectonic power in song or stone. Shakespeare wrote one Celtic drama, *Macbeth*, and severely libelled his hero, but he never brought out the racial contrast except in the famous scene between Percy Hotspur and Owen Glendower in *King Henry the Fourth*. For the moment he made the Celtic temperament and Saxon practically antagonists. Glendower, the Welsh mystic, believes nature is in supernatural affinity with his race. He boasts of the portents and the earthquake attending his birth, which the unimaginative Hotspur attributes to a kind of colick in the earth, and at last interrupts Glendower's mystical musings with "I think there's no man speaks better Welsh; I'll to dinner." When the Celt proclaims "I can call spirits from the vasty deep," the Saxon queries "But so can I; but will they come?" Glendower falls back upon the harp and poetry of his race, but Hotspur would rather "be a kitten and cry mew," and is bored to anger with "the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies."

The influence of the Celt in English religion, the Celt in English politics, the Celt in English literature would afford a fascinating monograph. True to the Evangelical paradox, Christianity has proved gladiatorial rather than pacific between Celt and Saxon. Antique antagonisms

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became the fibre of religious fervour. Montalembert saw sorrowfully enough that Celt and Saxon "were destined by an unhappy mystery to tear one another in pieces even before religion divided them." The Celtic and Roman ecclesiasts settled their early disputes, but the rivalry of witness and whisper between Celt and Saxon never abated in the courts of Rome. Canterbury claimed dominion over the See of St. David's in Wales and the See of St. Patrick in Ireland, while York eyed the primacy of St. Andrew's in Scotland. Irish and Scotch were ever praying the Pope not to lend "too credulous an ear to the reports of our English enemies." The Pope came to recognize the independence of the Celtic Churches from the Primacy of the Angle long before the latter was associated with Anglicanism. St. Augustine's prophecy that the Saxons would overcome the Welsh was the beginning of a feud which lingers in the broils of Disestablishment. The English Catholics failed to help Wales to keep the Faith as the English Anglicans later failed to impose theirs. It is instructive that Sir John Rhys attributes the failure of the Salvation Army in Wales to its "Saxon methods."

When politics fall into the seas of the old Celto-Saxon feud, statesmen face waves instead of ripples. It is sad how many English careers have been wrecked by the waves of the Irish Question. It has always been a dire responsibility to play on the submerged tides of the old feud, but it is a responsibility which has been freely taken on both sides. A wild host of memories, however interesting as history or innocuous as tradition, may be roused and not easily hived. The subconsciousness of history may be actuated by a purely passing motive. From the tenements of the dead and outworn ossuaries, dire and distressful directions may be given to thought and action. It is not well even for electoral success to rouse the passion-music of the Celt as an excuse for drowning it with Saxon drums. When the symphony of the past is played in Ireland, it evokes not the blessed antiphon *Requiescant in pace*, but a crescendo for which we must

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borrow the most vivid of human cries drawn from the present war. *Debout les morts!* In Celtic countries the dead are easily marshalled. Irish cemeteries give up their dead on slighter excuse than any graveyards in Christendom. The dead who died for Ireland await the hope of an unhappy Insurrection as well as of a blessed Resurrection. Their final and peaceful laying to rest should be no less an object of Saxon policy than of Celtic devotion.

How often has the Celtic strain cloven English politics! It has been pointed out that in the crises of English history, the Wars of the Roses, the Civil strife and the Revolution, the division corresponded more or less to the old lines of Celt and Saxon. The men of the West and the North against the East and the South. Curiously enough the nicknames of the two great English parties, Whig and Tory, bear witness to the Celt struggling against the central Government. The Irish "Tories" were doubtless outlaws, but they were mostly Catholic gentlemen who had been dispossessed and set adrift on the hillsides. Their name, as Lord Acton, staunch Whig as he was, took pleasure in recalling, was first bestowed by Titus Oates on his political opponents. The least Irish sympathy was made a ready reproach and slogan in the fierce politics of the day. The original "Whigs" were the Scotch Covenanters who suffered persecution for faith disagreeable to the central power. Both Whigs and Tories took to the hills. Both of their names were given in derision to English parties. As Old Mortality complained, "Carnal men have assumed that triumphant appellation." After the "Dutch" Revolution in England the Celt stalked moodily in the Jacobite background. The Scotch struck twice in vain for the Celtic dynasty. The Irish lay moaning Erse under penal fetters. It was the Nineteenth Century that brought the Celt into flowing exercise of the English tongue and vigorous practice of English politics. Daniel O'Connell and Feargus O'Connor, the Catholic and the Chartist prophet, were portents of the new interference. The Anglo-Saxon world has had ever since to deal with a problem as

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fruitful in strife as in progress, the intrusion of the Celt into the forms and ordinances of Government proper to the former originally. Throughout the Anglo-Saxon world Irish Celts have entered into political life, straining and exceeding the forms according to the conservative view, improving them according to the democratic.

II

O'Connell was the first modern Celt. He adapted his native genius to the English system, which he influenced no less than his own country. O'Connell could hardly leave the English Parliament a sadder, but he left it a wiser, assembly than when he first entered it. He had no wish to recall a Celtic system from the vasty deep. On the contrary, he shed his Celtic speech and demanded back the Assembly of Eighteenth Century squires as the symbol of Irish nationality. He stirred the forces of all modern democracy and recreated, if he did not debase, the standard of political speech. Modern speakers learned of him; for his style became the successful style, and the period gave way to the epithet as logic went to seed in bright phrases. As journalism succeeded the pamphlet so a mixture of wit and vilification supplanted ordered speech. The older generation could only shiver when O'Connell called Wellington a "stunted corporal" or Disraeli "the lineal descendant of the impenitent thief." But his comparison of Peel's smile to "the silver plate on a coffin" would have tickled Shakespeare. The Twentieth Century found the Celt prominent and even predominant in the politics of Anglo-Saxon countries. The Irish became a problem as well as a power in Washington no less than Westminster. In America they performed the spadework of politics and earned their reward. Their influence was not as evil as commonly represented. Bryce admits that the Irish were blamed for what went wrong in the great American cities as the cat is commonly blamed in the kitchen. Clan feeling might not always allow the Constitution to stand in the way of personal friendship, but on the whole the American found that it

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saved trouble and did not destroy the State to relinquish politics to the Irish. The situation in England was more piquant where opposition caused a distinct Irish Party, and the more unbalanced element, so to speak, came to hold the balance.

Against the Celtic advance in modern politics stands the failure to win social equality in the British Isles. This is due to the ancient and misleading contempt of race for race, despite the brilliances of accepted individuals. The Victorian Era was much pervaded by the spirit of what we may call the Great Teutonic Myth, now that "Teutonic" has taken the place of "Celtic" as the best abused word in the language. The Myth was once a working creed as stern as Islam. In a mind like Cromwell's it could become a superstition driving him to massacre the infidel Celt in the name of a Teutonic God. The cautious and colourless Gardiner admits that "Cromwell sought to thrust the responsibility for the slaughter upon God." Of his famous Irish manifesto, Gardiner adds that "as a contribution to Irish History nothing could be more ludicrously beside the mark than those burning words." Nevertheless it was Teuton Gospel of a kind. In its mythic form the old sentiment was strangely kept alive by modern historians.

With ponderous ecstasy Carlyle, and with sentimental inaccuracy Kingsley, propagated the theme and prophesied ill of Gaul and Latin whenever they withstood or corrupted the godliness of the Teuton. Even the republican Motley let out in his Dutch history such a secretion of racial spleen as, "The German in his simplicity had raised himself to a purer belief than that of the superstitious Gaul . . . the purity of their religion was soon stained by their Celtic neighbourhood." True religion and chosenness were predicated of one race, superstition and unfitness of another. In his *Roman and Teuton*, Kingsley piously claimed God as the Teuton General in the past, just as he hailed modern Teutonism in Garibaldi (bold warrior) struggling against the Papal *bête-noire* of the northern people.

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The Celtic peoples, the French and the Irish, were pilloried together. English historians were never tired of ringing the changes on these. The more pro-Teuton a writer was, as a rule the more anti-Catholic and anti-Celtic was his pen. Carlyle, the deifier of Frederick the Great, cast corresponding scorn on Ireland. It is not necessary to quote his unholy shriek over the dead O'Connell. His visit to Ireland in the 'Forties brought only one bitter conclusion: "Remedy for Ireland? To cease generally from following the Devil." This of a country that had given up all to follow God! Froude, whose pretty pen made libretto to Carlyle's hoarse tones generally, added on his own account to the literary hate between the two countries by his *English in Ireland*. Herbert Paul, his biographer, explains without excusing the attitude he took—between him and the Celt there was a mysterious impassable barrier. They had not the same fundamental ideas of right and wrong. They did not in very truth worship the same God. This, perhaps, probes the modern trouble to the root.

The War of 1870 was an interesting test. Englishmen who could sympathize with Ireland in spite of Fenianism could be fair to France in spite of Napoleon III. Those who hated Ireland in religion cheered Germany in politics. Carlyle saluted Germany as the "Queen of the Continent" to be; and we are not surprised to find Lecky, the Irish historian, remonstrating with Carlyle's comparison of France with Sathanas, and of her opponent with an Archangel. "My own view of it," wrote Lecky, "is not his, and I am a little sceptical about the resemblance between St. Michael and Count Bismarck!" Lecky, with Green, had been the fairest of historians to the Irish, and we naturally find Green disapproving of Freeman's desire to "cut up the whole Gal-welshry (Celtic France) into bits as a standing menace to Dutchland." As Green said to Freeman: "You hate France more than you love liberty." Freeman's Teutonism showed itself in his famous wish for America: "This would be a grand land if only every Irishman would kill

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a negro and be hanged for it." Neither Green nor Lecky justified the entry of France into the war; but, like Joan of Arc, they had pity on the *bel royaume de France*. But the old school of history had no pity on the Celt, and they forced English opinion against the French. The old school passed before the scrupulous pens of men like Acton and Bury, but their mantle was caught up and manipulated by a cosmic conjurer. Houston Chamberlain laid his *Foundations of the Nineteenth Century* to buttress a Teutonic world. All that was well-bred and warlike, inventive or mystical, in Northern Europe, was attributed to the Teuton. The Celt was lightly dismissed as his "elder brother in the west," or shall we say the rough draft, the botched masterpiece, which fell from the hands of an evolutionist Creator before He succeeded in making the superior race—the Teuton!

There is no need to deny the great contribution of the Teutonic peoples to civilization. But it must not be forgotten how often and how fruitfully they crossed with the Celt. France, under her Latin polish, remained more Gallic than Frankish, as England under her Norman discipline stayed more Saxon than British. The nations proved to be different mixtures of constituent races. The more Celtic a West European country was, the less German it became. History is not solved by speaking of inferior and superior races, still less by alluding to some as backward and to others as advanced. It is meaningless to call the Anglo-Saxon superior to the Celt, with the easy deduction that the original German is superior to both. Nor is an Irishman merely an unprogressive Englishman, any more than the Germans are hitting a mark in calling Englishmen decadent (Celtized) Germans. At great and slow cost real and fruitful fusion has taken place between Celt and Saxon in Great Britain. Even in Ireland there has been as much fusion of blood as in Scotland, but fusion of sentiment and of political sympathy is peculiar to the latter. Three generations of English readers of Sir Walter Scott have sympathized with the Nationalist struggle of Scotland while detesting

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its bare memory in Ireland. Ireland needs the Scotch example on both sides of the Boyne.

A policy of respect and clear dealing satisfied the Scotch, and Sir Walter's warning was heeded: "If you unscotch us, you will find us mischievous Englishmen." Unfortunately there was no Irish Scott to bring the Gaelic glensmen and the Anglo-Saxon palesmen together. No master hand came to reconcile and solder the twin traditions which fell among the propagandists. How disconcerting it would have been in modern Scotland had the picturesque Jacobite societies been organized on a Fenian model and the Clans, which the law recognizes for social and traditional purposes, been driven to emulate the American-Irish Clan na-Gael! Nor would Scotch feeling have been improved, if nervous and embittered loyalists in the Lowlands had annually celebrated the battle of Culloden as a victory over their fellow-countrymen and played "See the Conquering Hero comes" (which Handel actually composed for that melancholy occasion) in honour of the Butcher Cumberland as a Protestant deliverer. Common sense prevented Drum-mossie Moor being made as bitter to the Highlanders as Boyne Water became to the Irish. After the Reformation, and especially after the Union, England learnt to deal with Scotland as an equal; but Ireland, both before and after her Union, was graded as a subjugated inferior. With considerable insight Dr. Arnold described the Irish defeat at Athenree as a curse, and the Scotch victory at Bannockburn as a blessing: "Had the Irish remained independent they might afterwards have been united to us as Scotland was, and had Scotland been reduced to subjection it would have been another curse to us like Ireland." England's historical mistake towards Ireland has been one of wrong premise, false attitude, and blundering approach. As Lord Huntly said of the proposed match between Mary of Scots and Edward VI of England, "he liked the match, but liked not the manner of wooing." The result was that Lecky could never write in his Irish History the golden words in which he

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described the Teuto-Celtic fusion in Scotland: "The distinctive beauty and great philosophic interest of that character spring from the very singular combination it displays of a romantic and chivalrous with a practical and industrious spirit. In no other nation do we find the enthusiasm for loyalty blending so happily with the enthusiasm for liberty."

Historical mistake sows the seed of political crime. A host of witnesses on either side testify with blood and ink that the fusion has been mismanaged in Ireland from the first: "To the mistaken policy pursued by England is due the fact that the King's Realm is no richer for Ireland," confesses Lord Dunraven. Yet Irish history contains a succession of men who have striven to undo the mistake, and have generally but effected their own undoing instead. Again and again a glimmering of wiser and juster counsel has been fogged by greater darkness than before. Henry VIII, curiously enough, was once anxious to reconcile native pride with his personal suzerainty by a course of studied and not despicable shifts or "amiable persuasions," as he called them. In bluff wise Henry Tudor wished to take over Nationalist Ireland. Celtic chiefs were to be made Earls instead of outlaws. The Defender of the Faith might have also become defender of the Faithful. The King's genial experiment stood in contrast to the coercion policy favoured by his Deputy Surrey. Under Elizabeth, Sir John Perrot effected a "Composition of Connaught" which could be called a fair compromise between Celt and Anglo-Norman. His hand was heavy, but it fell upon both nations with impartial severity, with the result that he was recalled and accused of anti-English policy. The Irish followed him to the Tower with sincere grief.

In later times the type of enlightened official crossed the Irish scene from time to time. Fitzwilliam and Carnarvon in the Vice-Royalty, Thomas Drummond and George Wyndham in the Chief Secretaryship, were shining and unforgettable examples. There need have

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been no Rebellion in 1798 had Fitzwilliam remained in Dublin. Had Drummond lived a few years, the horrors of the Famine and the aftermath of revolt would have been averted. Later, Carnarvon was allowed to throw away his career like a political Falkland ; and in our own memory George Wyndham piteously no less. A generous attention to Drummond's rejoinder to the Tipperary magistrates, that "property has its duties as well as its rights," might have saved Ireland from her Land War. Drummond was a vice-regal treasure as well as a popular model in conduct and foresight. He won native confidence by showing impartiality as among white men. He was equally willing to suppress the Orange rowdy and the Nationalist rebel. He disturbed Saxon sentiment by creating Celtic policemen. He made the Duke of Leinster and Daniel O'Connell meet each other. He died on the brink of perilous times, when Ireland needed him more than she did even O'Connell. His just spirit was recognized by a statue in Dublin and—mighty portent !—at his graveside stood the leader of the Irish people. The military forces have yielded a few grateful memories, but they have never been sustained. Sir Ralph Abercrombie's humanity in 1798, and his refusal to use a militia whom he described as a greater danger to their friends than their foes, found an echo in General Buller's conduct in Kerry. Even in the fierce 'eighties of the Nineteenth Century Mr. Healy could offer a tribute in a letter to Labouchere : "Buller is Soudanizing Kerry *à la Gordon*, so that, with the stoppage of evictions there, moonlighting is coming to an end." It has always required such a little stretch of imagination or generosity to win the Irish, just as a touch of hardness or shortsightedness has often plunged the popular emotion into the opposite direction. No measure should be taken in Irish affairs without inquiring whether it disturbs or levels the delicate equipoise between Celt and Saxon. At the same time the balance should not be left for ever to the disadvantage of the Celt.

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III

The antagonism of the Celt and the Saxon passes beyond the dead hand of the antiquarian, and even out of the livelier grasp of the politician, when considered in its results to World-politics. The Irish driven out of Ireland have become something between a lever and a leaven in every single part of the Empire. Never in the majority, they are always the strongest amongst minorities. The casting vote and the balance of political power comes to them by chance or by right. This is even more so in the United States, where dwell a majority of the whole race, estimated between twenty and thirty millions. The United States were originally an extension of the Anglo-Saxon world. The English Colonials with strong Irish backing (chiefly from Ulster) laid down the Great Republic on lines which have since been strained, though not sapped, by the incoming hordes from East Europe and West Asia. The Anglo-Saxon, the Irish, and to a lesser extent the German, have proved the most ready to assimilate Americanism. But, to the hordes of Slavs and Syriacs, America is little less than a golden caravan-serai. Owing to them the tone of national consciousness has totally changed since the Civil War. The American "Melting Pot" has not yet yielded a corporate American nationality.

The Civil War was fought to its bitter end mainly by the three types, Anglo-Saxon, Irish, and German, whose survivors might have combined in time to come to produce an ideal American blending of the Celtic and Teutonic elements. But the Civil War cut very deep into the original stock. The Anglo-Saxon gentry of the South perished. No modern prosperity has made up for the loss of the old blood. The German and Irish have been reinforced by immigration in a way lacking to the Anglo-Saxon. He has fallen behind in a country which recognizes numbers, but not caste. In a book recently published in America, *The Passing of the Great Race*, Mr. Madison Grant says what is probably true enough: "If

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the Civil War had not occurred these same men, with their descendants, would have populated the Western States instead of the racial nondescripts who are now flocking there." It has been those Western States which largely decided American attitude toward the present conflict. A matter of national honour is not likely to appeal except to the Celtic and Teutonic stocks of America. Of these the most vivid of Celtic and Teutonic strains, the Irish and the German, outnumber their fellow, the Anglo-Saxon. As Froude sorrowfully recognized, seven years after the Civil War, "the Anglo-Saxon power is running to seed." The life of equal opportunity, unhampered by privilege, has shown that there is no race-superiority between Aryan peoples in America. Influences and riches go to the numerous and industrious. While the law, language, and legislature can be called Anglo-Saxon, the Celtic leaven and the huge Foreign communities have undermined any English instinct except in social circles. The Irish have become, at any rate, as Americanized as the original colonists; and in another generation the Germans, who still retain their language, will follow suit. How far the original type is surviving is becoming doubtful. Perhaps Mr. Madison Grant concludes his volume a little pessimistically: "If the Melting Pot is allowed to boil without control, the type of native American of Colonial descent will become as extinct as the Athenian of the age of Pericles." Yet no Irish-American would wish to see the Anglo-Saxon as rare on the banks of the Hudson as the Redskin on the Mississippi. The Celt and the Saxon in America have recognized their kindred stock in the Aryan heritage. They have mixed in the professions and in every social circle, and in blood when religion would permit. It is in Ireland herself that the Irish have not received Aryan recognition.

The mistake of regarding the Irish as inferior at home has been extended into considering them negligible when scattered abroad. In spite of a generation of signs and warnings, England has never made any genuine political move or diplomatic advance towards the Irish-Americans,

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who are, in some ways, the deciding factor in an English-speaking world. Many Germans had left Germany with as bitter feelings as Irishmen had left Ireland, but Germany did not let the memory of 1848 fester among those who had cast the dust of the Fatherland off their shoes, as England let Irish memory of the same date encanker the Republic. Germany carried out a wise and secret policy, which made good her footing in the New World, until the reconciliation of Germany and her exiles was clinched by the triumphant visit of the Kaiser's brother. Friendly relations with the official world do not necessarily carry the cordiality of the political world as well. An Ambassador may hold his own in the Anglo-Saxon section without ever reaching the enormous Celtic strata. The tragedy is that he may not think it worth while to try to reach them. Late in time, indeed, we have an Irishman at the British Embassy. Whatever has been done to avert the outbreak of cyclonic bitterness, and whatever can yet be done to ameliorate Anglo-American relations in their Irish phase, Sir Cecil Spring Rice has done and can do. Through such differently situated men as he and John Redmond alone can England secure the open friendship of America. If the relations of England and America are ever to be sealed they must be sealed with the approval of Irishmen on both sides. The carelessness with which the Irish-German *entente* has been encouraged in America during the past twenty years bears bitter fruit. Excellent as the mixture of Irish and German blood may prove in the racial future of America, an Irish-German combination for international purposes cannot be altogether acceptable to Washington. It could have been countermined from Dublin, had Westminster and Washington taken wise counsel together when Secretary Hay, realizing how matters stood in 1899, wrote of Americans who would oppose "any treaty with England, no matter how advantageous to us, as a hostile act towards Ireland and Germany." American officials are probably not less anxious than Imperial ones to see the settlement of a question which is always liable

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to affect their home politics without reference to the advantage of the country at large. This Irish influence runs stiller and deeper than any superficial examination would show. Few Governors of States, few elected Judges, or Representatives, or Senators, but have to feel and consider at some time the weight of the Irish vote, or at least the latent strength of Irish opinion. If they reckon the Irish Press and the professional Irish politicians as negligible, they know that Irish opinion is not. It runs in the marrow of the United States. It is the ever-ready force that strengthens her arm when she wishes to oppose England, and that slows her hand whenever it is proffered in friendship. Washington has never countenanced any direct Irish attack on England; and men like John Boyle O'Reilly have always been ready to carry through a statesmanlike bargain between Celt and Saxon. Though O'Reilly suffered penal servitude, he adopted a wise attitude in the most brilliant of Irish-American papers. In 1885, he wrote in the *Pilot*: "One magnanimous statesman in England, one leader with the wisdom and courage of genius, would solidify the British Empire to-day with a master-stroke of politics. Such a policy would silence the dynamiters and radicals, satisfy and gratify the Irish people throughout the world, strengthen the British Empire and make America thoroughly sympathetic." It is sad that this is the very cry which lovers of Ireland and would-be admirers of England feel compelled to reiterate to-day.

It has been said that Irish Nationalism stands between Ireland and the light of the world. It also stands between England and the love of the world. Envoy after envoy has found his work at Washington checked and chequered. The history of British diplomacy in the United States has been one long struggle against Irish influences in the dark. Sackville-West, whose every move was watched and foiled by an intensely active Fenian Party, actually took refuge, during the time of the Phoenix Park executions, on the Presidential yacht; and indirectly he owed, in the end, his abrupt dismissal to the force of Irish

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opinion. An indiscreet letter from his pen at election time gave the Irish Democrats a distinct breach of etiquette to work upon; and Cleveland handed Sackville-West his papers. It was an act of unprecedented rigour; but the Irish were strong enough to insist. The Parnellite Split, and the growing trust in Mr. Redmond, made matters easier for the British Embassy, though easy they can never be until Ireland is in charge of her own concerns.

Thus, for all practical purposes, and despite the better feeling engendered by the present occupants of the Embassy, the immemorial distrust felt by the Celt is once more to the fore in America, as it was during the Boer War. The intensified feeling of the Irish would not then permit President McKinley even to present a flag to the Anglo-American hospital ship *Maine*. The celebration of the Centenary of the Peace of Ghent and a hundred years' peace between England and America was largely discounted by Irish irritation over the situation in Ulster. A meeting in Carnegie Hall was broken up under German direction. Yet a settlement of the Irish Question would have cut the ground from under the feet of the extremists at any moment. The same levers were used which Davitt went over to America in 1897 to employ against the proposed Anglo-American Treaty. The Treaty was defeated in the Senate of the United States by Irish influences. It was a *riposte* to the Jubilee Coercion Act. In 1913, however anxious the friends of England might be to oblige her with an official expression of American friendship and possibly even alliance, Irish influences once more frustrated the endeavour on the ground that the Irish Question remained unsettled. The crisis in Anglo-American affairs came about with the war. England's weak spot in America was left uncovered. The Rising and the subsequent executions were all that were necessary to inflame it. The old feud of Celt and Saxon flared for a lurid moment through the Press of a Continent. Then were heard the shots that were heard round the world. As Lord Acton wrote of the Phoenix

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Park murders, "the true moral of this catastrophe can never be made visible to the average Englishman." The bungled negotiations which followed did not assuage the bitterness. Then it became obvious why the cynical Bernstorff was the strongest anti-Home Ruler in the States, and why the generous wisdom of the British Ambassador shared the distress common to all Irishmen of good will.

Celt and Saxon had long been grappling with each other in the American arena. The prize was public opinion. In time of peace, English diplomatists could dally with the famous password that blood was thicker than water, but in the day of his supreme test the Anglo-Saxon needed American opinion and even American support behind him. The German was powerless to affect American opinion without the invaluable help of the Celt.

If the "Celt and the Saxon" was the oldest of feuds in British history it is also the last and latest. The Irish trouble has ceased to be merely a local sore or latent affliction. It has become a world-wide and pronounced irritation, which the past year has seen intensified in every limb of Empire. Gardiner once wrote of Anglo-Irish relations, that whereas "the English sovereigns had been confronted by a congeries of Irish tribes, the English Commonwealth was confronted by an Irish nation." To-day the British Empire is met and queried by a great and international brotherhood of Irish blood within and without her borders, upon whose undiminishing devotion to Ireland the sun never sets. Let none set aside as an obscure domestic quarrel the crisis that came simultaneously in the relations between England and Ireland as well as in the relations between America and England. Diplomatists do not like to admit, and politicians for equally obvious reasons seek to conceal, the real heart of controversy between England and America. But the United States can no longer afford to be marooned, nor can England allow the vitality of the English-speaking body to be jeopardized by one of its members.

The United States can obviously look only for a friend

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whose world-politic would antagonize neither Canada nor Japan. There is only one European Power that can seal that alliance. And only the Celt-and-Saxon antagonism—a tradition and a habit rather than an actual incompatibility—blocks the way.

SHANE LESLIE.

HENRY, DUKE OF NORFOLK

EVEN those who had the best and most frequent opportunity of knowing and appreciating the high qualities of the late Duke of Norfolk will have noticed with something of a grateful surprise the universal praise of his life and character which his death called forth. It would not have been astonishing if such tributes had been uttered only by those with whom he had been in contact, social, religious, or political. But his career had clearly made a mark upon the public opinion of England, evoking an appreciation honourable in the noblest sense both to those who expressed it and to him whose career and personal qualities had compelled it. The English people recognize true merit, however modestly and unassumingly it may be manifested, and gladly give praise where praise is due.

There are many aspects of the life of the late Duke which claim the recognition and lasting gratitude of Catholics, and these have been set forth both from the pulpit and in the Catholic Press. His leadership, his loyalty to Church and State, his unbounded generosity, his quickly awakened sympathy, his unflinching toil in every good cause, all these and many other characteristics are a heritage and an example to every succeeding generation of English Catholics.

There is, however, one fact underlying and encompassing them all on which it may be useful, and not unfitting, to dwell at greater length, for it encloses a teaching with ever-present and all-important significance.

Those of us who travel from these shores and are brought into close contact with our fellow Catholics in other lands have often to face and meet the question: How comes it that the return of England to the ancient faith is comparatively so slow—what is the great obstacle to unity of religious belief in England?

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It is recognized by those who put the question that the English are in essential instincts a religious people, that they reverence God ; they respect the day specially dedicated to His service ; they invoke Him on all public occasions ; they accept His Will with resignation ; and, pre-eminently among all the nations, they are ready to discuss matters of religion even as a topic of ordinary conversation.

It is seen, moreover, that for the most part there is no hostility to religious teaching as such, none of the fierce, clamorous, anti-dogmatic bitterness so often witnessed abroad. Rather there is indifference to definite religious teaching and an inclination to regard one religion as being as good as any other. A man may be Anglican or Non-conformist ; he may pass to Judaism, Mahomedanism, or Buddhism. Beyond a mild astonishment at an unwonted change little comment will be evoked. But if he becomes a Catholic, fierce resentment not infrequently is the outcome ; wills may be recast to exclude the renegade and his descendants. Whence comes this irrational, often unreasoning, discrimination ? The answer to the question is at the same time the explanation of that which is, in our opinion, the main obstacle to the return of England, as a nation, to the allegiance of the Apostolic See. There is in most English minds an inability to comprehend how true loyalty to king and country are compatible with obedience, even in spiritual things, to a supreme authority that is exercised by one who may or may not be, and almost universally has not been, an Englishman. It is the clash between the spirit of nationalism and the claims of a universal Church. Englishmen think to become less English, if they be Catholic as well.

Like all the potent factors that so strongly sway our race, this instinctive feeling is not based on logic, it is not easily analysed, it appears in unexpected places and on most unlikely occasions. But there it ever is, and before many an one has been able to accept the faith of the truth of which his mind was already reasonably

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convinced, he has to beat down and root out this lingering hesitation deeply imbedded in his English mind.

It is no new factor in the religious history of our country. It was in full life and vigour long before the great separations of the Sixteenth Century; it was skillfully exploited by kings and rulers for their own ends. It was the ever-present cause of the recurrent disputes between the Church in England and the Roman Curia, when, rightly or wrongly, spiritual authority was deemed to be overstepping the limits of its domain, and invading the temporal sphere of purely national concern.

Without this factor always hiddenly at work, Henry VIII could not with impunity have defied the Apostolic See. If it had been absent, the greatest weapon that Elizabeth had at her command would have been broken in her hands. It was this factor that doomed the imprudent enterprises of James II inevitably to failure. This determining influence is ever at work among us, unconfessed, unacknowledged, undiscovered by many even of those who are most completely beneath its sway. It is in many a case the first phantom to appear when the mind of a religious man begins to turn longingly towards Rome. It may be the last phantom to be stilled before he takes the final decisive step. It is a spectre evoked week by week in the extreme Protestant press; and it is usefully called forth, when occasion serves, by those who would fain hold themselves Catholics even though they have no link with Rome. Many minds are continually haunted by it, and but for it none would be more loyal or more devoted children of God's Holy Church.

How can it be overcome? Certainly not by pure logic or by reasoning. It is in truth a phantom and a spectre, and no ghost was ever put to flight by argument.

Such an influence, so strong a prepossession, can be evicted only by counter-influences, by object lessons so emphatically clear as to claim possession of men's minds no matter what intruders may resent their coming. Every true Catholic, loyal, because he is a Catholic, to both Church and State, to Pope and King; passionately loving

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and serving the country where God has set his birth, and no less devotedly clinging to the divinely constituted spiritual authority of the Apostolic See; "giving to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's," and recognizing that our Lord has willed that in the spiritual sphere "there is neither Jew, nor Greek: there is neither bond, nor free: there is neither male, nor female"; every such Catholic is to his neighbours and in his own surroundings, however limited they may be, the best and fittest answer to the prejudices and fears and hesitations that beset their souls, when they think of the Catholic Church.

And where such a Catholic as this is set in a high place before the eyes of all, possessing rank and wealth and influence, and using all alike to serve God, and Church, and king and country, unceasingly, unstintingly, as the fulfilment of the same great moral duty, not a day can pass but that his life and work and character make it easier for some one to understand that, while in the things of this world our fatherland has a claim pre-eminent and insistent, in the things of God it is His Will that all the nations of the earth should be as one people.

Is it too much to say that to no one for three hundred years has it been given to do more for the dissipating of this lingering prejudice of our race than to the late Henry, fifteenth Duke of Norfolk? Truly he discharged his God-given task with unfaltering earnestness and with a success of which we have some proof in the tributes that have been given to his memory. But it is the history of the future that will tell all that we in England owe to him on this account. May his memory and his example be a constant inspiration to those who with him have learnt to unite the Apostolic See of Rome and their native land of England in the same one unchanging love.

FRANCIS CARDINAL BOURNE,
ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

THE Irish University Acts of 1908 decreed that whatever sums of money might be provided for the new University, no part of them should be applied for "the provision or maintenance of any church, chapel, or other place of religious worship or observance" in connection therewith. Such restrictions, imposed by prejudice or injustice, could only, among a spirited people, stimulate efforts to evade them. In Cork, the building of the University College Chapel, dedicated to St. Finn Barr, Patron Saint of Cork, and built in the Hiberno-Romanesque style, provides for the first need of Catholic university life, a centre for the worship of God. It was further intended that this Chapel should call into new life the spirit and the work of the age when Irishmen built noble churches under the impulse of native genius. There was a happy confidence that such a building would win its way to the hearts of the ardent youth of to-day. These motives have been largely realized if we may judge by the evidence of photography and the written word in the delightful *Notes on the Building of the Honan Hostel Chapel* (Guy: Cork), by Sir John O'Connell. The book itself is something of a pioneer in Irish publishing; for it is both beautiful and austere. The revolution which Catholics in England have achieved in book-production is evidently to have its counterpart in Cork; and we shall expect the present volume to be taken as a model for many another Irish book even as, in London, great outside publishing firms have learned their lessons, particularly in the production of poetry, from the Catholic house in Orchard Street.

And the content of the book answers to its aspect. Just as a Catholic Bishop in the United States declared, on a great occasion, that a man can hardly have a home unless he owns the ground on which his house stands, so this little book asserts that no chapel can be so worthy as that which is built of the stone of the land wherein

Some Recent Books

it is set, and built too by the labour of the men who will pray in it. It should express the spirit of the place. And with the colour and the textures of its natural setting should be interwoven an idea of its own date. This has been done at St. Finn Barr's. The plan, the elevations, and the external materials are as old as history and nature can make them. The walling and the ashlar work are full of character ; the thick joints justify themselves both in the dressed stone and the rubble work ; they emphasize the structure and they give scale ; in the outer walling they form an irregular but decorative diaper. In the colourless photograph, as we see it, the roofing material lacks character ; the two pinnacles at the west end do not dwell in peace with their surroundings. The absence of a plinth to the building makes the structure as daring as the baseless columns of the Ducal Palace or the Parthenon. The happy thought in the design of the mosaic pavement, the stations in *opus sectile*, the elaboration of subject in the enamelled tabernacle, and the good drawing, allied with necessary convention, in the stained glass, show a conservative development of Hiberno-Romanesque and do indeed date the fortunate building : if the colour, the pot-metal glass, and the lead work are as good as the cartoons, these windows are (and this is an envying English architect's judgment), at the least, equal to any modern work.

The admirable needlework and appointments of the altar are, so to say, only commentaries on the building itself ; they are buoys which mark the course of the current of the revival. The absence of an organ may have a significance on which it is perhaps too soon to rejoice : the predominance of that instrument and its accessories is one of the troubles of church-building. It would have been interesting if the mosaic floor had been illustrated. Its design is inspired by a Gaelic poem, and by the Canticle of the Three Children in which are sung the praises of God in His works. The pavement is part of the architecture of the building, and in this case blesses the Lord in His created works represented under the convention

Prostitution

imposed by marble tesserae. To the same rank belongs the western door or grille of wrought iron ; its position is as unusual as its design is original—it is a development on Celtic lines. Although the framework may be sufficiently strong, the remainder of the gate might have been wrought by a spider blacksmith—the construction and the ornament have not quite come to terms. Nevertheless, through this delicate grille will be seen a vision of restrained design in which simplicity of form and broad surfaces welcome and strengthen the glories of enamel and glass.

The Honan Hostel Chapel comes into being by the munificence of a Cork merchant family ; and that is another feature proper to its plan. If the great Middle-class in England has done nearly everything that is worth while in the arts, in literature, and in philanthropy, in Ireland, a country of increasing wealth, it is likely to be relied on more and more to mark with majesty the land that bore it. True love of the Beauty of God's house never did run smooth in Ireland. The jade Beauty has been a jilt here, there, everywhere, till people almost turned their backs in despite on her. To church-builders let us say in her regard what a poet said to the eighteenth-century painters who had fallen out with Nature : “ Go find her, kiss her, and be friends again.” Cork, ever renowned for its gallantry, has set the happy fashion.

“ **A** WAY with Mary, Mother of Sorrows, and let us hail the return of Venus, Mother of Joys ! ” Gabriele d'Annunzio—he who dared take for his own the name of the Angel of the Annunciation—thus pervertingly invoked Venus. And Venus heard. She *has* come again—in Venereal Disease ; her very name in it—Mother of Sorrows unspeakable, destroyer of holy innocents even. These be faltering words of things too foul in fact for utterance, and we bring ourselves to print them only by way of welcome to the warnings of a little book by “ M. F.” called, quite plainly, *Prostitution* (King & Son). It is issued by the Catholic Social Guild with an approving

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Foreword by the Archbishop of Liverpool, and it outlines the history of Prostitution—among the Jews, in the early Christian centuries, in the Middle Ages, and in modern times, even ours. Most important of all—indeed the justification of the rest—is a chapter on Venereal Disease, “by J. F.,” formerly Resident Medical Officer in the London Lock Hospital, a place, one supposes, in which that medical officer—he or she—had his or her complete Purgatory.

Prostitution, with State recognition in Roman civilization, was thought, even by St. Augustine, to be an institution offering a necessary safety-valve to corrupt society. St. Thomas Aquinas, it seems, was with him. But St. Alphonsus and nearly all modern theologians have the developed executive sense that would refuse it such recognition. Legislation, for and against, fluctuated in England with the feeling of the centuries. Mediæval municipalities and even Universities “farmed brothels for profit, and there is evidence of Bishops even being landlords of such places!” A row of brothels near London Bridge, licensed by the Bishop of Winchester in 1161, paid at least this tribute to chastity—“they were closed on Saints’ days and Sundays, and forbidden to married men and the clergy.” On this the author tolerantly says: “In the then state of social science it need not have jarred on the Christian sense of a Bishop, the father of his people and part legislator for them, that he should have been the landlord of brothels, provided that, as Bishop, he furthered the reclamation of the inmates. Somewhere in that small city they must live, or suffer banishment, which was tantamount to final social perdition.”

Perhaps. But there’s a much misquoted maxim that comes poignantly to mind. And these bizarre happenings may be usefully remembered to-day, mainly because some people still object to the State’s attempt to cope with venereal disease. That, they say, gives State recognition to vice, and lessens the evils which God permits in punishment of it. Then in punishment of whom? Of young wives, with their clean flesh rotted? Of

Prostitution

the multitude of babies born blind, and paralysed, and idiotic as the result of their father's fall? As well say that the murder or maiming of his children by a drunkard should be passed over by the State as part of the penalty of Heaven on excess in strong drink!

It is a relief to read the wise Foreword of the Archbishop of Liverpool. Where others sensitively put initials only—and have a true courage in even that—the Archbishop, as his office demands, braves the association of his name with a thing that is loathsome. He speaks of disease—and we remember that he speaks from Liverpool, with the horrors of a vast seaport to inflame him—"which threatens not only the physical vigour, but even the very existence of the English race, involving, as it does, innocent and guilty in one common catastrophe." Of the Public Bodies, Royal-Commissioned to cope with it, the Archbishop says: "Not a few Catholics are members of these bodies. As loyal citizens they cannot hold aloof. And whilst it is a matter of urgency to deal directly and immediately with disease, it would be little short of trifling with a subject of overwhelming importance not to make some attempt to deal with its root-cause. Catholics may help to give the death-blow to an opinion held from the time of Luther—the supposed impossibility for the generality of men to control the sex-appetite. Moreover, Catholics are the more bound to see that no wife becomes the victim of a devilish corruption because Catholics cannot prescribe for her the full remedy of divorce."

It was before the purging war that Gabriele d'Annunzio thus profaned Our Lady's name and his borrowed own. We will not bear it too bitterly against the altered man he has perhaps become. Let him make the moral restitution which in the brave order of battle has been his in the ranks of our allies. Mr. Bernard Shaw says somewhere that only saints have the full capacity for joy; and surely if he ever visited an Irish convent the laughter of nuns (think of it!) still echoes in his ears. D'Annunzio, too, must have listened while it rang like a gay sacring-bell

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behind many a *grille* in Italy. But in hospitals of the armies in the field a different sound has assailed his ears: the groans of disabled men whom the enemy had not touched, the victims of that very Venus he had invoked. Nor should he rest in his restitution before he has written his best to secure for every mortal mother that the fruit of her womb may indeed be blessed.

LITERARY criticism has become overwhelmingly able, complex, devoted, keen. One man sits within the mind of another; and, in so much as two fine minds require more explanation and exact more understanding than one, a book of the most modern criticism becomes hard as well as extremely interesting reading. But this is not Mr. John Freeman's way of studying his authors in *The Moderns* (Robert Scott). He contemplates the work before him, keeping his own place and using his perception and his insight without effort. While so much modern criticism works in order to find out, Mr. Freeman works to understand. His understanding is fine throughout, his insight at its best in the study of Coventry Patmore's poetry. Readers, too, should turn to his pages for a valuable estimate of Mr. Bernard Shaw; and, rather than mar that essay by quoting from it, we will here give a brief summary of our own estimate of that writer and of his principal, though commonly overlooked, characteristic.

The most complete and fundamental of all vulgarities is this: a pleasure in unmasking, or in detecting, or in disproving, any virtue that has claimed, or for which has been claimed, or to which has been attributed, sanctity. A couple of instances need not detain us long. Let us take St. George. There has been a sort of satisfaction in many a heart—in many a modern heart—at the thought that a man named George, revered in simple ages as a Saint, was in fact a fraudulent bacon-provider and not a Saint. In the same hearts has doubtless lurked a little disappointment that came with the better information that there was one George the bacon-man, and another

The Moderns

George the Christian martyr, patron of Genoa (where his beautiful Gothic hall stands by the port-side), and, through our amity with Genoa, of England. Again, when Turner lowered the tone of one of his pictures on the Academy walls because its brilliance quenched another man's work hung next to it, nobody was found to believe that he thus did so, except only Ruskin. This is not any devilish preference for evil thinking, it is merely a vulgar form of knowing better, a strutting incredulity, a boast of sharpness, and of clear sight of human things and what may be looked for from mankind.

If that vulgarity is very specialized, there are, in fact, two incidents to account for this dishonouring national possession. One is obviously the reaction against the reverence towards Saints that has followed the Reformation, and has lasted. The other is the small education and the popular manners of the Nonconformist preacher as he seems to have been in Dickens's days. The dear Dickens never delighted in mere disbelief of goodness, but he did delight, more perhaps than is noble, in the ridicule and the exposure of the hypocrite. There is Pecksniff, there is Stiggins, there is Chadband. Thackeray has his Reverend Charles Honeyman. It is too true that English literature has more joy in hypocrites than is to be found elsewhere, Molière's great example notwithstanding. To refute the Saint, to ridicule the hypocrite, has kept our national baser humour (for the Saint) and our saner humour (for the hypocrite) busy. It is perhaps worth noting that a book by Mr. Clodd, recently published, was decorated by a drawing of a "native" missionary, clad in slight garments and a top hat, holding a Bible and a gampish umbrella, disapproving of the bathing of British sailors in the South Seas on the Sabbath. Mr. Clodd cannot suspect how immeasurably more ignominious is the man who "faked" this cheap joke than that missionary would be if he existed. But the missionary—not as a hypocrite, but as a busybody—has for many a year been the object of this cheaper national humour.

Hypocrites, real and imaginary, apart, the Saints now

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for some centuries, as far as they have received any attention, have been nationally disowned. They are suspected in general, in particular denied. This was enough until the present time. It is not sufficient now. The profound vulgarity of Mr. Bernard Shaw's soul—and we are charging him not with pure evil but solely with ignobility—goes further. No more need be said: he tracks, he detects, he handles, he revises, he exposes—Christ.

In attributing to Mr. Freeman the work chiefly of understanding his authors, we have not intended to represent him as a mere explainer of the writings he has so well understood. He understands in order not only to applaud but to question, to withstand, and to refute, not rashly, but with a peculiarly grave responsibility of thought. It is precisely the *irresponsibility* of Mr. Hardy in creating a much more than probable sum of misery for his heroine, Tess, and in accusing an ironical Immortal for her creation and her fate, that Mr. Freeman rebukes with admirable logic. The belief that there is over us a malignant purpose or Providence is, as he protests, "not only dismaying but disabling." Who would be so heartless or such a fool as to accept any happiness in life, or continued life itself, from such a hand? It is the doctrine, nevertheless, that Mr. Hardy wrote a book to promulgate; he strained the facts of life beyond nature, beyond chance, beyond, as it were, justice to things as they are, in order to carry that dogma. It was such a dogma as any man with a human heart, holding it, would have locked his mouth in daily talk to hold it dumb, would not have used genius and art in a novel to proclaim it, except only in the hope that man and woman on earth would hasten to die, childless. But is it a human heart that feels the griefs of the world so little as to make them incredibly more in a story, using every chance to that end, and yet denying chance and ascribing all the agony to a celestial irony? And the author of *Tess* is the Mr. Hardy who, at the beginning of the present war, wrote a fine marching poem, and its purport was that right was to

Men of Letters

win because it was right. The novel was written to insist that wrong would win because it was wrong. Which way lies good faith? It is a strange fact that except Mr. Freeman we know of no critic of eminence, no critic with readers, no critic at all, who has thought the purpose of Mr. Hardy's two novels, *Tess* and *Jude*, worth facing.

In his exclusively literary judgment Mr. Freeman is apt to be too generous. Henry James and Mr. Bridges receive the *benéfices* of this impetuosity. But in pure literature as well as in philosophy he is always interesting, and writes throughout such admirable English as leaves us wondering how certain sentences of Henry James's passed the challenge of his eye.

DIXON SCOTT went to Gallipoli in the beginning of October, 1915, and died after three weeks. To those who used to follow his work week by week as it appeared, and who never laid aside articles of his without a sense of expectation of those that were still to come, it is difficult to re-read them in *Men of Letters* (Hodder & Stoughton), without that useless sense of expectation still arising. But this book, with Mr. Max Beerbohm's well-inspired Introduction, makes a perfect record of Dixon Scott's rare qualities. He had just that balance of power, between feeling and thinking, that is necessary in criticism. He was not the inarticulate critic, dazed with a sense of blessing, who can feel only; nor the cool critic, unmoved and unmoving, who can think much more than he can feel. His sensibility was always the preliminary to the soundest sense.

Whether the average critic is good or bad, his works generally have this drawback—they are not truly his own; they are young for whom he is not responsible, whose origin is due to someone else; the critic is like a nurse compared with a mother. His work not being purely impulsive, he expresses more than the natural instincts of his mind, which did not demand to express itself thus, and is merely suiting the occasion. The ordinary reviewer, at any rate, even after pronouncing the most conscientious

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opinions, may be left with the feeling that he has played someone slightly false—not his author, not his reader, but himself. He has imposed on himself opinions as a child sticks flowers into his garden that have no root there. He has a sense of more profusion without than within. To what extent may a critic escape from the ignominy which Burne-Jones, for instance, considered to be associated with this art? In a passage in one of his letters, Burne-Jones speaks with dislike of men whose work depends on other men's work—is parasitic. That such a judgment does not cover the ground we know by the excitement and surprise and humility without which it is impossible to read Dixon Scott—excitement which only work of imagination and originality could produce. About all the contemporary authors treated in this book, he writes, indeed, rather as if they were characters he had invented for a novel, whom he must intimately expose, and who must act consistently throughout the eventful plot. What he does to Shaw and James and Barrie and Kipling is to invent them more than to criticize them. His theories about their art entail his constructing their very personalities again from the beginning; and so he builds them up, and fills in the gaps, and makes sure that the thing holds together. It is this element of inventive analysis which makes him often seem less like a critic expounding his theory in regard to some writer than like a novelist at work on a subtle and difficult character. In any case, the result is lively, shrewd and brilliant writing, full of alert humour. Take his description of the distress endured by the first æsthetic admirers of Kipling when he became popular. "Think of Mr. Roger Fry's chagrin if we made a popular favourite of Matisse!" Or his theory that it was to overcome a natural meekness that Kipling affected the "hot-blooded topics and the *sang-froid* tone" of his tales. Kipling wrote with a drawl, for "one of the most effective ways of out-Heroding Herod is to yawn wearily when the head is brought in." In the charming essay on Barrie he describes *Quality Street* as "part of the Great North Road half-way between Thrums and Kensington

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Gardens. And down it the discerning eye detects with a thrill a small shy figure pounding determinedly south. . . . There is a certain red light in his eye that betrays him. It is the author of *Sentimental Tommy* running to write *The Little White Bird*." And the reason for the 1815 period for *Quality Street*: "When he wrote grown-up modern English, the critics complained that it was stilted. Well, in Georgian days, seemingly, words always walked on little stilts: and so his own would pass muster there perfectly."

In Dixon Scott's private letters his critical sense could more easily abandon itself to one expression—that of praise, for which he had a genius indescribably true and simple and tender. The printed essay had to contain a challenge or a theory, a remorseless thrusting aside of the writer who seemed to be, to discover the writer who was. But in his letters he felt so much that sometimes he could hardly stop to think. Perhaps the purest criticism, like purest religion, is praise; and to Dixon Scott praise was the first instinct of his heart. And what in print was weighed and explained, in his letters was simply impulse and tenderness, so that, in writing to an author about a new book, he could speak of it as "my pride and my joy." That he gave so much, before he gave his life, makes that end on board a hospital-ship in the Mediterranean a fitting and harmonious thing, however much sadness such fittingness may have. What happened on that burdened ship as it left Gallipoli loses its violence if it was only the exchange of praise of life for praise of death.

THE two final volumes (XIII and XIV) of *The Cambridge History of English Literature* come from the Cambridge University Press, and with the editorial names of Ward and Waller of Peterhouse to commend them. With no limit to our pride in English literature, we may, for the purposes of this Review, specialize on the Catholic Men of Letters on their Roll. Taken by this test—which, though a restricted, ought to be a repre-

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sentative one—we are obliged to say of these volumes that they travesty what they set out to teach.

From such an authoritatively issued survey of our later literature we should ask at the outset a sense of proportion, a certain relation between a writer's merits and the space in which they are set forth. Where Charles and Frederick Tennyson, under arbitrary escort of their great brother, have a chapter to themselves, where Adam Lindsay Gordon and Arthur Hugh Clough have similar dignities, we should not expect Patmore, and Francis Thompson, or even Aubrey de Vere (to say nothing of non-Catholics like T. E. Brown and Henley and R. L. S.) to be hustled among "Lesser Poets" into a sort of pauper's sepulchre. And inside that dismal vault of Mr. George Saintsbury's undertaking we encounter disproportions that must rank even as abortions. Patmore has half, and Thompson one-third, of the space accorded to Mary E. Coleridge—Thompson has barely a page out of a book of six hundred pages, the bare page that is accorded to almost anybody—to Caroline Clive. The mention of these two names of ladies, selected at random, carries with it no grudging of the space accorded to them—it merely illustrates the denial of any adequate treatment to their greater fellows. No plan or plea to explain this disproportion is adventured. We are left to surmise uncomfortably that sectarian prejudice, however subconscious, can alone account for it. Everywhere is room and to spare for biographies of far inferior men who do not happen to be Catholics. We are informed in what Irish town, and by whom (no resident, of course), James Thomson was converted to atheism; and how subsequently "he cast in his lot with a small but intrepid band of Free-thinking journalists." We have the tribute to "the childlike frankness of Swinburne's denunciation of kings and priests"—the *childish* denunciation of which, in his maturity, he made himself exaggeratedly Victor Hugo's sounding-board. There is page upon page in which to soften Samuel Butler's "Voltairean subversiveness," and to explain away his "plea against the Puritanic modesty

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which isolates and condemns the individual without consideration, *etc.*," one need not fill in all the wordy *contours* of the ninepin that the anti-Christian sets up, labels Christian, and then successfully knocks over. But we get no answering detail, in fact or fancy, about authors of another calibre and another creed. We are not told that Francis Thompson, a Titan beside the James of his name, joined the band of Catholic (but of course never "intrepid") journalists; and again, as a set off against the conversion by Bradlaugh of the author of *The City of Dreadful Night*, we might surely have asked for some mention of that interview in Rome in which a Jesuit told the author of *The Angel in the House* that his love-linking of earth and heaven was not merely Catholic—was Catholicism. "After changes of family, faith, and circumstance, Patmore produced a book of odes, entitled *The Unknown Eros*." That is Mr. Saintsbury's bleak allusion to Patmore's conversion. True, if you are alert, you will have a clue to the goal achieved by Patmore. For you will be told that in "a recent and comparatively accidental coterie, admiration has occasionally rated him too high." This "coterie" among Catholics would seem to obsess Mr. Saintsbury.

Thus, again, of Francis Thompson, he says: "During the latter years of his life he was taken up, both in person and in reputation, by benevolent persons in a powerful coterie." If this means anything it means that Thompson had some adventitious aid in the making of his fame, that somewhere round about the poor human scene on which he played his solitary, and, while he lived, hardly regarded, part, he had the doubtful advantage of a *claque*. The suggestion is as ungenerous as it is false. Thompson was the only entirely friendless poet known to the last generation in his appearing. Tennyson had the Cambridge Apostolate, their drawn pens, ready to spring into praising print. Rossetti's open allusions in his letters to "arrangements" for reviews of his forthcoming poems might be blushed over if you did not know how sensitive was the poet to the reception of these very children of his,

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how insensitive the unprepared reviewer about an unfamiliar brood. But Thompson faced the ordeal alone. Not one single person supported him, even with private sympathy, until he dropped his first verses into the letter-box of a magazine. Thenceforward he had friends, one, two, or three, that only his poems made for him, friends who had neither the will nor the "power" to impose their judgment upon others. In due course Francis Thompson's volumes appeared. They had their reviewers, good, bad, indifferent, not one of whom had been "arranged" with, and not more than two of whom had ever met the poet.

How, then, can this resulting independent company be called a "coterie" without an abuse of the meaning of words? The first important voice, we remember, was that of Mr. H. D. Traill, a North of Ireland Protestant, who, in *The Nineteenth Century*, welcomed in Thompson "a new poet of the first rank." Mr. Le Gallienne and Mr. Arthur Symons had no religious experiences in common with this newcomer, of whom, nevertheless, the one said he was "Crashaw born again, but born greater," and the other that "No one else has been a torch waved with so fitful a splendour over the gulfs of our darkness." What fourth to such a "coterie" was the Bishop of London, when he called *The Hound of Heaven* "one of the most tremendous poems ever written," and what fifth Mr. Garvin, when he said of that poem that it was "the return of the Nineteenth Century to Thomas à Kempis"? Mr. Chesterton's "He was a great poet"; Mr. William Archer's "It is no minor Caroline singer he recalls, but the Jacobean Shakespeare"; George Meredith's "A true poet, one of the small band"; John Davidson's opinion that Thompson's "poetry at its highest attains a sublimity unsurpassed by any other Victorian poet"; the prophecy of George Wyndham that Thompson's poems and his prose would be held by posterity as the finest in all English literature during a fruitful two decades of years; "the revelation" that came to Sir A. Quiller Couch with "the Mistress of

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Vision ”; and Sir Edward Burne-Jones’s “cheered and comforted” winter when, in 1893, the first *Poems* appeared—these representative names come to mind to repel, each one of them, the idlest gossip about non-existent wire-pulling that ever got into a volume issued gravely under educational auspices.

The psychology of the myth, we take it, is obvious. That a deeply religious poet, a Christian, and a Catholic at that, should become one of the most understood and most read poets of his generation by all classes of lovers of literature, was a puzzle outside the experience of a certain make of mind. Something insidious, it conceived, must surely be at work. The “coterie” must be invented—the coterie that included Atheist, Hedonist, Pagan, Agnostic, Catholic, Anglican, Dissenter. Let Coventry Patmore, Thompson’s most competent and therefore most exacting critic, be added to emphasize the catholicity of the list, unless indeed it be seriously maintained, by a Protestant “coterie” indeed, that a Catholic critic must put down his pen when a Catholic writer comes under review. And, as a footnote to this folly about a “coterie,” let us track this austere Thompson into unlikeliest haunts. Mr. Saintsbury should have gone just once to the City Temple, under Mr. Campbell, when it was thronged to hear and to applaud readings from Thompson, one poem after another being demanded by name by the audience. For just once, too, he should read *The Christian Commonwealth*, which has just printed a lecture on *The Hound of Heaven*, given in the United States by this same City Temple’s minister-elect. And should Mr. Saintsbury walk westward from Holborn Viaduct till he comes to the Bloomsbury Chapel, he will find there again, in its minister, a student of Thompson enthusiastic and profound. If a preposterous indictment entails on us a meticulousness in reply altogether unwelcome, the fault is not ours. Mr. Saintsbury must surely let his use of the word “coterie” pass into the frank company of his older *Reconsiderations*; or, if continued in use, its new meaning (we cannot imagine

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the wording of it) must be considered the exclusive copyright of the Cambridge *History*.

The indifference of Mr. Saintsbury concerning great literature with Catholic tradition and love and service at its roots extends also to his mere statement of facts. If he failed in his intuition, he might at least have succeeded in his information. But it was not worth his while. So we get the authorship of the biography of Francis Thompson wrongly assigned. That is in the Thompson Bibliography, which begins with *New Poems*, and does not include the volume of *Selections* to which the student would naturally turn for his introduction to a strange and prolific poet. In a "Table of Principal Dates" (the date of Ouida's *Chandos* one of them!) Francis Thompson's *Poems* and his *Sister Songs* are lacking, as they are also in the Bibliography. *The Hound of Heaven* is his only entry among the "principal dates," and there the date of its publication, which meant so much to so many, is that of a reprint some twenty years after the time of the poem's first appearing. There is no mention of Thompson the master of metre in Mr. Saintsbury's essay on Prosody; and about Thompson's essay on Shelley, Mr. Saintsbury is dumb.

And this same indifference to ascertainable facts vitiates Mr. Saintsbury's allusions—hardly more—to other Catholic writers. Gladstone said of Manning, when Manning became a Catholic, that it was more than an estrangement, it was a "death." Only on this same reckoning of extinction can Mrs. Hamilton King (the names are not hyphenated as Mr. Saintsbury supposes, with a consequent confusion of indexing) be included in this volume, which does not otherwise deal with the living; and the slighting account of her work is all in keeping with its writer's ignorance of her existence. Revealingly characteristic is his allusion to Adelaide Anne Procter: "Very recently an Austrian monograph on her, though it was possibly prompted by the zeal of religious sympathy (she joined the Roman Catholic Church rather late in her short life) may have startled some of its readers who

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remembered her work as 'a book that used to belong to a fellow's sisters.' " Busy indeed will be the apostolic Austrian publisher who brings out all English poets who happen to be Catholics. Nor are we "startled" when we recall that even Austrians have sisters, and books to please them. Aubrey de Vere again is accorded space and appreciation inadequately out of scale. At least two of his odes rank second only to the very best. And here we have Mr. Saintsbury's same creed-consciousness expressed in the statement that De Vere's accession to the Catholic Church is one of those circumstances in which "there may be something to attract, and should be nothing at all to repel, the true critical approach." With which superfluity Mr. Saintsbury seems already to seek to defend himself in a formula which his practice violently sets at naught.

This limitation of outlook (and in one direction mainly) has further and even farcical illustration. Among the "Lesser Poets," where we are introduced to W. M. Wilks Call and Thomas Toke Lynch (the weird list might be prolonged), Lionel Johnson has not even a mention. His poetry is ignored, and with it that fine critical work which placed high poetry (that of Francis Thompson among the rest) within the range of the readers of a London morning paper. And when we turn to the General Index for a name not strange to Cambridge, we find the only Benson on it is "Thurston Benson" in Mrs. Gaskell's *Ruth*! Mr. Saintsbury may well be unaware of the verses of Robert Hugh Benson, but no well-informed reader will deny that he steps aside to take count of many verses, their inferiors. We note, too (though this is not in Mr. Saintsbury's province), that from the "Lesser Novelists" chapter, so generous otherwise in its general recognitions, Benson (like John Oliver Hobbes) is among the missing.

In all this how much, can we decide, is Mr. Saintsbury to blame? We will not risk the possible injustice of an estimate. We remember him on Milton, and on much besides; and the memory puts us again on terms with Mr. Saintsbury. In the far 'sixties of the last century,

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when he still had the receptivity which age takes from man in forfeit for much that it confers, he could still dream with Gerontius. But even here ill-luck harries the *Cambridge History*, for Newman's poem is, by someone to whom its whole purport and setting must be unfamiliar, entered on page 576 as *The Dream of SAINT Gerontius*. Mr. Saintsbury is no dunce, yet no living literary critic (save perhaps one) could be so dense as he in his estimate of the literary quality that marks the latest Christian Renaissance in England. We could not call him a charlatan, but his pretence to know and to judge the work of Patmore and Thompson is nothing less than charlatanism. We challenge him to a competitive examination in the purport and the significance, and even in the technique, of Thompson's poetry with almost any one of the tens of thousands of young lovers of literature to whom this poet, in all varieties of his moods, has given a voice. We are certain that Mr. Saintsbury will gravitate to the lowest class-place. His shortcomings should have saved him from this display of them. They are doubtless constitutional as was Pepys' estimate of the mighty poor plays of Shakespeare or as was Shelley's strange incapacity to appreciate the Odes of Keats. But, in the case of others whom he treats, Mr. Saintsbury the critic gives place to Mr. Saintsbury the recorder. He tells us how many editions this man had, and even how a nameless critic once read a woman's verses in a second-hand bookshop and went home their possessor! It was his bare duty then, and Thompson's bare due, that he should tell us of the tributes, almost unparalleled in literary history, paid to Thompson by his contemporaries, now countersigned with high interest by the young succeeding generation. And we hold that he had misgivings, perhaps subconscious, that he should indeed do this for Thompson that he had done for others. And he did not do it. And to cover himself he invented the word "coterie," which, with the facts before him, no ingenuous man might use.

At the lapses of the individual critic, Literature can

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allow itself to laugh. But the case is far other when high Academic names become the passports, or even merely the palliations, of such defects as those we have exposed. Of the failure of the Editors in the choice of a judicious writer we need say no more. We can well appreciate their difficulties, but we make our confident appeal to them now to cease by some Postscript to be accessory to the circulation of errors in judgment and in fact. That Crashaw's University (and his Peterhouse even), that Cowley's and Donne's and Herbert's, should do this despite to the latest poet who proved himself at once their son and disciple and master, is one of those paradoxes against which we fortify ourselves only by remembering that in all our worlds there is advance by catastrophe as well as by evolution. For the moment this anomaly remains—that Thompson, coming to the Cambridge of the poets we have named, came in a sense unto his own, and that his own, and only his own, received him not.

READERS interested in philosophy will already know the *traité élémentaire* in which Cardinal Mercier and his old colleagues at Louvain gave a short summary of the chief philosophic disciplines. The first volume of the English version has recently appeared under the title, *A Manual of Modern Scholastic Philosophy*, translated by T. L. Parker, M.A., and S. A. Parker, O.S.B., M.A. (Kegan Paul). It contains an energetic introduction by Cardinal Mercier himself, to whom also we owe the sections on Psychology, Criteriology and Metaphysics. The Cosmology—the only remaining part of this volume—is the work of M. Nys. It is unfortunate that the translators did not arrange with him to re-write much of his Cosmology, and with the Cardinal to add at least adequate bibliographies to his Psychology. We find reference, in the translator's footnotes to the Psychology, to works like W. G. Ward's *Philosophy of Theism*—interesting, perhaps, on freedom of the will—and Abbot Vonier's *Human Soul*, which is a popular little handbook of Catholic Theology. We hear nothing of Dr. Myer's *Text-book*

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of *Experimental Psychology*, nor of Titchener's volumes, to mention only two of the chief English works. But there is even less excuse for the omission of Wundt and Külpe, whose works have long since been translated into English. In fact one misses a hundred references to works, reviews, journals and monographs which ought to find a place in a student's handbook. The English of the translation is sometimes dignified and apt, sometimes rather wide of the mark, and often cumbersome. Scholastic philosophy is so highly technical and its formulæ so alien to the spirit of our language that a satisfactory account of it can scarcely be given in a translation. It would be better to restate with a certain freedom in terms, phrase, and expression, than to translate; better still to give us the ancient thought of the Greeks and Mediæval men as it streams through the mind of a philosopher who thinks, speaks, and writes in English.

THE influence of ideas on politics and of German philosophy on the declaration and conduct of the present war is a theme of extraordinary interest and complexity. It is easy to dogmatize, to connect a significant idea with a salient fact, but more than difficult to justify the hasty link. In consequence, much of the recent work on German philosophy has been tainted by prejudice, and by a multiplicity of assumptions. We would, however, indicate a very outspoken work on this subject, entitled *Egotism in German Philosophy*, by Professor G. Santayana, late of Harvard University (Dent), which is worthy of every consideration and much reflection. The learned Professor, who is also a poet, always felt during the twenty years of his Professorship, that "something sinister," something at once hollow and aggressive, was at work under the "obscure and fluctuating tenets" of German philosophy. And in this work, in which outspokenness and a desire to be just rival one another, he sets out his thesis that "egotism—subjectivity in thought and wilfulness in morals—is the soul of German philosophy." The whole is profoundly interesting. Some of

Egotism in German Philosophy

the ideas are subtle, light and fugitive ; others are deep as the ultimate basis of all things ; in any case the author's challenging thesis rings out on every page and arrests our attention at every turn, in spite of a hundred historical allusions. "Protestantism was not a reformation by accident, because it happened to find the Church corrupt ; it is a reformation essentially, in that every individual must reinterpret the Bible and the practices of the Church in his own spirit . . . German philosophy has inherited this characteristic ; it is not a cumulative science that can be transmitted ready-made. It is essentially a reform, a revision of traditional knowledge, which each neophyte must make for himself. . . . His chief business is to be converted ; he must refute for himself the natural views with which he and all other men have begun life. . . . This philosophy is secondary, critical, sophistical ; it has a perennial quarrel with inevitable opinions." And so this wild doctrine of absolute imagination and absolute will is traced now in the poets, now in the great philosophers Leibniz, Kant, and Hegel, and again in the late prophets like Nietzsche. We can only give one further extract : "The transcendental theory of a world merely imagined by the ego, and the will that deems itself absolute are certainly desperate delusions. . . . The thing bears all the marks of a new religion. . . . No religious tyranny could be more complete. It has its prophets in the great philosophers and historians of the last century ; its high priests and pharisees in the government and the professors ; its faithful flock in the disciplined mass of the nation ; its heretics in the Socialists ; its dupes in the Catholics and the Liberals, to both of whom the national creed, if they understood it, would be an abomination ; it has its martyrs now by the million ; and its victims among unbelievers are even more numerous ; for its victims, in some degree, are all men." Professor Santayana's work may be warmly commended for its insight, originality and undoubted power. Where we do not agree, we are refreshingly challenged to verify our objections.

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SIR BAMPFYLDE FULLER has given his work, *Man as He is* (John Murray), the sub-title *Essays in a New Psychology*. Indeed, his psychology is in many ways "new," and seems to be the result of much private thought and observation on the part of its author. He has not bothered to consult other psychologists, and he thinks that they ignore human impulses. He then turns and asks: "Why should not the action of these impulses—as real as any physical energies—be investigated?" Why not, indeed? Sir Bampfylde will, however, be glad to hear that whole literatures and libraries of psychological, medical-psychological and psychiatric works exist on this very subject, and that no single aspect of his problem is new. Only his conclusions and his definitions are rather startling. The author sets before us the picture of human beings as creatures of memory and impulse. Somehow these two phenomena strike him so forcibly that nearly all the rest of our activities, conscious, subconscious, and unconscious, are almost forgotten. We find ourselves being projected from a short and unsatisfactory consideration of one impulse to that of another, until we reach the "impulses of memory." On this Sir Bampfylde has much of interest to say, but it is all very "literary," not very exact, and miles removed from all the recent experimental studies of memory, souvenir, and recollection. Moreover, he forgets the existence of a *mémoire logique* in his hurry to give some account of impulses, hereditary instincts, and associations of sensory impressions. "Civilization," he declares, at the close of this chapter, "may be defined as the elaboration of recollections by the assistance of tools or machines under the pressure of desires." Would art fall within this "definition," or the study of philosophy, the practice of religion, or that natural desire for the organization and extension of knowledge in science which goes with all real civilization? All these would be excluded. Elsewhere we read "We have discriminated between impulses and emotions, defining the latter as impulses which are brought to consciousness by the admixture of the element 'feeling.'" Frankly, if interesting,

False Witness

this is very amateur psychology, and the same remarks apply to a very categorical series of reflections under the heading of "intelligence." "Truth is a piece of recollection which fills the vacant space in a problem puzzle"—such remarks only leave us gasping, or rather almost induce us, in a lighter mood, to attempt a few parallels. "Man's extraordinary pre-eminence" over the animals, our author concludes, is due "to excellences of memory." "We customarily pride ourselves upon our intelligence. But confidence in this talent is shaken by a series of the gross misjudgments . . . superstitions, and prejudices, which have darkened man's history from the earliest beginnings until present times." We would suggest that Sir Bampfylde should re-read once more the sixth book of Plato's *Republic*—in which memory is noted as *one* of the qualities of a philosopher. But there are others; and men still stand out as the "consummation of the scheme of being" on account of their strange power of conceiving, judging, reasoning, and then of following the trail of rational judgment in conduct of their own choice. Memory is indeed wonderful; but, in a world of un-failing wonders, intellect, which is not a refinement of sensation, and will, which is not a development of impulse, stand out radiantly supreme.

IT is rare that a poet comes convincingly to our rescue. Poets mostly forget to mention the facts from which they leap to their visionary skies. But the famous Dane, Johannes Jørgensen, in *False Witness* (Hodder and Stoughton), has marshalled facts as severely as might any professional statistician, and prefaces them and comments on them with all the grace and more than the biting irony which were to be expected from the Danish convert who has become for all Europe the chronicler of Franciscans. He fled the war, to start with, and went to write, behind closed shutters, in the serene city of St. Catherine. Thither floated to him the *Appeal to the Civilized World* by the ninety-three German philosophers. The poet thought it an advertisement, and tossed it into his waste-

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paper basket. He fished it out again, however ; and this book is a close examination of the six-fold charge of False Witness brought by its learned authors against the accusing Allies. It is terribly hard for us to keep the war in focus ; it has, more than once, changed character so markedly, and once so completely, that the emotions of the summer and autumn of 1914 seem not to be recaptured, almost incredible. Yet the days were when Louvain filled all our vista. It is to those days that this "Appeal" belonged ; it is those emotions which Mr. Jørgensen recalls to actuality. His work, then, is of the highest value : we simply must not dare to allow the memory of the period of "atrocities" to fade. The issue, we repeat, is a psychological and spiritual one ; and though, in 1917, the strain proper to trench warfare fashions our mood, it only *happens* to be so, and the ultimate German soul is still capable of expressing itself now as it did then ; or, if indeed it be not, that is only due to the intensity of the Allied rejection of its ideals, which must not, therefore, be for a moment slackened.

FOR Catholics, Mr. R. Johannet's *Pan-Germanism versus Christendom* (Hodder & Stoughton), has perhaps a paramount, and anyhow a most melancholy, interest. Its nucleus is the open letter written by M. Prüm to Herr Erzberger. The leader of the Catholic party in Luxembourg, prominent in every Catholic enterprise, and honoured with many interviews and decorations by two Pontiffs, M. Prüm was at the outset anti-French, when to be Gallophil could be equated with anti-clericalism, and on the whole pro-German. The spectacle of invaded Belgium converted him. The utterances of the German Press, and in particular of the Catholic Press, the attitude of the Centre Party, and especially of Herr Erzberger, terrified his profoundly Christian principles. It was not difficult for him to set the ideals of Pope Benedict and of Erzberger in flagrant opposition. This letter, and the slander-suit consequent upon it, form, as we said, the substance of this book. But it is the Appendix upon the

Stars and Fishes—Pilgrimage

de-catholicizing of the German Centre Party that we read with mingled grief and, dare we say, satisfaction. After all, then, the utterances of that Party which we had been, most of us, accustomed to think of as essentially and eminently Catholic, did *not* proceed from what was Catholic any more. But that this *de-catholicizing* should have taken place at all is the heart-breaking fact. Had it not taken place, could the names of men still *soi disant* Catholics be found among the preachers of a nationalism nothing less than insane ?

MR. GEORGE ROSTREVOR'S two stanzas on "England," in his *Stars and Fishes* (The Bodley Head), have a true, grave splendour. All these short war-poems are sensitive and reticent. He sings much of love, but he can laugh ; and his laugh is neither lewd nor boisterous. And with laughter and love he can link worship, as his "philosophy," *St. Cupid*, proves. He can tread delicately, like Herrick ; yet is aware of the strength which pain can bring. The companion poems, *Before the Cradle* and *Before the Cross*, have something of his voice who sang the thorn-and-laurel crown, and Francis Thompson confessedly inspires *The Unattainable*, in which the soul, having drunk deep of the Divine, finds earth grown arid. Yet not, by the Catholic, were his wanderings there felt as "unprofitable" ! So true is it that faith makes the wilderness to blossom better than the rose.

MR. E. SHEPHERD'S poems, *Pilgrimage* (Longmans), are musical, clean-cut, and constantly better than we expected. This is due, perhaps, to his undoubted use of platitude ; but platitude, personally discovered, often breeds freshness of expression. Indeed, it is freshness, rather than strength, which lends charm to his verses. Has his experience been born of pain ? His *Happy Saint* makes us doubt it. That kind of easy cheerfulness is almost protestant in taste. All saints need grim lessoning. Nervous fastidiousness, therefore, a thin substitute for full-blooded experience, accounts perhaps for what is

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quite weak in his work (as for what is academically burly and bluff), like *Machinery*, or *The Military Hospital*; but anyone who can write, say, *Marjorie*, or *To a Lad* (which is throughout first-rate) shows a sense of humour and music, and an honesty which will win him a high place.

A VERY self-conscious music certainly gives distinction to Mr. T. W. H. Crosland's *Collected Poems* (Martin Secker); but neither here has it the rich pomposity of, say, Wagner's *Meistersingers*, who strut so gloriously to *motifs* full of the kindest mockery. So much of this careful, complicated, "artistic" and reticent verse makes one remember that its authors are probably writing it clad in most quiet, admirable tailoring, intent on looking as little like a poet as a modern peer wants to look like a Baron. In consequence, when this writer is roused, and waxes patriotic, we half question it. *A Song of Pride for England* on the whole even exasperates us. "King George in London Town, Swearth our own's our own," and so on. It somehow fails; we haven't got men just now who could write a Drayton's *Agincourt*. Mr. Crosland's *Chant of Affection* is the wrong answer, essentially, to the Hate-hymn. But the moment simplicity and honesty appear, we answer up. These are discernible in *John Bunyan, Christmas, In the Train*, and not least in the sad little *Epitaph*. The Sonnet, itself the most courteous among forms of verse, must be sore against Mr. Crosland's "Suffragette" lines—it never thought it could be brought so low. Though only mean minds (says Mr. Lucas) remark misprints, let us add that it is odd that twice in this short book *thy* is misprinted *they*.

MR. J. C. SQUIRE says that his *Tricks of the Trade* (Martin Secker) contains his "final essays" in the "not wholly admirable art" of parody; but there! goodbye concerts bear repetition well; and on the whole, we can't believe it. All that he writes is utterly schoolboy for spontaneity, and it's no good dictating to the spontaneous; it just happens, and that's all there is to it. And

Hallowe'en and Poems of War

then, "essays." We don't believe Mr. Squire has to try a bit. Possibly that half spoils part of this book as "parody." The first, on Mr. Belloc, is good parody; but the second was produced during sheer reincarnation. On the whole, this first part, "How they do it," seems more successful than the second, "How they would have done it," where Wordsworth takes Masfield's subjects; Swinburne, Macaulay's; Pope, Tennyson's; and Henry James rewrites the *Catechism*. For complete success here we ought to have had a more definite reminiscence of some analogous work by the poet who shows us how he "would have written" on these borrowed topics, rather as when Beckmesser sings the *Preislied*—anyhow, you want a double reminiscence of subject, not merely a simple allusion *plus* a parody of style. Perhaps you get this in Byron's *Passing of Arthur*. Of course, the old question as to sacrilege repeats itself.

Ought the uncannily clever new Gray's *Elegy* to have appeared? Gray was sentimental, and, thus far, fair game. But he was terrifically honest. On the other hand, Sir Rabindranath Tagore is—or his worshippers, at any rate, are—so very cultured, that we suppose a little mockery is wholesome. Still, it is a dangerous remedy; and it is most important that heathen should have idols. Don't destroy without a better than equivalent in hand. Still, if you want a frequent laugh and (for this is what this book more exactly earns) a continuous half-hour's giggle, Mr. Squire offers you a certainty.

MISS W. M. LETTS holds us with *Hallowe'en and Poems of the War* (Smith, Elder). She is Irish, which accounts for much. Is she Catholic? We are not sure; but she ought to be, for the root of the thing is in her. Wistful and courageous; very free and flexible in expression, yet never outrageous nor affected; realist and objective, yet full of never sentimental sentiment; sympathetic with legend, fancy and mystic intuition, she is yet never victim to that spirit of "fake" which spoils so much neo-Irish literature. We like to find hospital

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nurses hymned ; and the tragic hospital screens ; and unknown John Delaney, and that Gethsemane which chaplains know. We delight in, and would wish to quote, all *Angelic Service*, in which last, perhaps, you may see its authoress's crisp humour and spiritual sense. And she loves all the honest flowers—nasturtiums not least ; angels go dressed in larkspur-blue, and Our Lady in lupin colours. And though there are here and there, perhaps, technical flaws and lapses, she preserves a quiet strength of feeling, as in the wonderful poem *Home*, which carries you across them. We confess to having drawn courage from this book, and shall now re-read it, at this midnight.

POETRY has always loved the general landscape ; but it is modern poetry especially that delights in the local. Among the poems in Father E. G. Rope's *Religionis Ancilla* (Heath, Cranton) we find the keenly English sense of places, and before all of Italian places, and it is expressed in verse of uncommon charm. *A Latin Pilgrimage, The Roman Campagna*, among other pieces, are alert in the perception of church-bells and sheep-bells, and stone villages clinging to the stone of Sabine hills, and the sparkle of distant panes turned to the West, and the vestiges of vanished nations that had once withstood Rome, and the creaking of the wine-carts, and cypresses in steps up the scarped hills. We are loth to accept *North and South* as a recantation, but it comes near to it. Father Rope has a right to his love of the "good grey northland" also, but it is to Italy that he owes his most delicate and most vivid stanzas. Whatever his landscapes, his poems are implicitly religious, fervent, and spiritual.

"THIS, then, is the problem of life as it presents itself when we address ourselves to the theory of the organism : Is the soul a mere aggregate symptom of a mechanism—the body ? Or is the body not rather the instrument of the soul ? (The MS. breaks off at this point.)" Such are the final words of what one feels to

An Introduction to Biology

be a noble fragment, *An Introduction to Biology* (Cassell), by A. D. Darbishire, untimely dead in this devastating war. A well-known biological teacher, he entered the army as a private, saw much service, and was actually gazetted Second-Lieutenant three days after his death from meningitis. Thus the question which he proposes in the last lines just quoted can never receive the answer he was about to offer. But no reader of the earlier pages can for a moment doubt what that answer would have been. Darbishire had a singularly wide outlook. Apart from his biological interests (in which he was much affected by Samuel Butler's writings) he was a close student of the philosophy of Bergson. Beyond all other things he was a musical devotee; Beethoven was his musical deity, and it is characteristic that he should have set down in his note-book a sort of Beethoven symphony as the plan for his book: "Chapter I, 1st Movement; Chapter II, *Scherzo*; Chapter III, *Adagio*; Chapter IV, *Finale*." Chapter III was the one left incomplete in the words quoted. Chapter IV was never written. The author of this book was one of the many modern biologists (a work by just such another, Mr. Johnston, was dealt with in our last number), whose intelligence revolts against the worn-out, discredited, mid-Victorian theory which represents all life as summed up by Chemistry and Physics. This stale old doctrine—now only adhered to by a few older men who, having grown up in it, find it impossible to discard the ideas of their youth—cannot stand against the facts brought forward by modern research, especially in that most fertile field of Experimental Embryology. For the fragment from which the book derives its name, readers will scarcely fail to note the significance of the phrase "*A Biology*." The remainder is occupied by short articles and addresses, many of them relating to the Mendelian inquiry. All are of interest, but perhaps more so to biological specialists than to the philosophically minded reader who will, however, find himself engrossed by the earlier portion of the book.

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IN *The Monks of Westminster* (the Cambridge University Press), being a Register of the Brethren of the Convent from the time of the Confessor to the Dissolution, Archdeacon Pearce gives welcome evidence that something further is being done to make known the historical records of the Middle Ages too long neglected in many of the Cathedral and other archives. In itself it is a valuable historical source; and the same author's *Abbot William of Colchester* shows how useful is such matter for the biographers of the men who filled important places in England in the Middle Ages. The author's learned introduction to the *Register* shows how much may be recovered by minute and intelligent research from what seem to be the most unlikely materials, such as Computus Rolls. The student of the antiquities of Westminster Abbey will be joined in his appreciation of the Archdeacon's labours by all interested in the details of mediæval monastic life. Similar *Notes and Documents* should be issued, say, in connection with Worcester Cathedral, where so much material awaits the gleaner.

WHATEVER be the military conclusion of the war, our win will have been wasted if the psychology of nations have not been changed. And, whatever be our sense of our own shortcomings, we are determined that we speak with no Pharisaic voice if we insist that no Allied victory will be worth having if the Germans be not "scattered in the imagination of their hearts." We do not see how this can happen save at the cost of their sanguinary defeat. Be that as it may, document after document reveals to us a state of mind our *naïveté* finds it hard to realize, which simply must be done away with. Perhaps already it has been ruined at the base. We do not know. Whether the sermons and the lectures to which the books about to be reviewed contain allusions be possible nowadays, we cannot guess. But the sheer insanity of self-apotheosis they reveal, the bombast unthinkable in the worst days of France, the cant unparalleled by anything English when England most thought herself

Hurrah and Hallelujah

the elect of God—these *have* existed ; and what we think still does exist is the *irreligionized* version of the almighty German race, the abdication, indeed, of all that Kultur which still might be translated “ culture,” which is expressed in cartoon after cartoon of *Jugend*, say, and *Simplicissimus*, where naked brutality is advanced in a guise which reveals the worst of neurotic degradations. This undoubtedly survives, and is still more perfectly expressed in the cumbrous monument at Leipzig. And it is all that *mind* which must be altered. That this is gradually becoming understood, the following books reveal. We are too lazily tolerant of *ideas*. These Danes and Frenchmen see further, and are not content with mere registration, nor even ridicule, nor even contempt. They are terrified for the future, and attack these rotten stones which the frantic would-be builders of the German world-state are fain to use for their foundations.

FOR evidence of this outcry of non-Catholic pastor and professor, no book can be more valuable than Jessie Bröchner's translation of *Hurrah and Hallelujah*, by Dr. J. P. Bang, Professor of Theology at the University of Copenhagen (Hodder & Stoughton). If only it were but a caricature, the book would simply be funny beyond words. *Punch's* skits contain nothing as fantastic as these sermons on “ The German God ” ; these equations of Seraphim with Zeppelins ; these discoveries that “ there is nothing in Jesus which is not German.” But that Catholics should be among these maniacs—should be so mad, or so little Catholic ! There, indeed, is a problem for after-war decision. Can there be reconversion ? Will there be schism ? God forbid that one word should be written by English Catholics to hinder the one or provoke the other. This inquiry, however, should be zealously carried through by those who are capable of it. How much of that anti-clericalism, which we used to call French, had not Germany for its richest source ? The fact of *war* has been offered again and again as cause of the re-christianizing of France. We ask to-day whether

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it be not precisely the fact that it is an *anti-German* war, which has done most to make it so responsible. The books of Mme Juliette Adam, too little known in England, suggest directly—and from a period preceding her conversion—that it is so.

IN “La Messe de la terre and la Messe du ciel”—a paper printed in the *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*—Père Jules Grivet, S.J., puts forth some decidedly individual views on the Sacrifice of the Mass and on the idea of sacrifice in general. He criticizes severely various accepted theories on the subject, maintaining that they are based on a too narrow definition of sacrifice. Père Grivet himself denies that immolation or blood-shedding, or any kind of destruction or even change, is an essential element of sacrifice. Any act of religion, whatever its external form, he would raise to the rank of a sacrifice; and even any action performed from religious motives he brings within the comfortable fold of his definition. In support, he quotes the famous words of St. Augustine, in the *De Civitate Dei*: “Verum sacrificium est omne opus quod agimus ut sancta societate inhæreamus Deo” (*L.X.*, c. 6).

Père Grivet momentarily forgets, however, the equally familiar words of St. Augustine in the same work: “Multa denique de cultu divino usurpata sunt quæ honoribus deferrentur humanis sive humilitate nimia, sive adulatione pestifera . . . quis Vero Sacrificandum Censuit, nisi ei quem Deum aut scivit aut putavit, aut fuixit?” (*ib.* c. 4). St. Thomas, disciple of St. Augustine, Père Grivet also quotes in support, seemingly forgetting *secunda secundæ* (*Q.*, lxxxv. a. 3), in which the Saint treats the question of sacrifice *ex professo*, and distinguishes between acts of the virtue of religion and acts of other virtues, as also between sacrifice properly so-called and other acts of worship—for example, simple oblations offered to God. It is all a continual confusion between the strict and the wide sense of the word sacrifice. Widely, any act of religion, or any that is inspired by

Sacrifice of the Mass

religious motives, may be called (as St. Thomas says) a true sacrifice. Thus it is quite legitimate to speak of prayer as "the sacrifice of praise." Again, an act of penance or self-denial, or an act of charity—an act, that is, performed from a motive of charity in the theological sense—may be regarded as a true sacrifice offered to God. In c. 5 of the *De Civitate Dei*, St. Augustine defines sacrifice in the strict sense in these words: "Sacrificium visibile invisibilis sacrificii sacramentum, id est sacrum signum est." Père Grivet has in mind merely the "invisible sacrifice," the inward part, which, while certainly the most important part, is nevertheless only a part of the whole. His views on the sacrifice of the Cross and of the Mass are in keeping with his views on sacrifice in general. Our Saviour, he says, is our Victim, not because of the Cross itself, but because He is our triple means of union with God; through Him we obtain pardon for sins, grace to aid us to heaven; and we have in Him our final reward. Surely the terms are again astray. The English word "victim" and the French word "hostie"—derived respectively from the Latin words *victima* and *hostia*—signify a living creature offered in sacrifice by means of death and the shedding of blood. And even if it be granted that our Saviour still offers Himself in sacrifice in the heavenly sanctuary, could the mere presence on the altar of the Priest-Victim of that sacrifice suffice, as Père Grivet maintains, to constitute the Mass a true and proper sacrifice? If it did, then the Mass of the Presanctified celebrated on Good Friday is as truly a sacrifice as the Mass celebrated on any day of the year. Even the presence of the Blessed Sacrament in the tabernacle or when exposed in the monstrance would be, according to such reasoning, a true sacrifice. If the presence in the Mass is merely the representation of the death of our Lord upon the Cross, as a past event, then there is no essential difference between the Mass, the Good Friday service, reservation, or exposition. One point, however, Father Grivet does make unintentionally clear—that before any satisfactory

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discussion, a precise notion must first be obtained of the right nature and the naming of sacrifice itself.

IF the reading of the Sunday *Observer* is a part of the Londoner's Sunday observance, he found in the issue of March 11th an editorial treatment of the Irish question well worthy of the man who wrote it, of the men of whom it was written, and, let us add, of the holyday : "Nationalists like Mr. John Redmond and his gallant brother deserve the gratitude of the Empire. They have been great patriots and great gentlemen. They have done their utmost for the Allies' cause in circumstances, first of infinite difficulty and then of almost heart-breaking trial. Throwing themselves heart and soul into the war at the beginning, their action was worth many battalions. . . . Mr. T. P. O'Connor, in a speech both able and moderate, proposed " (in the House of Commons on March 6th) "the immediate application of Home Rule. This was seconded by Major William Redmond—'that d'Artagnan of Irish Nationalism'—who came once more from the front, where he is serving at an age which might well exempt him from the toils of war. He is a man whom every Unionist honours more and more, and his appeal profoundly moved the House." Many readers will be again moved to admiration and gratitude by the article from Major Redmond's pen printed on another page.





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The Dublin review.

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